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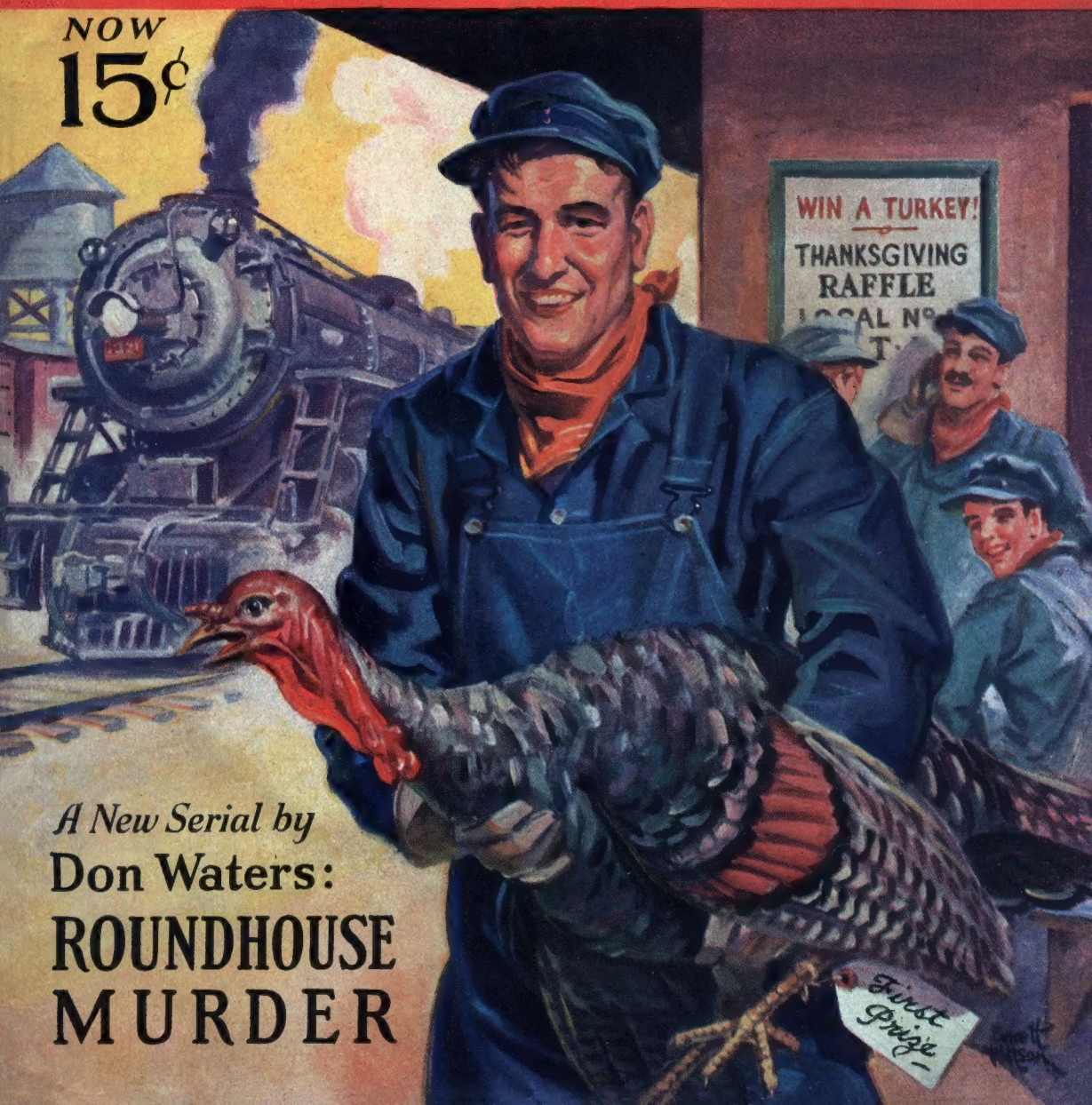

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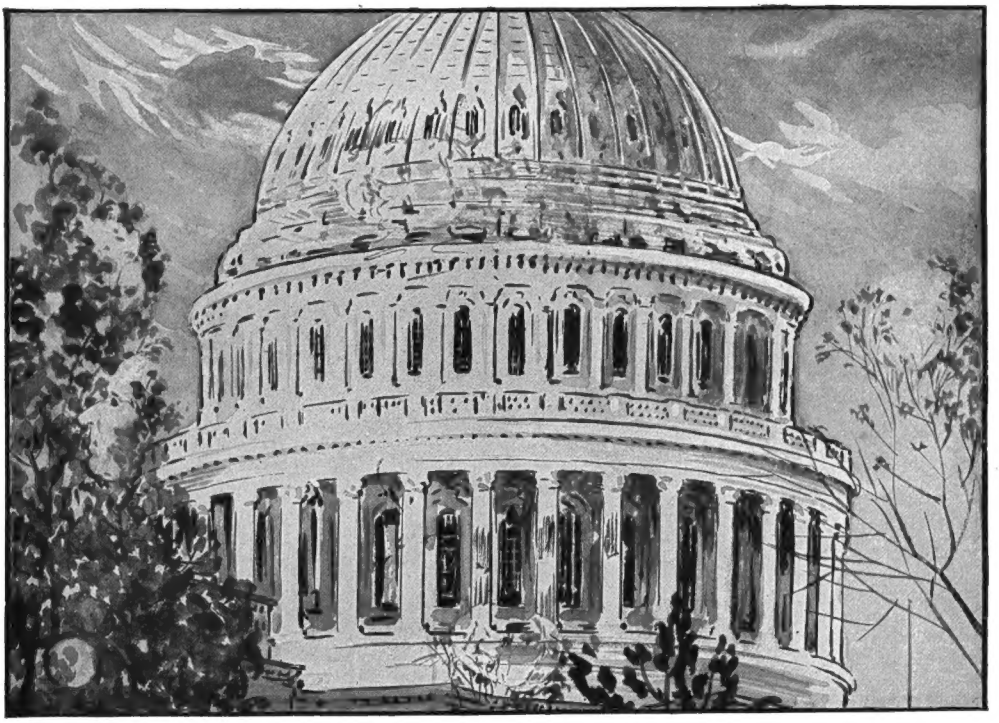

Can You Qualify to Win $4,000.00 Cash?

LOOK sharp! Dim visions of six of our greatest presidents are carefully hidden in this picture. CAN YOU FIND THREE OR MORE OF THEM? They are so dim as to be actually lost to the sight of all but the sharpest and cleverest eyes. As a test of your eligibility to win the highest prize of four thousand dollars, we ask that you find at least three of them. There is no other cost but time and postage. To see them, it may be necessary for you to turn this picture upside down or sideways, so scrutinize it closely from every possible angle. They may be on the dome of the capitol itself, in the clouds, lurking near the pillars, among the trees, or most anywhere. We want to find out if you are sincerely interested in our product. This $14,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes will be given and every one of the fifteen big prize winners will receive a beautiful new automobile or its full value in cash. This is a tremendous offer — you can win as much as $4000.00 cash. Even the smallest prize is $515.00 cash. On simple evidence of promptness, the first prize winner will receive $2,400.00 cash as an extra reward just for being quick! Think of that! Now look sharp! Can you see at least three visions of the hidden presidents? If your eyes are clever enough to find three or more of them, cut out only the faces and send to me with your name and address. Someone who has sharp, clever eyes to qualify and is quick, can win four thousand dollars. It might as well be you. If you pass this test, are quick and make the prize winning standing, this offer will bring you a prize of four thousand dollars in cash. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers can be accepted only from persons living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago.

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IT ISN'T SUCH A BUM WORLD AFTER ALL!!

WHEN YOU WORK UNDER A SIMON LEGREE STRAW BOSS WITH A TIME CLOCK STARING AT YOU ALL THE TIME—
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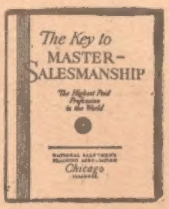
AND BILLS KEEP PILING UP ON YOU TILL YOU CANT SEE HOW IN THE SAM HILL YOU'RE EVER GOING TO GET OUT OF DEBT—
The Key to MASTER-SALESMANSHIP
AND THEN YOU FIND IN A LITTLE BOOK THE KEY TO SECRETS WHICH HAVE MADE THOUSANDS COMFORTABLY WELL OFF AND EVEN RICH—
AND YOU START USING THOSE SECRETS YOURSELF AND LEARN WHAT IT IS TO REALLY MAKE BIG MONEY AS A SALESMAN —
OH FELLERS IT ISNT SUCH A BUM WORLD AFTER ALL

When Men Raise Their Pay $3,000 to $7,000 a Year ...*After Reading This Little Free Book!*

A MARVELOUS little free book is bringing vital news to thousands of men today and making momentous changes in their lives. Just forty-eight pages—about seven ounces of paper and printers' ink; but there are thousands of men holding down big-pay jobs all over the United States and Canada with earnings running up to $10,000 a year, and even bigger, who started by reading this great book.

Take, for instance, Frank J. Walsh of Ludlow, Massachusetts. Just a few years ago, Walsh was struggling along on $1,000 a year. In just one evening, reading this little free volume, he made the change in his life that raised his pay over 600%.



Shortly after Walsh got his start, a California cowboy named William Shore spent an evening reading this book in a ranchhouse. It wasn't many months later that he told us of one week when he made $525 clear, as a salesman. And more recently, a man in Grand Rapids, Michigan—L. Van Houten—got tired of plugging along in his old job. The same book showed him the way out of his ill-paid rut—raised his pay to $900 a month, an increase of over 400%.

Men from all walks of life—men who never dreamed they could master the secrets of salesmanship—regular fellows just like anybody else, without any extra advantages of money or education—that's what these men are. This little book, and the marvelous N. S. T. A. Demonstration Method, are specially planned to help just that kind of men—ambitious average fellows. The N. S. T. A. does something which people said could not be done—*it makes* salesmen—successful high power earners, out of average men with normal every-day brains. It has proved that salesmen do not have to be "born." It teaches, in easy, yet thorough lessons right in your home, the secrets which great salesmen have spent years on the road to learn.

You can't keep a good man down—not if he really *is* a good man and will take advantage of his opportunities to rise in life. This book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," brings ambitious men the chance they've all been looking for—the chance to get away from dull routine time-clock jobs at low pay. It tells all about the free placement service which is constantly at the disposal of members when ready and qualified.

Right now this book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which showed these men how to get started on the road to success and independence, will be mailed as a gift to any ambitious man—absolutely free and without obligation. Why not see for yourself what amazing pay-raising secrets it contains? There is no better way to invest a two cent stamp! Simply fill out and mail the coupon to us today.

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RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. VI

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NOVEMBER, 1931

No. 4

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Need trained men continually for jobs paying $1200 to $5000 a year.

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Aircraft Radio

Aviation is needing more and more trained Radio men. Operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn $1620 to $2800 a year.

Talking Movies

An invention made possible by Radio. Offers many fine jobs to well-trained Radio men, paying $75 to $200 a week.

Television

The coming field of many great opportunities is covered by my course.

IF YOU are earning a penny less than $50 a week, send for my book of information on the opportunities in Radio. It is free. Clip the coupon NOW. Why be satisfied with $25, $30 or $40 a week for longer than the short time it takes to get ready for Radio?

Radio's growth opening hundreds of $50, $75, $100 a week jobs every year

In about ten years Radio has grown from a $2,000,000 to a $1,000,000,000 industry. Over 800,000 jobs have been created. Hundreds more are being opened every year by its continued growth. Men and young men with the right training—the kind of training I give you—are stepping into Radio at two and three times their former salaries. J. A. Vaughn, 4075 S. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Before I entered Radio I was making $35 a week. Last week I earned $110 selling and servicing sets. I owe my success to N. R. I."

You have many jobs to choose from

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers and pay $1,200 to $5,000 a year. Manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers, for jobs paying up to $7,500 a year. Shipping companies use hundreds of Radio operators, give them world-wide travel with board and lodging free and a salary of $80 to $150 a month. Dealers and jobbers employ service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay $30 to $100 a week. There are many other opportunities too.

So many opportunities many N. R. I. men make $200 to $1000 while learning

The day you enroll with me I'll show you how to do 28 jobs, common in most every neighborhood, for spare time money. Throughout your course I send you information on servicing popular makes of sets; I give you the plans and ideas that are making $200 to $1,000 for hundreds of N. R. I. students in their spare time while studying. My course is famous as the one that pays for itself. G. W. Page, 133 Pine St., McKenzie, Tenn., writes: "I picked up $935 in my spare time while taking your course."

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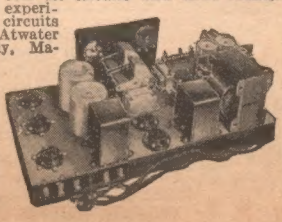

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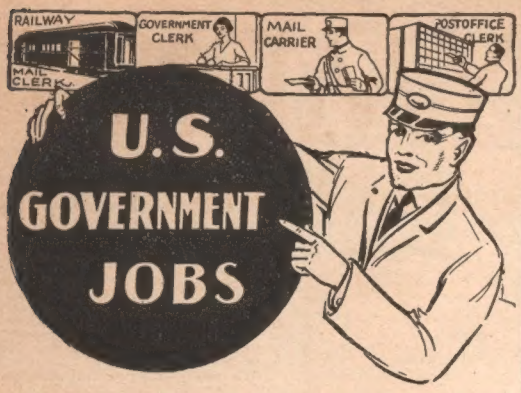

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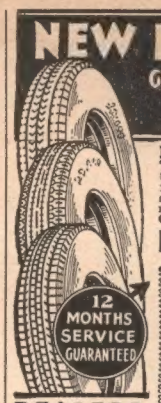

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Then "The Right Job" starts right in to help solve this problem of getting a job.

How To Connect With That Job!

You have Mr. Schwab's assurance that there is a place for you (and who could know better?); you need not worry about **that!** What you **do** need to consider, in these times, is how to **connect** with that job! Or, if you are an employer, how you can get just the man you need for what you can afford to pay.

In one place the text of these two handy guides points out that if you would only take as much trouble in finding a job that fits you, as in getting your coat fitted, you would never be out of a job!

It's easy to use a little **science** in getting a job. Don't waste time applying where dozens are standing in line; don't write empty letters by the hundreds; don't insert characterless advertisements in papers—

How To Sell Yourself

The idea is, to analyze yourself to see just what you have to sell; make a list of the most likely places that could use what you have, then go at it hammer and tongs to sell yourself, just is if you were a salesman with a quota to make.

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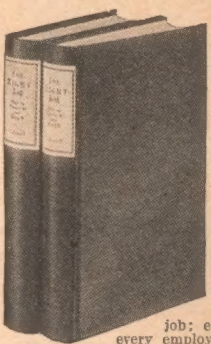
Are you blonde or brunette? Narrow headed or medium headed? Mental or motive? Feminine nose or masculine nose?—You are told what general lines of work to consider.

Is your hand flexible? rigid? spatulate? psychic? conical?—



the elimination process clears your path a little further.

Subjects Covered

And so on through the 21 fascinating chapters of the first volume and the 37 chapters of the second volume. Here are a few of the subjects covered:—

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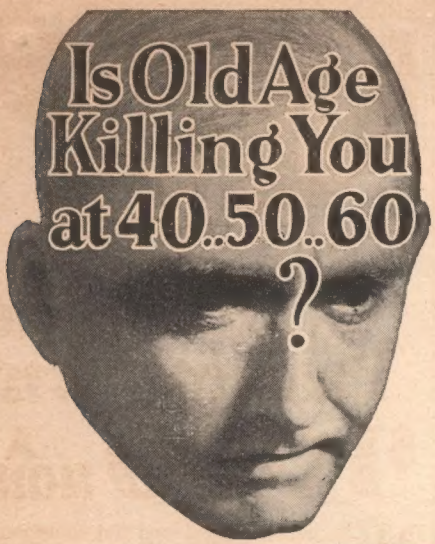

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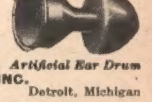

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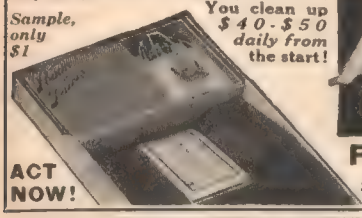

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This puzzle appears on page 608 of this issue

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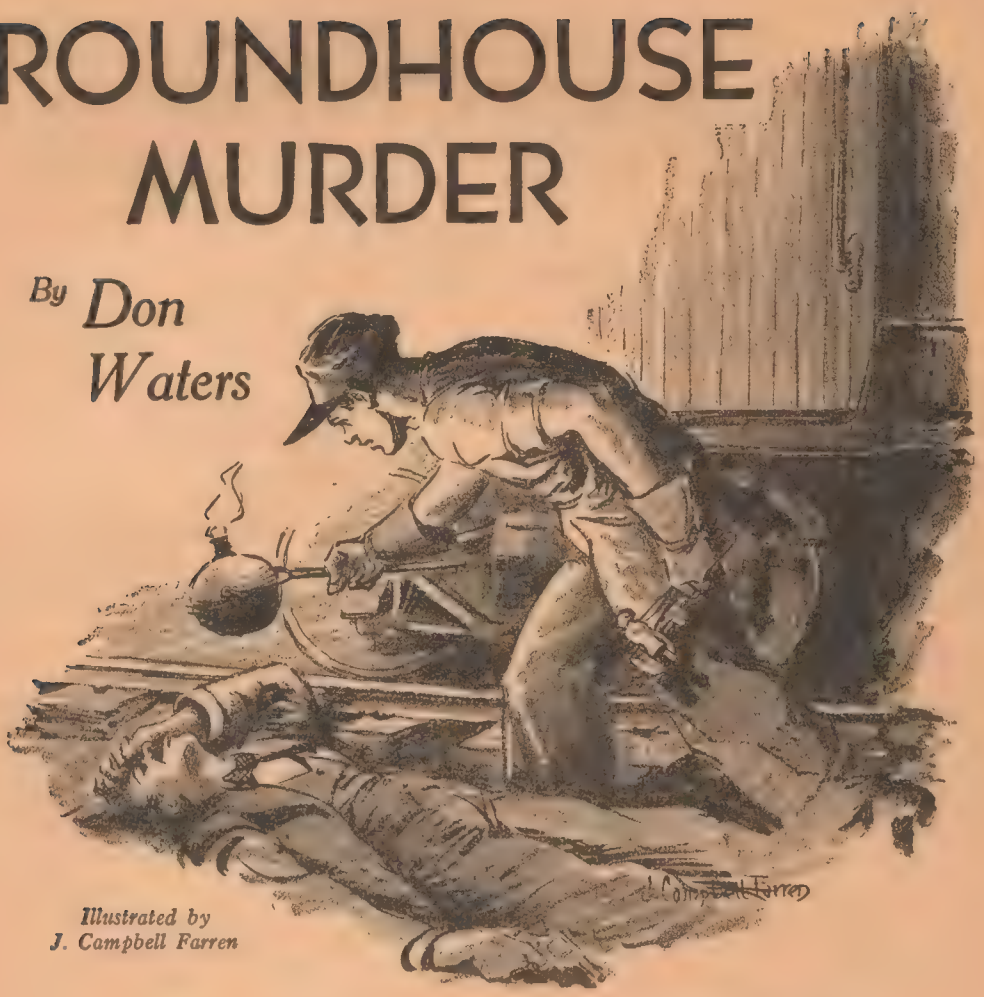


Illustrated by J. Campbell Farren

Single-Handed, the Third Trick Foreman Bucked a Sinister Plot That Threatened to Involve the Whole Pacific Western System

OLD MAN EAMES, master mechanic on the Pacific Western, glared across the desk with a cold eye at Tom Wallace, third trick roundhouse foreman.

Pointing his finger at Tom, he thundered:

"A half dozen failures and even more delays have occurred in the past month! They're all out of this roundhouse, and nearly all went out on your shift. There's been entirely too much laxity, and it's showing on the delay reports. The only explanation seems to me that you aren't getting around on the job and keeping things straight."

Tom made a motion as though to speak, but the master mechanic silenced him.

"I don't want any excuses. It's easy enough to offer them. But the man who holds down a trick foreman's job here has got to hit the ball, and it's

quite evident that you're letting a lot of things get by you."

Eames turned to Wilson, the general foreman. "It's up to you now!" he said crisply. "I'm willing to give this man one more chance, but the next engine delay or failure for which he is responsible—out he goes!"

Eames banged the desk with his fist. "It's getting to be a nice state of affairs when I have to be called in to straighten out things that you, Mr. Wilson, are being paid to attend to! All this began a couple of months ago. Up to that time, we had but little trouble here. Now I've stated my position, and that's the end of it."

The master mechanic arose from his seat and strode out of the office. The investigation was over.

A wry grin crossed Tom's face. He shrugged his shoulders, went toward the door of the shop office. At the threshold he turned, looked back. Involuntarily his fists clenched. A red flush of anger swept over his face. Ed Blottner, the engine inspector, who, by his statement to the master mechanic had aided in discrediting Tom, was leering triumphantly at him. The cause of his joy was obvious. He stood next in line for Tom's place.

Tom often wondered where the silent, secretive inspector came from. Why did he never mention his past? Why did he stay on the graveyard trick when he had had several chances to go on the more desirable second shift? One thing was certain—the two men had hated each other instinctively, from the moment they met.

Tom walked slowly across the yards, passed in front of the turntable pit and entered the roundhouse, a great bitterness welling up in him. He'd worked hard on this job—the first real promotion he'd ever had. Yet now it was slipping away from him. They would be very chary of giving him another chance at an official job if he lost this one.

Perhaps the best thing he could do would be to "pull the pin," blow the job, go somewhere else and start anew. He at least could start on another road with a clean slate and no handicap. For it is no recommendation at all to admit a dozen engine failures and delays in thirty days.

Curious about those delays. They'd all been caused by little things, defective headlights, lubricators that wouldn't feed. Just two nights ago an engine had been held up at the depot for an hour and a half on account of her brake valve not operating. He'd examined that brake valve himself afterward and found a wad of waste plugging one of its ports.

It was hard for him to believe that it was any accident. Waste couldn't get into there without—he shook his head at the recollection. Why should any one go to the trouble of opening up a union in the air line and plugging the pipes?

Walking around the curve of the roundhouse in front of the engines in their stalls, his mind was active with thoughts of what had just passed. He was being framed, and his suspicions all pointed to Blottner.

Yet it didn't seem sensible that any one would put himself out to get such a place.

It was no easy job, the trick from midnight to eight o'clock in the morning. There was plenty of grief on it. Tom had walked around this curving pathway many a mile in the last six months, peddling out work slips to the machinists and boiler makers. All night he had to stay awake, walking back and forth, keeping after the box packers

and the boiler washers, the fire lighters and the wipers, see that the engines got out on time, and that all the work reported on them was done.

Halfway around the house Tom stopped and glanced at the board. His eyes ranged down the list of engines marked up. At midnight last night he had written those runs up. They were all checked off now at 8.30 in the morning—thirty locomotives on as many runs. The last one was even now hooked on to her train down in the Union Depot, two miles away, coupled up and ready to go.

Instinctively he glanced at his watch, nodded his head. Thirty-eight was now leaving the depot, starting on her ninety-mile run to the terminal at the other end. In his mind's eye, he could see that big locomotive hooked on ahead of a long train of steel coaches. In fancy he could hear the blast of sound that blurted from her stack when Jim Monahan, her engineer, opened her up.

She'd pick up fast, gather way, accelerate quickly down through the yards, and in less than five minutes from now she would come sweeping around the curve past the roundhouse, hammering the main line steel on her hard fast run, ninety miles with but one stop between the two terminals.

Tom continued his way along the brick pathway before the engines.

He looked at each locomotive as he went by it. The engines seemed like old familiar friends to him. He'd worked on each one many times. Perhaps he would not long be seeing them. He hated the thought of leaving the old Diversey Avenue shops. He'd served his time here, put in four years as apprentice boy in the back shops and drop pits, and in this roundhouse. He'd left, and boomed around from job to job for two years after he had finished his apprenticeship, and he'd come back.

It was a year now since then. He'd spent many a hot summer's day sweating over a boiler top, grinding in throttles, working on pumps, rods, and dynamos. He'd shivered through many a winter's gale outside before the cinder pit, inspecting engines, working on air brakes and injectors. He knew every smoke-blackened beam inside the house, every switch and lead outside, and now, perhaps, he was soon to put them all behind him. His glance swept around the great room, where, with high hopes and ambition, he had begun to learn the machinist trade. He swallowed hard.

Nodding to a few of the machinists just starting work for the day in the shop, he walked over near the washroom.

The door opened behind him and Blottner came in. Tom felt a slow flush of anger creep over him. He controlled himself and made up his mind that unless Blottner started something he would not begin an argument.

Blottner opened his locker. Evidently Tom's silence gave the other man the impression that he was pretty well licked by what had just happened. Blottner made a grave mistake. He turned, his lip curled scornfully.

"Well," he drawled in an exasperating tone. "Eames got you told all right."

Tom fought hard to control his temper. He did not answer.

Encouraged by this silence, Blottner went on. "You never struck me as being very heavy, fellow, and the way you handled the job sure showed you up quick."

Tom's eyes flashed. His fists clenched. "Listen, don't you 'fellow' me! And let me give you an earful

now! I suspect you know more about the engine failures and delays we been having than anybody else. You seemed particularly pleased this morning the way things went. If you were outside the right-of-way fence, I'd sure take a lot of pleasure in hanging a shanty over your eye. You low-down, sneaking, son o' a—"

His sentence was never finished.

With a roar, Blottner sprang across the intervening space. A spangle of lights danced before Tom Wallace's eyes. He felt as if the roof had fallen down and struck him on his ear. He sagged back.

Then his head cleared. Blottner was coming at him again. He should have known better, for Tom Wallace was no mean antagonist. He was wide across the shoulders, deep chested, his back ridged with muscles developed by the use of sledge and chisel bar.

Tom's right fist clenched, his arm swung. Flush on the point of the jaw the hard-driven bunch of knuckles landed. Blottner bounced against the wall. His knees sagged. He slumped down in a heap.

From behind him a delighted voice, rich with an Irish brogue, called out, "Whew! What a beauty! Hit him again, the squealer!" Mike Clancy was the oldest machinist on the job, and it was no secret that he'd had a warm spot in his heart for Tom since his first day in the shops and had always thoroughly disliked Blottner.

But Tom Wallace with a disdainful glance at Blottner, who was slowly rising to his feet, merely smiled. He rubbed his smarting knuckles and felt a thrill of savage exultation sweep over him. Blottner, when he got up, was cringing like a beaten dog. It took that one good wallop to show him up yellow. When he got to his feet, he scrambled out past Mike in a frantic effort to get away.

CHAPTER II

Mike Clancy looked at the retreating figure. "Sure," he said, "an' I'm thinkin' he got what was comin' to him. Ye should have given him that long ago.

"Now, I wanted to tell ye somethin'. I come down early this morning to do a little government job on me own time. Way in the back corner of the house, the 3616 was all steamed up, waitin' for the hostler to take her out. I noticed some one up on her runnin' board beside the pumps, foolin' with the pump governors. And what attracted me attention and raised me suspicions, was that he was working on 'em rough, with a monkey wrench, which, o' course, is no way to handle a delicate thing like them.

"There may be nothin' to it, but—" Mike paused—"if the 3616 has any trouble with her pumps to-day, ye'll know it was Blottner's work, because he was the man I saw."

Mike had scarcely finished talking when he grabbed Tom by the arm, pointed up on the embankment. "There she is now! Me guess was right."

With a sinking heart, Tom looked up on the main line which was raised ten feet above the level of the roundhouse. A big engine had just come to a stop. It was the 3616, 38's engine. He could see Jim Monahan leaning out of the right cab window, calling to a machinist and his helper who were scrambling up the side of the embankment from the roundhouse.

In silence, Tom stood watching to see why 38 had stopped. The two stepped outside the roundhouse and watched. Evidently the engineer had

called the roundhouse on the telephone from the depot and notified them of the trouble. He must have called just before leaving time. Tom wondered if Eames knew of this.

The machinist and helper came down out of the cab. Jim dropped his reverse lever, blew a series of blasts on his whistle to call in the flagman and, with a glance back, eased out on the throttle. Thirty-eight slowly got into motion.

Without a word to Mike, Tom ran through the washroom, cut around a corner of the roundhouse and called to the machinist, "Hey, Bill, let's see that governor!"

Unmindful that the hot brass was burning his bare hands, he unscrewed the cap, looked at the governor for a moment, then handed it back to the machinist.

"All right," he said, and walked away without offering a word of explanation.

He'd seen all he wanted to know. The fresh cut marks of a wrench were plainly visible. Some one had unscrewed the cap and had worked on

Tom Swung Hard and Caught Blottner on the Chin

the governor setting and battered the head. He knew who; Mike had told him that.

He went back into the washroom, dressed. His first impulse was to hunt up the master mechanic and have a talk with him. On going down to the office, a clerk told him Eames had already left, and would not be back for an hour. He'd ridden an engine down to the Union Depot. He was coming back on another.

The shop committeemen—Tom decided against talking to them now. He knew that if he took the matter up with them, it would be a long drawn out affair, and would not come up for action till the regular meeting of the union, which was two weeks off. He'd have to prefer charges. They'd appoint a committee to investigate those charges. By the time the committee turned in the report a month would be gone.

This was a serious matter. Eames was the man to see about it. Tom made up his mind to lay the matter before him. If the master mechanic would not back him up, Tom decided he'd quit the job right there. Yet his face grew grave as he thought of a parting that would have to come.

He walked out through the gates and up the street for a couple of blocks to a white cottage set well back from the street. He hesitated at the front gate, and then she came out on the porch—Mary Monahan, big Jim Monahan's daughter, with a smile on her face and a song on her lips.

"Why, hello, Tom!" she called when she noticed him. "What brings you around so early in the morning?"

Momentarily Tom forgot his troubles. He looked at the wealth of red hair, saw the deep blue eyes, the soft flood of color on her face and, for a brief instant forgot locomotives and all the work and worry that goes with their running. He opened the gate and walked up the path.

"Why, Tom, what's wrong?" she asked, noticing his serious expression.

In a few short sentences he told her.

"To cap it all," he finished, "hardly had Eames spoken when a passenger engine was delayed at the shops while they changed pump governors. That, I guess, will be the straw to break the camel's back. I've decided I'd better not wait to be fired, but, before I quit, I wanted to talk to you."

"Oh," she said. "And that's the way things have been going? You never said anything to me about it before, but I've been hearing about it all the time."

She went on to explain: "You know, of course, that Mr. Blottner has been up here often. He made quite a hit with my father. He fixed up a lot of brass trimming and stuff for his engine, and never charged him anything for it, so of course, he's ace high there. He gives us all the news about the shops. Just last night he informed me that you would soon be leaving. I told him that was too bad entirely, as when you left he'd have no one to razz."

Mary smiled impishly. "He's quite thoughtful though. He sent me a box of candy on my birthday yesterday."

Tom's look betrayed his confusion. "Oh, I'm sorry, but I just forgot it. I had so much to think about, it just slipped my mind."

Mary's eyes flashed. "Oh, so it slipped your mind, did it? Well, what are you coming around to tell me your troubles for then, if you don't think enough of me to remember my birthday?"

He looked up at her. She was standing on the top step of the porch, her

eyes flashing, her head held high. He wanted to get her sympathy, a bit of encouragement perhaps, and she—she was indignant at a little thing like his forgetting her birthday. That was Mary Monahan. A man never knew where he stood with her, one moment all smiles and laughter, and the next, cold and haughty. But a man couldn't forget her.

"I—I thought," Tom stammered.

"You thought, did you?" she said laughing. "What do you think with?"

Tom turned. "Well, anyway, I'm going to leave to-day. I don't know when, if ever, I'll see you again."

He walked down the path toward the gate. Everything had gone wrong. Blottner had framed him at the shops. His job was as good as gone. And now Mary seemed utterly indifferent to what happened. He opened the latch on the gate, sick at heart, depressed by a dull and moody despondency.

Then he heard his name called. "Tom! Oh, Tom! Come back here! Don't you dare go out that gate!"

Amazed, he turned. Mary was standing on the porch, tears in her eyes.

"Would you go," she asked, "and leave me like that? Without even a good-by? Would you?"

A few moments later they sat together in the porch swing.

"Sure, Tom," Mary murmured. "I was only teasing you. I wouldn't give you up for a dozen of him. Don't go away. Stay here and fight it out."

"But how?" he asked. "What chance have I? I'm discredited, and that delay this morning finishes me."

"Mmm," she said thoughtfully. "The only passenger I know that goes out right after eight—the time of your investigation—is 38. I saw it coming to a stop this morning. So that's the black ball for you, is it?"

Tom sat up suddenly. "Mary," he said solemnly. "I didn't mean to tell you that. But you figured it out. Yes, it was 38 this morning."

"And that's worrying you, is it? Now never you mind about that. I'll handle dad without a bit of trouble. He may be terrible Jim Monahan when he gets into his overalls, and climbs up into a cab, but he's nothin' but Jiggs around here, and I'm Maggie with the rolling pin.

"I'm going to meet him when he comes in on the run to-night, and threaten him if he as much as lets a peep out of him about the trouble this morning. And, Blottner, when next he comes up here—I'll tell him a thing or two. But promise me now, that you'll not leave."

"All right," Tom said with a grin on his face. "I'll stick. And, by George, I'll convince old man Eames that I'm as good as he thinks I'm rotten."

"That's the stuff," Mary countered. "Now, run along. I've got a lot of work to do this morning, and you're a terribly disturbing element around here."

A half hour later, Tom Wallace went through the gate, crossed over in front of the roundhouse on to a side-track where the master mechanic's business car was standing. He'd made up his mind to have a showdown with Eames. At least he'd know where he stood.

His knuckles beat a tattoo on the back door. He brushed past the porter who admitted him and boldly walked the length of the car to where Eames sat at a table.

The master mechanic looked up. "Well," he said in a cold voice. "What now?"

For a second Tom hesitated, at a

loss how to begin. Then he plunged in. "Mr. Eames, this morning you saw fit to rake me over the coals. I can well understand the opinion you have of my abilities. But at the same time, I want to tell you that perhaps there is more behind this thing than you have any knowledge of."

"What do you mean?" Eames asked sharply.

Tom hesitated again. He was no informer. He could very readily have told about 38's engine, could have brought Mike Clancy in to verify his statements. But Tom knew that even if he proved Blottner guilty it would not help his own case. Eames would consider that a foreman who could not straighten out things himself was not fit to hold a job.

Even now the master mechanic turned to a sheaf of papers on his desk, and began studying them as though the interview was at an end. It was obvious that he didn't want to be bothered with trifling matters.

"Mr. Eames, I want you to listen to me for a few minutes," Tom said earnestly. "I served my time and learned my trade here at these shops, and my record is clean up to now. I've had a bad break."

Eames looked up quickly.

"No, I don't mean from you," Tom hastily added. "I mean there's something going on that I want to straighten out. I've got my suspicions. I want to verify them, and it's to the advantage of the road as well as to myself to do that. You promised this morning that on the next delay, you'd take summary action. Well, even while you

were talking, a delay was making up then. Thirty-eight stopped at the shops here a short while ago to change pump governors. I want to tell you that before some one else does, because if that's the delay that lops my head off, I want to know it now."

"I've looked up your record," said Eames, "and up to now it's in your favor. You hint that things are not as they appear on the face of them. What do you mean by that?"

Tom shook his head. "I can't tell you that now, but perhaps later I may have real information instead of just suspicions and conjectures."

The master mechanic picked up a slip of paper, wrote a brief note on it. Then he walked to the rear platform with Tom, saying nothing on the way.

"All right, Wallace, you get to the bottom of those delays, and it'll please me better than anything else you could do." He studied Tom for a long minute. Then he said guardedly, "I don't know how much you know. Have you kept up with the condition of the road as a whole at all?"

Through Tom's mind

They Stepped Outside the Roundhouse and Watched the Machinists Work on No. 3616

flashed the gossip he had heard about the road's financial straits.

"I see what you mean. Yes, I know the Pacific Western is up against it. But up to now, I hadn't connected that at all with anything that has happened on my shift. It seemed far-fetched."

Eames drummed on the railing with his finger tips while Tom stepped to the ground. "Wallace," he said at last, "you get back on your job and do everything you can to keep it going. Get the engines out on time, get the work done on them. And if any one on your shift is not hitting the ball, fire him without hesitation."

"But," Tom replied, "you know I have to take anything like that up with Mr. Wilson."

The master mechanic nodded. "Yes, I know that, but you've come here to me, and told me you can handle the job. Now I'm putting it right up to you. The third trick is yours exclusively, to hire or fire, any damn thing you like, but get it organized and running smoothly! And if anything suspicious occurs, let me know about it at once. Good day."

CHAPTER III

Tom went over to the shop office to see Wilson. He had decided to tell the foreman how Eames had put it up to him.

Not finding Wilson, he walked up toward the coal chute, a dingy, smoke-blackened wooden structure that rose high above the surrounding buildings. The thought crossed his mind that if a couple of loaded coal cars ever got loose and came down that steep incline, they would sure mess things up. They'd split the switch at the bottom and come right on to the lead track that ran over the cinder pits to the turntable.

As he stood there looking up at the chute, an engine came to a stop close by. He idly glanced at the number, the 2840. Tom recognized the engineer, Joe Nichols, who was coming down the gangway. Since the time Tom started as an apprentice on the job when Joe was firing they had been friends.

Joe was a careful man who saved money. He worked regularly and did not squander what he made. He had a comfortable home a mile away from the depot. The gossip around the shops was that Joe was well-fixed. He'd put all his savings into company stock.

A thought flashed through Tom's mind. If a man had money now, that would be the best way to invest it. The Pacific Western stock had been slowly declining. He remembered reading in the paper a few days ago that it had dropped four or five points on the Exchange in one day's trading.

"Hello, Tom," the engineer called across. "Say, I think I'll get out early to-morrow morning, and this pile of junk needs some work done on her. She's pounding pretty hard on the right side. Will you see that my rod brasses are taken up? I reported it to the day shift a couple of times, but they've passed it by."

Joe came over to where Tom was standing.

"Say, Tom," he said. "What's this I hear about Eames taking you for a ride this morning?"

Tom started. "Say, the news has sure traveled fast. Who told you about it?"

"Oh, one of the hostlers was telling me when I pulled in a little while ago. He says the engine inspector, Blottner, was talking to him and told him all about it. That guy's out to get you, Tom. But let me tell you one thing. You've always come clean with me, and

I can tell anybody that every time I've reported work to you, you've done it. That's more than I can say about the day shift. Good luck to you, boy."

With a friendly nod, Joe Nichols walked away. Tom watched him go, then, seeing the shop foreman, he went in his direction. Wilson nodded curtly to him when he came up.

"Well, Wallace," he began, "you got me into a nice stew all right this morning. Eames gave me merry hell about how things were going. Before he left, he told me you were to ball the jack on your shift without fear or favor.

"Now, there's one thing that he sure impressed on me before he got through. Unless we get the kinks out of this place, he's going to stir things up next time he comes down."

Wilson moved closer to Tom and lowered his voice confidentially.

"You know," he said, "there's more behind this thing than you've got any idea of. Eames is probably getting his tail burned from higher up. I was talking to the superintendent yesterday. The Pacific Western is being hard pushed. We've got some stiff competition now since the Prairie State's run that new cutoff. I see by the company magazine that our car loadings have fallen off almost twenty per cent, and last night's paper showed that our stock had dropped again. You and I are just small bugs in this thing, but when the big foot comes down, it's liable to step on us, too."

The shop foreman filled his pipe, tamped the tobacco down, struck a match. "By the way, Wallace, how the devil do you account for all the grief you've been having? You just sat there, and let Eames run down the list on you without putting up a defense. Hadn't you any explanation?"

"Sure," Tom replied. "But I had little chance to tell my side of the story. For one thing, with that new fuel inspector's orders to pare down expenses, an engine can't be fired till it's called. What chance have I to get steam up and test out anything in that length of time? Why, I consider myself lucky to get the jacks down to the depot and hooked on to their trains on schedule.

"That's not all either," Tom continued. "I've got several delays chalked up against me on engines that I never had a fiddler's chance with."

"What do you mean?" the shop foreman asked.

Tom retorted: "What about one coming in my shift absolutely dead for a boiler wash, and not going out till noon next day? If anything happens to her on the run, do you realize that I'm held responsible?"

The foreman nodded. "Yeah, that's all so, but it's just as fair for you as it is for the day gang, isn't it? Let me tell you, Wallace, we're putting up with the same conditions that you are, and we haven't had an engine failure for months, and only a very occasional road delay. How do you explain that, when your record is plastered all over with them?"

For a second, Tom hesitated. He was half-minded to relate what Mike had seen this morning. He quickly decided against that. What if he proved Blottner was on 38's engine just before it left its stall? The engine inspector would say, "Sure, I was on it. I was doing what I'm paid for. I'm supposed to look 'em over before they go out."

Tom shook his head. "I'm not trying to explain anything now. Perhaps some other time—"

The foreman shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you've got your grief, and I've got mine. You keep your stuff going.

You may think old man Eames is pretty abrupt and unreasonable, but he's carrying a bigger load than we are and catching the devil from some guy higher than him, who's got his tonnage."

The foreman glanced at his watch and, without another word, turned and hurried toward the roundhouse.

Tom went over to the Rockledge Hotel, where he lived, and sat down on the front porch. He picked up a newspaper lying on the seat beside him and read the account of how things were going in Europe. Like thousands of others in those early days of the war, he was interested in it, but in a detached sort of way. The long line of trenches from the North Sea clear up into the mountains to the eastward bristled with guns. Tom read the account of attack and counterattack, of a mile gained here, and a mile lost there, but the facts held no personal significance for him. Then he turned over to the financial page, ran down the list till he came to the Pacific Western. The stock had gone down another point.

This news held his attention briefly; then, stretching himself, he yawned. He threw down the paper and went upstairs to bed.

CHAPTER IV

THAT night at the roundhouse Tom looked over the lineup of engines and marked up the board. Then he made out his work slips, and passed them out to the six machinists and two boiler makers who composed the skilled workers on his shift.

He did not see Blottner, but one of the men said he had come down. He remembered that Blottner was quite friendly with a bunch of yard switchmen, whose shanty was just a short distance down the yards from the roundhouse. Perhaps he was down there with them.

Tom started out of the roundhouse to hunt him. Passing between two engines on his way out, he fancied he saw a man dodge suddenly behind one of the tanks. Without a second's hesitation, Tom caught the grab irons on the engine, swung himself up through the gangway and down on the other side. He was just in time to catch a glimpse of Grimes, the special agent, a surly, silent man, unpopular with the company employees.

The sight of him infuriated Tom. So Grimes was snooping around and reporting everything he saw! As the special agent slipped around in front of the engine, Tom was right after him. He overtook him just in front of a switch shanty.

"Hey, Grimes!" he called. "Wait a minute! I want to talk with you."

The special agent turned quickly and stopped. Tom came up to him.

"Listen, I want to thank you for your kindness," he began sarcastically, "in turning in such a complete report of the doings on my shift."

Grimes grunted noncommittally.

Tom went on. He was conscious that three or four switchmen had come out of the shanty and were listening.

"I want to tell you this," Tom said. "If you see anything out of the way on my shift, why in hell don't you come to me like a man and tell me about it, instead of carrying it to the office? You know as well as I do, that the night gang consider it their privilege to get a little hay whenever the opportunity offers. The second shift does the same thing."

Grimes shifted his cane.

Tom burst out angrily, "Needn't mind getting set with that stick. I'm

just giving my opinion of you. Personally I think you're a low-down sneak, and instead of trying to get things straightened out around here, you're merely currying favor with the office! And let me tell you something else. I'm in charge of this roundhouse. If I need your services, I'll send for you. Until then, you confine your attentions to other places, and keep your ugly face out of the roundhouse!"

Grimes grunted. "I'll attend to what I damn please," he grated out. "And I'll go where I please. And it won't be healthy for you to try and stop me."

Tom lost his temper completely then. Almost before he knew he was speaking, the words came out. "You stay out of the roundhouse! If I catch you around again, it won't be healthy!"

Grimes did not reply. His face clouded with anger as he walked away.

Tom looked over toward the switchmen's shanty and saw Blottner inside on a bench. He was leaning back on the cushion, smoking a cigarette, smiling lazily.

The very sight of Blottner heightened Tom's anger, but, controlling himself, he walked into the shanty.

"You Stay out of the Roundhouse! Don't Let Me Catch You around Here Again!"

"All right," he said. "I got a couple of jobs for you over at the house. Snap out of it!"

Blottner evidently did not fear a repetition of the occurrence in the washroom, for they were both on duty now. He knew if Tom struck him, there were four or five switchmen here to testify to that effect. And he knew the company rules.

"Aw, run along and peddle your slips," he sneered. "I'm waiting for

an engine to come in. After I've looked it over, maybe you'll see me then."

"Snap out of it, Blottner!" Tom repeated. "I haven't got much time to waste here. Come on along."

"If I don't, what then?" Blottner drawled.

"All right, Blottner, here's what." Tom pulled out his watch. "It's 12.45, and you're fired right now. Not for what happened in the washroom, not for what you were seen doing to 38's engine, not even for shooting off your face in front of the master mechanic, but for the plain and simple reason that I've got charge of this shift. I've got authority to fire you, and I'm using that authority because of your insubordination."

Blottner laughed insolently. "You're pulling a fast one now. Wilson's the only guy around here that can fire me, and Wilson won't be down till to-morrow morning."

"Yah?" Tom said. "Well, maybe it will be good news to you when I tell you that this morning Eames extended my authority. You're absolutely out."

Something in the tone proved the words, for Blottner's whole manner changed.

"I'll take it up with the brotherhood! I'll see my committeemen, I'll—I'll get even with you all right!"

Tom turned around and walked away.

Back in the house, the affair with Blottner passed from his mind in the rush and bustle of getting the regular engines ready for their runs. It was not till several hours later that he had a chance to sit down. He went into the office, leaned back wearily in his chair, pulled out his watch, glanced at it.

"Three o'clock in the morning," he said aloud. "Three o'clock and all's quiet on the graveyard shift."

He picked up the evening paper lying on the desk. The front page was covered with war news. He wasn't particularly interested in it to-night. He opened the paper to the market page, whistled when his eye struck the quotations on Pacific Western. The stock of the road was still going down. He noticed that the Prairie State's was advancing in price.

That was strange. Both roads served much the same territory. Why should one decrease in value while the other gained? The explanation came suddenly to him. This was what Eames had been hinting at. Evidently some combination of capital was juggling the market for control of the road.

The ringing of the telephone interrupted his reflections. A premonition of trouble came over him as he lifted the receiver.

A muffled voice he did not recognize inquired, "Roundhouse?"

"Yeah," Tom replied.

"2840's down here, hooked on to her train, and the engine brakes are sticking. No, we can't do anything with them. Send a machinist down here right away. It's after leaving time now." A click told that the man at the other end had hung up.

Tom hurried into the roundhouse to find a machinist. Around the brick pathway from engine to engine he searched, climbing up through the gangways, looking into the cabs. There was not a man to be seen.

Tom knew why. Ordinarily when their night's work was done, they'd merely climb up into an engine and catnap on the cushions. Since Grimes had been seen snooping around, however, they had found places to get their rest that would be hard to discover.

A five-minute search of the sand-house, the coal chute shanty and the derrick cars convinced Tom that there was little use in further searching. If he did not want to have a delay marked up on the 2840 and himself, he'd have to go down and see what was wrong without wasting any more time. He gathered up a hammer, a cold chisel and a monkey wrench, picked up a lighted torch that was smoking on the pilot beam of an engine, and started down toward the yard office.

He hurried toward the track that led onto the main line. In surprise he halted. The lead was empty. The 2840 was gone. He listened intently. Not even the faintest echo of a locomotive's exhaust on the still air.

He stood for a while, undecided whether to go on down through the yards and investigate, or go back to the roundhouse. The cast-iron flambeau he carried in his hand flickered a time or two and went out. At last he started back the way he had come, between two tracks with a line of box cars on either side. It was a dark night, with a chill hint of rain in the air, dark and sullen, and very still.

Suddenly that stillness was broken by a startled cry, followed by a heavy, dull thud! From ahead Tom fancied he heard the patter of running feet, but was not certain. He stopped in indecision; then, when no further sound came, he started on.

Quietly he walked along the cinders, every sense alert, holding his heavy flambeau like a club. Tense, expectant, nerves on edge, Tom suddenly gave a gasp of astonishment. His foot had touched a heavy, soft object.

Tom fumbled in his pocket for a match, lit his flambeau and looked down. He saw who it was the instant the light flared up.

Grimes, the special agent, lay flat on his back, his right hand clutching a pistol, his left thrown across his forehead! His cane lay beside him. Tom lifted the limp left hand, and gasped in horrified amazement. A horrible, gory welt above Grimes's eyes explained why the special agent lay senseless.

What the Whistle Says

JUST one long blast on the whistle, — this style,
Is a sign of nearing a town,
A railroad crossing or junction, maybe,
And this —, the brakes whistled down.

Two long —— —— are just the reverse of the last;
And this — — the engine's reply
When the "con" sends along the word to stop—
A sort of cheerful "Aye! Aye!"

These three —— —— —— will show when the train comes apart.
This — — — means two different things:
That the train will back if it's standing still,
Or stop at next station if running.

These four —— —— —— —— belong to the flagman alone,
And these — — — — are meant for the crew;
But this one —— —— — —, when crossing a road at grade
More nearly interests you.

Five short ones — — — — — say to the flagman on guard,
"Look out for a rear attack!"
And a lot like this — — — — — — — — — — that a heedless cow
Or a deaf man is on the track!

—"SMOKEY" DE BERNARD.

CHAPTER V

As Tom straightened up, an uncanny feeling came over him that some one was close, watching every movement he made. He turned quickly and in the flickering, wind-blown light of his torch, saw a group of men standing

between the rails. They were the same men who had been in the shanty with Blottner earlier in the evening. Tom gazed at the group, at a loss for something to say.

"Well, some one's knocked Grimes out," he finally announced.

"*Some one*—yeah!" One of the switchmen gave a short, scornful cackle. "You ought to know about that."

"What do you mean?" Tom asked. "Are you insinuating I had anything to do with it? I didn't even know he was here till I bumped into him in the dark."

"No-o?" The word was drawled out insultingly. "Well, what was you doing down here anyway? What business sent you mooching so far away from the roundhouse this time of night?"

"I can ask you the same question," Tom reminded them coolly. "What are you fellows doing here? There's no cars being handled."

They shifted uneasily and one of them started to mutter a weak explanation.

"Never mind about that now," Tom broke in. "This man is badly hurt. We've got to get him attended to."

He looked around. A short distance ahead, under the beams of a yard light, he noticed a caboose.

"Run over to that shanty car and get the stretcher. If it's locked, break the door in!" he ordered.

A few minutes later they got Grimes on the stretcher and carried him up to the yard office. There was no one there but a clerk on the second floor. Tom immediately called up the hospital for an ambulance. Then he got the division superintendent at his home, and told him about what had occurred. Lastly, he got in touch with one of Grimes's assistants, and urged him to come down at once.

Inside of an hour Grimes, breathing but slowly, had been taken to the hospital. The superintendent had come down, and immediately ordered every one involved in the affair to come to his office.

The chill gray of dawn was lifting the black night in the east when the investigation started. As Tom spoke he noticed an incredulous expression dawn on the superintendent's face.

"You say you got a telephone message to come down in the yards, and fix up an engine that was called? When you got down there, the engine had already gone? It strikes me a bit queer, Wallace, that you should go instead of sending one of your men." He turned to the yard clerk. "Did any one use the telephone in the yard office immediately preceding this affair? Did you hear any one call Mr. Wallace?"

The clerk, who was emphatic, was obviously speaking the truth. "No, I didn't leave the office all night, and no one called the shop office from the yards to my certain knowledge. There's something queer about this, all right."

The night yardmaster agreed. "It strikes me as strange, too. This is the first time I've ever seen Wallace down in the yards.

"There's something funny about this whole business," he went on. "I was working the other end of the yards and saw Grimes near the coal chute about 3.30. When I got back to the yard office a short while later, I learned that Grimes was up in the other end of the yards, had been beat up, and was on his way to the hospital. All I got to say is, he must have been making good time to get from the coal chute up there and have all this happen to him in that short time."

"He's Right," She Said. "You've Got to Go—and Go Quick. You Can't Stay Here Any Longer"

Then, one after the other with scarce a word's variation, the yard switchmen told how they had heard a cry and found Wallace bending over Grimes. They told about the argument they'd heard between the special agent and the shop foreman earlier in the evening and how Tom had threatened the special agent.

Then came a startling disclosure. Harper, Grimes's assistant, took up the tale. "I was just getting ready to come down when I got the word about the slugging from Mr. Wallace. Mr. Grimes had called me shortly before and told me that he needed me down there, and for me to hurry.

"No, I don't know what was up, but I know it was something serious, or he wouldn't have bothered me that time in the morning. I distinctly remember looking at my watch when Grimes called me. It was 3.35. I had scarcely finished dressing, when I got another call from Mr. Wallace, telling me to hurry down.

"Now as I see it, Mr. Grimes had something important on, something he needed help for. Yet I can't quite figure it out, for he told me to meet him near the coal chute, and when he was knocked in the head, he was way down in the yards."

Nodding toward Tom, he added; "Furthermore, things look pretty bad for this man. I have his torch down in my office. It's smeared with blood. A man could hit a terrible lick with it. It's a heavy cast iron affair, about eight inches high, round, I'd say three inches across on the bottom, tapering up to the top, where the wick comes out. It weighs all of four or five pounds."

He whistled. "Whew! I'd hate to get hit with a thing like that myself. Mr. Wallace admits that he had trouble with Mr. Grimes earlier in the evening. He was down in the yards on rather a flimsy pretext, and then this thing happened. It looks bad."

"I guess you're right," the superintendent agreed. "There seems to be nothing we can do except report this to the proper authorities, and let them investigate it."

It was afternoon that day when Tom realized just how serious it was, as he stood before the police court judge and heard himself charged with assault with intent to kill. To him the one bright spot in the whole sordid affair was the alacrity with which three or four engineers who had come up to hear the evidence stepped forward to go his bond. He had made some enemies, but he had also made a lot of good friends since he had started to work for the road.

Tom hurried from the courtroom as soon as he was free. Blottner in all likelihood had heard about this and would take it as a fine chance to see Mary Monahan and try to discredit him with her.

Going directly to Mary's house, Tom told her the whole story. She sat silent for a long time after he had finished, a studious expression on her face, her blue eyes deep and thoughtful. Then she nodded her head slowly.

"He's cleverer than I gave him credit for," she said.

"Who?" Tom asked.

"Why, Blottner, of course," she answered. "The whole thing is very plain to me. You discharged him and he, out of revenge, started this—what I don't know, but evidently something serious.

"As I see it, some one put the special agent up to watching the night shift, knowing that you would resent it and figuring that you and Grimes would have trouble over it. Last night when Grimes was down in the yard that telephone call was for the sole purpose of getting you down there so that the attack could plausibly then be laid to you. Of course, when Grimes comes to, he may be able to give the affair an entirely different slant, but till then, you're it."

Suddenly Mary jumped up. "I have a friend who's a nurse up there at the hospital. I'll find out what's happened."

There was deep concern in her voice when she came back from the telephone. "Oh, Tom, things look black now!" she told him. "I've just heard that Grimes has a fractured skull and is not expected to live out the day. He's never regained consciousness."

While she was speaking, an engineer friend of Tom's stopped in front of the house. "Tom, come here a minute!" he called. "I've got something to tell you."

Tom went down the pathway to the gate.

"What's up, Bill?" he asked.

"Boy, you're sure in a jam," the engineer answered. "You know, we was all set to go bond for your appearance. While we were going through the formalities up there at the court house, some one came in with the news that Grimes was about to kick the bucket.

"All bets were off. A couple of deputies are out hunting for you now. Tom, take my advice and light a rag. If Grimes passes on, you're sure going to be in one bad hole. Of course, no one that knows you, believes you're guilty, but it's going to be a tough job to convince a jury that you're innocent."

Mary coming down to the gate, heard the last of the conversation.

"What!" Tom gasped. "Run away! I couldn't! That would be admitting guilt. I've got to stay and stick it out."

The engineer shook his head. "Take my advice and leave, brother," he said as he started down the street.

Tom looked at Mary. He saw tears in her eyes.

"He's right," she said. "You've got to go and quick. Yesterday I urged

you to stay here, to-day I'm urging you to leave."

He stood undecided. She turned and walked toward the house. At the porch she stopped.

"Come, Tom," she said. "I've got something I want to give you before you go."

He stepped into the hall and gasped in surprise as Mary suddenly threw both her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

She smiled through her tears. "Remember me by this when you're gone, because you mustn't write. Things will all work out. Now, hurry."

She put her hand on his back and gently shoved him out, closing the door behind him. He stood on the porch for a moment, hardly knowing what his next move should be, but he was conscious that Mary was crying.

There was one thing he could do—leave. Tom felt a calm contentment as he hurried down the street toward the depot. At last he thought he knew how he stood with Mary.

He went into the branch bank where he kept his account and drew out a hundred dollars. As he came out, he heard his name called. It was the deputy sheriff with whom he had gone uptown that morning. His face was stern, his manner cautious. His right hand was in his coat pocket, and the corner of the coat was turned toward Tom.

"Mr. Wallace," he said, coming up to Tom, "I'm sorry, but I have orders to take you into custody again. Let's board a street car and go uptown."

Tom nodded his head dumbly. He was in for it now. They crossed the street, stood in front of the passenger depot. They stood there for a few minutes, the deputy sheriff close to him. Then a street car came around the curve, slowed down.

"All right," said the deputy. "Let's go." He stepped off the curb.

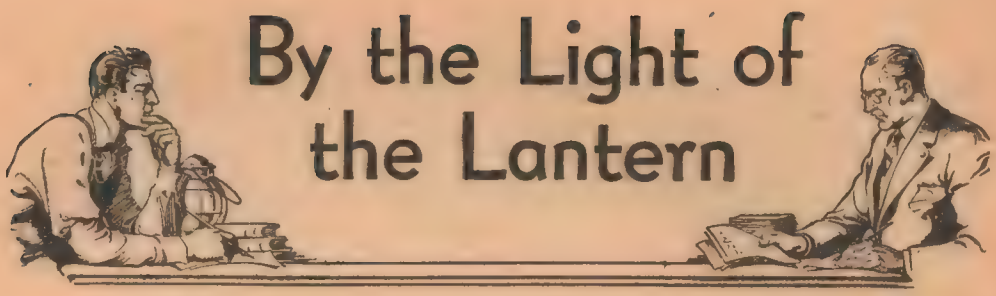
Tom, starting to follow him, was startled by the abrupt, raucous blare of an automobile horn. The deputy was right in the path of the car, and only by a quick, sudden sprint across in front of it, did he escape being struck. Behind the wheel, Tom saw Joe Nichols driving.

Without a second's hesitation, Tom leaped from the curb onto the running board, stuck his hand down into his right coat pocket, pointed it at Joe, and yelled in a loud voice, "Drive! Go like hell, or I'll shoot!"

TO BE CONTINUED

The Newest Freight and Passenger Types on the Baltimore & Ohio

Both Single-Expansion Mallets (in the Two Upper Pictures) Have 70-Inch Drivers and Can Pull Heavy Drags at Passenger Train Speed. The 7400 Class Uses a Water-Tube Firebox, but Otherwise Has Same Specifications as the 7450. No. 5510, an Unusually Powerful Mountain Type for Heavy Passenger Service, Has 27½x30-Inch Cylinders and 74-Inch Drivers, Weighs 667,000 Pounds with Tender, and Exerts 65,000 Pounds Tractive Force



By the Light of the Lantern

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Owing to the number of queries, no engine specifications are printed except type, driver and cylinder dimensions, weight, and tractive force (t.f.).

(3) Sign your full name and address as evidence of good faith. We will print only initials, without street address.

(4) Always enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary.

(5) Answers to questions are published in this department. Don't be disappointed if they do not appear at once. This department is printed two months in advance of date of issue.

IS there any way of getting water into the boiler of a dead engine direct from its tender?—S. T., Los Angeles, Calif.

If a dead engine is towed behind another with its throttle, cylinder cocks, and injector steam ram opened and its lever in reverse motion, the pistons will act as pumps and rid the boiler of air. The check valves will then rise and water will theoretically enter the boiler. We've never seen this stunt pulled and cannot guarantee it, but it seems plausible and if the engine is in good shape it should work out.

C. F., Los Angeles.—The largest and most powerful locomotive of any kind in the world is the Virginian Ry. 2-6-6-2-2-6-6-2-2-6-6-2 type electric locomotive, a picture of which will be published in the near future in connection with our feature, "The Development of the Locomotive." It exerts 277,500 pounds t. f. It is really three separate engines, although all three units are always operated together.

The most powerful steam locomotive in the world is the Virginian Ry. 2-10-10-2 type Mallet, which exerts 176,600 pounds t. f. simple; and the largest and heaviest steam locomotive in the world is the Northern Pacific 2-8-8-4 type Mallet, which weighs 1,018,000 pounds with tender. The former has 97 feet total wheel base, whereas the latter measures 111 feet and 11 inches from rear tender axle to front pony truck.

The Santa Fe's "Chief" covers the 2,228 miles between Chicago and Los Angeles in 56 hours flat, thus averaging a trifle less than 40 m. p. h. for the whole trip.

S. T. C., Las Vegas.—The main factors in the speed of any modern locomotive, outside of track and roadbed conditions, are the size of the drivers and possibly the length of the piston stroke. It is claimed by many that a short stroke means high speed and a long stroke greater power—which is reasonable enough. Whether or not a long stroke means less speed is another question.

Boston & Maine 0-8-0, Baldwin Engine. It Has 23x28-Inch Cylinders, 51-Inch Drivers, Weighs 421,000 Pounds with Tender, and Exerts 56,800 Pounds Tractive Force

The Rutland's Largest Passenger Power—Built by American Locomotive Co.

You will notice in every case that a piston with a long stroke is connected to wheels of small diameter (on a freight engine) and a piston with a short stroke to wheels of great diameter (on a passenger engine).

As a matter of fact, there really is no good reason why a piston with a long stroke should not be coupled to a large driver and propel the locomotive just as fast—provided the piston diameter increases in proportion to the piston stroke. For instance, an engine with 27 x 30 cylinders and 80-inch drivers should and can travel as fast as an engine with 24 x 26 cylinders and 80-inch drivers. Thus the factor of piston stroke is relative, and for ordinary purposes it is sufficient to judge the speed of the average modern locomotive by the size of its driving wheels.

P. E. P., Charlotte, N. C.—Specifications for the Southern 4860 class, on page 191 of our September issue, apply to Engine 4869, which is 2-8-2 type.

D. S., Wheatley, Ont.—The C. & O.'s "Sportsman" is pulled by their 490 class, 4-6-2 type engine, which has 27 x 28 cylinders and 73-inch drivers, carries 200 pounds pressure, weighs 577,600 pounds with tender, and exerts 47,500 pounds t. f.

O. P. M., Brantford, Ont.—"Single-phase" and "multiple unit" in reference to electric train operation are hardly comparable. The former refers to the type of alternating current used; a practical explanation is that a single-phase motor has but one overhead wire, a double two, and a three-phase motor three. A multiple unit locomotive, on the other hand, is merely one which can be coupled onto one or more just like it, with one man running them all. Thus a single-phase, a double-phase, or even a direct current engine may be of the multiple unit type.

The C. N. 3500 class is 2-8-2 type, has 27 x 30 cylinders and 63-inch drivers, carries 185 pounds boiler pressure, weighs 314,800 pounds without tender, and exerts 54,600 pounds t. f. The 6000 class is 4-8-2 type, has 24 x 30 cylinders and 73-inch drivers, carries 250 pounds steam, weighs 351,000 pounds without tender, and exerts 50,300 pounds t. f. The 6100 class is 4-8-4 type, has 25½ x 30 cylinders and 73-inch drivers, carries 250 pounds boiler pressure, weighs 383,000 pounds without tender, and exerts 56,800 pounds t. f. Specifications of the other engines you asked about will be published in a future issue.

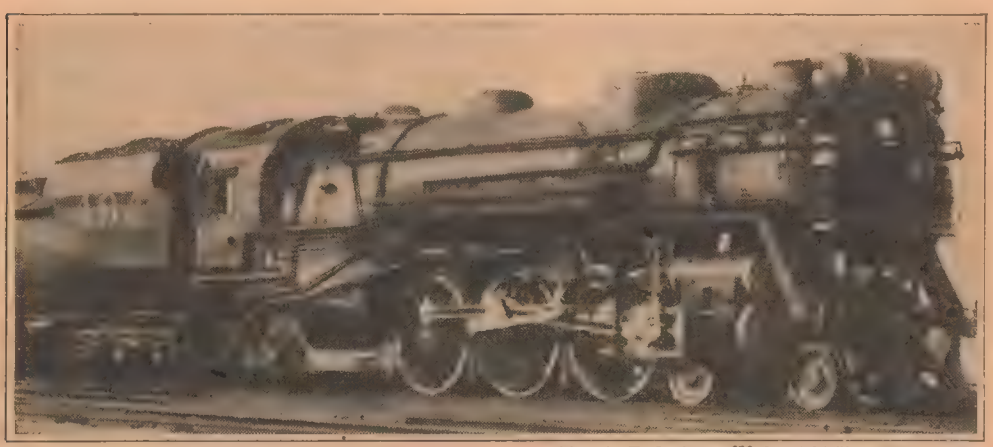


Photo by T. O. Acree, 122 Garfield Place, Cincinnati

This Type Hauls the "Sportsman," Pride of the Chesapeake & Ohio

The Oldest Railroad in America, the Mauch Chunk Switch-Back, Runs through a Scenic Paradise: (Upper Left) a Section of the Home Stretch, (Upper Right) One of the Cars Starting down Mt. Pisgah, (Lower Right) Car Descending Mt. Jefferson while Another Is Being Pulled up the Steep Incline

S. E. H., New Haven.—The Mauch Chunk Switch-Back Railroad is the oldest line in America. It was laid out in 1818 to carry coal from the mines to Mauch Chunk, Pa. In 1870 its commercial use was abandoned and since then it has been operated as a pleasure road.

There are no engines on the road: you are hoisted up an incline on Mt. Pisgah and run down to White Bear by gravity. Again you are hoisted to the top of Mt. Jefferson and then you roll the rest of the way into Mauch Chunk. The line is 18 miles long.

M. P., St. Louis Co., Mo.—The Great Northern has 1,151 locomotives, 15 of which are electric and one gas-electric. Its largest steam engine is its 2031 class, 2-8-8-2 type simple Mallet, which has 28 x 32 cylinders and 63-inch drivers, carries 210 pounds steam, weighs 916,500 pounds with tender, and exerts 127,500 pounds t. f.

A. B., New York City.—For a job as a news vendor on a train, see the employment manager at any local branch of the Union News Co., whose address you can find in the phone book.

E. B. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—As far as we know there were two engines of the Fontaine type pictured in the Engine Picture department of our August issue. They were made to run at high speeds, for every time the piston completed a stroke the drivers would revolve almost twice. The upper pair of wheels contacted the drivers solely by friction, however, and the engines not only were lacking in power, but the wheels would slip to such an extent that easy starting was impossible.

Both engines were rebuilt into the conventional four-coupled American type at the New York Locomotive Works, Rome, N. Y., and subsequently saw service on the Wheeling & Lake Erie. Fontaine No. 1 became W. & L. E. No. 16 and No. 2 became No. 35.

J. L., Bronx, N. Y.—The Erie 3300 class weighs 746,000 pounds with tender; New Haven 3500 class weighs 668,000 pounds with tender.

J. F. P., E. Coulee, Alta.—The Canadian Locomotive Co., Ltd., uses a diamond-shaped builders' plate similar to that of the Lima Works in this country.

The C. N. R. 5127 class is 4-6-2 type, has 69-inch drivers and 23½ x 28 cylinders, weighs 260,900 pounds without tender, and exerts 38,100 pounds t. f.

Australia's Most Powerful Engine, Built by Clyde Engineering Co., New South Wales

G. S., Dallas.—The term "highball" probably had its origin in the use of ball signals at intersections and junctions by early railroads. The story goes that the signal first consisted of two bushel baskets placed together so as to form a large ball. These were painted red and were fastened to an endless rope which passed over a pulley on the top of a high pole. When two trains approached an intersection the ball signal would be sent up against one of them. Thereupon the members of the other crew would yell "high ball" to each other and bat on through. See accompanying photo for example of such a signal still in use.

Old Ball Signal at the Strong, Me., Station on the Sandy River Line (See Page 536)

L. N., Buffalo.—We are reproducing a photo of the largest engine in Australia. It is a three-cylinder type, with 70% cutoff, and exerts 56,000 pounds t. f. Twenty-four other engines like it have been completed and put in service on the New South Wales Government Railways, Australia.

L. P., Basin, Mont.—We are publishing articles on railroads of the Philippines and Panama in the near future. For information about South American roads, refer to a Baedeker or other reliable travel book at your nearest library.

G. M. L., Baltimore.—As far as we know no American road is using a 2-4-2 engine. About 1890 many were made for roads all over the country, and they became known as the Columbia type. They were used in fast passenger service and were satisfactory enough, but were rebuilt into Atlantic types (with a four-wheeled leading truck), probably because railroad men doubted their ability to stay on the track at high speeds with only a pony truck ahead of the drivers.

R. C., St. Paul.—The Milwaukee has 6 series of Pacific type locomotives: F3-s, Nos. 6100-6169; F3-as, Nos. 6109, 6157, 6160; F4-ms, Nos. 6200-6219; F5-n, Nos. 6351, 6352, 6355, 6356, 6360, 6367; F5-an, Nos. 6300-6370; also an F5-b class (consisting of 15 engines numbered in the F5-an series which are used in freight service).

It has 8 series of Mikado type engines: L1-s, 8505 and 8518; Li-as, 8500-8519; L2, 8000-8179; L2-a, 8200-8299; L2-b, 8300-8399; L2-r, 8001-

Second Highest Railroad Bridge in the World, on the Southern Pacific near Del Rio, Texas. At the Right Is J. R. ("Old Bob") Hutchins, Who for Many Years Has Been Its Watchman. Old Bob Inspects the Great Structure Daily, Listening for the Slightest Variation in Sound as Trains Rumble Over It. He Lives in a Little House beside the Gorge

8157; L3, 8600-8699; L3-a, 8605 and 8610. Space does not permit us to publish specifications for all these. Dimensions for some of the 2-8-2's were published in our June and August, 1931, issues.

C. H., Assumption, Ill.—The Jefferson Southwestern R. R. has one engine and eight freight and one miscellaneous cars. It runs from Mt. Vernon, Ill., to Nason, Ill.

The Nickel Plate uses Pacific and Hudson (4-6-4) type engines on Nos. 9 and 10, its "Commercial Limited," between Cleveland and St. Louis. It averages 39.5 m. p. h. on its trip west and about 37 m. p. h. on its eastbound run.

H. H., Eastport, N. Y.—The Long Island 4-6-0, G5s class, and 2-8-0, H10s class engines are the same as those of the Pennsy in said classes. The G5s has 68-inch drivers and 24 x 28 cylinders, carries 205 pounds steam, weighs 237,000 pounds without tender, and exerts 41,328 pounds t. f. The H10s has 62-inch drivers and 26 x 28 cylinders, carries 205 pounds pressure, weighs 247,500 pounds without tender, and exerts 53,197 pounds t. f.

C. G., Union City, Okla.—The Lackawanna 1500 class (4-8-4 type) weighs 421,000 pounds and its tender 216,000 pounds.

I. S., Minneapolis.—The locomotive reverse lever has the two-fold function of changing the engine's direction and of varying its valve travel. If an engine is pulling hard in forward motion the engineer pushes his lever down as far as it will go, thus lengthening the valve travel and thereby admitting more steam into the cylinders with each stroke. As he picks up speed he will pull the lever back toward center and effect the opposite. The exhaust then becomes shorter and snappier and speed increases greatly. The engineer who tends to be economical of fuel and his fireman's back will do this whenever the occasion presents itself, for leaving the lever "in the corner" when the engine is not pulling hard means a waste of fuel, hard work for the fireman, and abuse for the engine.

"Monkey motion" is the term colloquially applied to Walschaert or Baker valve gear because of its apparently intricate and puzzling motion while moving.

The "link" is a part of the valve gear: on the Walschaert or "monkey motion" arrangement it is a slotted piece of steel pivoted at its center to a bracket or fixed support and operated by a rod connected to the return crank on the main crank pin. To alter the position of the valve the link block is shifted, thus moving the rod attached to the valve stem.

A. M., Oklahoma City.—A balanced compound locomotive has two high pressure and two low pressure cylinders. All cylinders are the same distance from the rail, with the two high pressure cylinders inside the frame and connected to cranks on the axle of the first pair of driving wheels, and the two low pressure cylinders outside the frame and connected in the usual fashion. The two pistons on the same side of the loco-

motive oppose one another in movement, thus doing away with counterbalances and making negligible pounding on the rail. Many hundreds were built up to 1910 or so, generally for fast passenger service, but few are in service to-day, for most of them have been converted into superheaters or discarded.

The Vanderbilt type tender, so-called because it was invented by Cornelius Vanderbilt, was first used on the I. C. in 1901. It has a cylindrical or barrel-shaped water compartment back of the coal space. Its advantages are claimed to be better distribution of weight and smaller proportion of dead weight to carrying capacity. Many are in use to-day.

G. R., Cleveland.—The Pennsy K-4s Pacifics using the new 25,000-gallon tenders are equipped with stokers.

Track tanks are installed at points on the Pennsy between New York and Chicago, Atlantic City, and Washington.

J. B., E. McKeesport, Pa.—The Pennsy K2sb type Pacifics have 24 x 28 cylinders and 72-inch drivers, carry 205 pounds pressure, weigh 286,600 pounds without tender, and exert 36,244 pounds t. f.

The S class of the B. & O. is 2-10-2 type. Divisions S-1 and S-2 have 30 x 32 cylinders and 64-inch drivers, carry 220 pounds steam, weigh 436,510 pounds without tender, and exert 84,300 pounds t. f. Division S has 30 x 32 cylinders and 58-inch drivers, 205 pounds steam, weighs 411,000 pounds without tender, and exerts 86,500 pounds t. f.

M. E. A., Louisville.—There is nothing to the talk about a proposed connection of the Louisville & Nashville with the Clinchfield between Hagans and Speer's Ferry, Va. At least no such link is being planned right now.

Photo by T. O. Acree, Cincinnati

No. 6479 of the Southern Ry. Hauling Its Crack Train, the "Ponce de Leon"

The L. & N. 1490 class Mikados are more powerful than the Southern 4600's. The former have 28 x 30 cylinders and 60-inch drivers, carry 195 pounds pressure, weigh 255,000 pounds without tender, and exert 65,000 pounds t. f. The latter have 27 x 30 cylinders and 63-inch drivers, carry 175 pounds pressure, weigh 272,940 pounds without tender, and exert about 52,000 pounds t. f.

W. S., Philadelphia.—The U. P. has no fire-fighting engine.

E. W. H., Ferguson, Mo.—Specifications and photo of C. & O. 490 class are given on page 486. We'll try to get in a photo of the Erie triplex and the N. P. 5000 in the next issue.

The New York Central 5200's measure 14 feet 9½ inches from top of stack to rail; the U. P. 9000's, 16 feet.

Photo by Wesley Krambeck, Herington, Kan.

Midland Valley No. 73 at Wichita, Kan. This 2-8-2 Has 27x28 Cylinders and 57-Inch Drivers

E. V. D., Chicago.—As far as we can ascertain, the G. N. and N. P. trains never have come into Chicago by any other route than the one they now travel. For 25 years they have been operating over the Burlington rails and before that they did not enter Chicago. Early in its history the Burlington came into Chicago over the C. & N. W. tracks from Turner Junction, now West Chicago, but that was before the time of the N. P. and G. N.

BOX 274, Ronkonkoma, N. Y.—P. O. & D. stands for the Pennsylvania, Ohio & Detroit, now under lease to the Pennsylvania system.

J. McC., Spokane.—The San Antonio & Arkansas Pass (Texas & New Orleans; now part of Southern Pacific system) 205 to 209 series, 4-4-0 type, purchased in 1924 from Baldwin, has 17 x 24 cylinders and 62-inch drivers, weighs 102,300 pounds without tender, and exerts 17,116 pounds t. f. The 220 to 223 series (Baldwin, 1922) has 18 x 24 cylinders and 62-inch drivers, weighs 112,900 pounds without tender, and exerts 19,189 pounds t. f.

The Gulf Coast 4-6-0's built in 1920 are now Mo. P. engines Nos. 385 to 389; they have 21½ x 26 cylinders and 69-inch drivers, carry 200 pounds steam, weigh 341,000 pounds with tender, and exert 29,600 pounds t. f.

The Southern Pacific 3000 class 4-4-2 type engines were rebuilt in 1925 and thoroughly modernized. They now have 22 x 28 cylinders and 81½-inch drivers, weigh 243,900 pounds without tender, and exert 41,380 pounds t. f. with booster; without, 39,860. Photo will probably appear in next issue.

E. W., Chicago, Ill.—The North Western Line probably changed the color of its coaches and Pullman equipment from yellow to dark green because it found that it costs a great deal less to keep dark green cars clean.

J. E. L., Longview, Texas.—The history of roads you mentioned would take up too much space here. Write to their publicity managers and ask them for information of that sort. For literature about Gould, Harriman, Hill, and other great railroaders, go to your nearest library and ask the librarian for help.

D. F., Glen Rock, N. J.—The Catasauqua & Fogelville is now a part of the Reading system. The Quakertown & Bethlehem is 15 miles long and has one locomotive and one car; address it at Allentown, Pa. The Northampton & Bath is 12 miles long and has 5 locomotives and 6 cars; address it at Northampton, Pa.

H. E. R., Buffalo.—There is no line with a four-track system all the way between New York and Chicago.

E. E. P., Chicago.—The fastest regular scheduled time between New York and Chicago was made by the New York Central and Pennsy fast trains between November, 1910, and November, 1912. The flyers of those days finished the trip in 17 hours and 55 minutes. The fastest time ever made between the two cities is that of the Vanderlip Special in 1909 on the New York Central, which covered the distance in 15 hours and 54 minutes.

Brigands of the Old "Espee"

By JAMES W. DAVIS

Author of "Queer Railroad Characters," "Russian Exile Special," etc.

Some of the Most Sensational Robberies in Railroad History Were Perpetrated by Chris Evans and the Sontag Brothers

With Illustrations by Joseph Easley

SHORTLY before midnight of August 2, 1892, two men, apparently tramps, were lurking in the shadows of the Southern Pacific depot at Fresno, California. The night was dark and gloomy. Great fog banks had been driven from the Pacific Ocean, crossing the mountains and settling on the San Joaquin Valley.

George Sontag, Notorious Bandit of the High Iron, Who Paid a Stiff Price for His Life of Crime

At the depot was train No. 19, waiting while switchmen changed the engine, Fresno being a division point. When it pulled out, the prowlers dashed toward the front and piled aboard. Silently they climbed upon the tender and over the coal toward the engine cab.

The hogger was making thirty-five per—not a mean speed in those days. He and the tallowpot were leaning out, looking for signals as they approached Collis, a small way station. Suddenly—

"A holdup!" gasped the fireman, catching sight of two masked faces in the cab.

"Git over thar," ordered one of the intruders, prodding him with a double-barreled shotgun.

The engineer was amazed to feel his comrade huddled close to him and to discover they were in the hands of road agents. *The fifth train robbery between Los Angeles and San Francisco in half as many years was about to take place!*

"I've got to stop on signal at Collis," said the hogger, with a ray of hope.

"No you don't," snarled a bandit. Then, thinking it over,

he added: "All right, then. But one word out of you—"

He fingered a gun significantly.

After instructing the engine crew to remain in their seats while at the station, the two men hid in the coal pile, but kept tight hold on their weapons.

The stop was short. Fortunately for the outlaws, the night op had no orders for the train, which sped on toward the spot selected for the robbery.

While one bandit peered out of the cab to see if the coast were clear, his accomplice instructed the engineer to stop. The train came to a standstill with panting exhaust and grinding brakes.

"Unload! Here's where we get busy."

The outlaws forced the engine crew to descend to the ground.

After fishing through his pockets, one of the men produced a dynamite cartridge. This he gave to the fireman and directed him to place it on a piston-rod, then light its fuse with a cigar butt.

A deafening explosion not only shattered the rod, but brought heads popping from the windows of cars. Numerous voices chorused:

"What's going on up there?"

The trainmen went forward to investigate.

"Back to your places—if you value your lives!" shouted one bandit. "Don't be a fool an' sacrifice yourselves for the Espee."

The robbers and engine crew hurried back to the express car immediately behind the engine.

"Come on, open 'er up!" they shouted, hammering on the door with hard fists. "You know who we are. We'll git in thar regardless how long it takes, so if you care to save time an' enjoy your breakfast at the usual hour to-morrow mornin', open 'er up."

"I'll never open this door," responded Louis Roberts, the Wells-Fargo messenger.

Thereupon the desperadoes threw dynamite cartridges against the door, leaving a mass of splinters and large holes.

Heads again popped from windows and platforms of the passenger coaches. Bandits fired several shots into the air. Instantly the heads retreated and passengers scrambled to conceal their valuables.

However, the outlaws scorned to molest the traveling public. While one kept the engine crew covered, the other climbed through the demolished door of the express car and overpowered Roberts.

The strong boxes confronting them were not the heavy burglar-proof repositories in use on the railroads today—the great steel affairs with ponderous combination locks, whose at-

tempted destruction with explosives would destroy the entire contents.

"Open that safe!" the messenger was told. "We've had enough trouble out of you."

Roberts fumbled with the knob, explaining to the exasperated bandits that it was his first trip and in the excitement he had forgotten the combination.

A blow on the head with the butt end of a shotgun sent him reeling across the car and suddenly refreshed his memory. Realizing that he was playing with death, Roberts opened the safe.

Obeying instructions, the hogger and tallowpot, followed by the other outlaw, entered the car and found in the safe three bags filled with silver and gold currency. The fireman was forced to take charge of a large sack which had been brought along for the purpose, and into which the loot was dumped. Then all five men left the car and marched down the tracks some distance. The tallowpot was told to place the sack in an old wagon, to which was hitched a pair of horses. The bandits had conveniently "planted" this wagon.

The Fireman Was Forced to Take Charge of the Loot as All Five Left the Car

While one man kept the captives covered, his companion untethered the horses. Jumping into the wagon, they cracked the animals on the flanks and disappeared into the night. In all, the robbery had taken about half an hour.

A brakeman ran back to Collis to telegraph for another locomotive, and an alarm was spread far and wide. Inside of two hours, posses of armed men swarmed the country in search of the daring road agents, but their efforts were in vain.

The following day newspaper headlines said the loss exceeded $20,000. Express company officials placed it at

$2300—not a large sum for the risk involved.

Then began one of the most determined man hunts in railroad history. Neither Wells-Fargo and S. P. bulls nor Fresno and Tulare County peace officers knew which direction to look. However, the Pinkerton Detective Agency had its own ideas. Their operatives had shadowed George and John Sontag in Visalia, California, for several months.

The Sontag brothers were suspected of having belonged to a gang of train robbers in the East. They had migrated to California from Mankato, Minn., where they were known by the name of Constant. John had formerly been a hogger.

Evidence indicated that they had taken part in a train robbery earlier in the same year near Kasota, Minn. Another crime laid at their door was that of the Western Union Junction robbery near Racine, Wis., when a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul passenger train had been held up the year before. However, the detectives had been unable to obtain sufficient evidence to convince a jury.

Less than forty-eight hours after the Collis crime, this information was telegraphed to the sheriff of Tulare County, who sent deputies to nab the Sontags. Only George was found at home. He was put in Tulare County jail.

John, they learned, was visiting Chris Evans, a rancher with a wife and seven children living a short distance from Visalia. So Bill Smith, an Espee agent, and Deputy Sheriff Witty, of Tulare County, hastened there to seize him.

At the Evans ranch, the officers saw John Sontag enter the house, but when they followed him inside they found Chris Evans alone.

"What the hell do you want?" the rancher demanded belligerently.

"We'd like to see John Sontag;" was the reply.

"Well, he ain't here," said Chris. "He ain't been here for several days."

"You don't mind us lookin' around a bit?" asked Witty, flashing his badge. "Sorry to trouble you—"

They pushed Evans aside and, entering another room, were amazed to find Sontag confronting them with a shotgun!

The bulls wheeled around. Evans threatening them in back with a similar weapon! Prior to that moment Chris had not been suspected of the robbery, but apparently feared now that the capture of Sontag on that ranch would implicate him also.

"Put 'em up!" cried the rancher.

Ignoring both gunmen, the bulls raced for their horses, hitched near by. The bandits—for that's what they were—pursued and fired at them as Smith was crawling under a fence, wounding both, Witty seriously.

Thereupon Evans and Sontag leaped upon the officers' steeds and galloped away toward the mountains. Although weak from loss of blood, Bill Smith was able to summon aid, and the deputy sheriff was taken to Visalia Hospital, and the chase was on again! In the drama that ensued, the desperadoes had the brains to give their pursuers a long and costly run.

The news that Chris Evans was one of the train bandits amazed his neighbors. Although known for his violent hatred of the Espee, he had acquired a reputation as an honest, law-abiding citizen. In fact, Chris loved his family so much that he suddenly decided to return home and say good-by. He was particularly attached to Eva, the eldest daughter, sixteen years old.

Jumping into a Wagon, They Cracked the Horses on the Flanks and Disappeared into the Night

Sontag himself was sweet on Eva and made no objection to such a rash move. So they returned to the ranch on midnight of August 5. After a short stay in which fond farewells were made, the men started for their horses. An abrupt command to halt came out of the darkness. Then gunfire.

A general fusillade of shots was kept up until the bandits discovered that all the firing had been with their own guns!

The challenger was silenced, however; so, hurriedly mounting, they again headed for the mountains. After going a short distance they were chagrined to discover their mounts had been wounded in the fracas, whereupon they abandoned them and set out afoot.

The following morning Deputy Sheriff Beaver was found unconscious on the floor of the barn.

"They got me!" he gasped. An hour later he died.

Several days afterward, bulls searched the ranch buildings and found, beneath the barn floor, the sack of stolen currency—thus giving another reason why the bandits had been so anxious to return for their farewells.

Additional men from Visalia joined in the manhunt after learning of Beaver's death, but after following the trail for several miles, they lost all traces and gave up the chase.

Meanwhile the fugitives had entered a ranch house about fifteen miles out and forced the owner, at gun's point, to give them breakfast and then fix up a generous lunch for their noon meal.

After resting at the ranch for three hours, Evans and Sontag departed in a wagon, paying the rancher for its loan.

"I'll never see that team again," he said to himself, but the bandits kept their word and returned horses and wagon in good condition within a week.

Prior to the train robbery, the men had fortified and provisioned a cabin in the mountains east of Visalia in anticipation of such a predicament. Here they made their way—to laugh up their sleeves for ten long months while the trailing manhunters kept constant surveillance over a mining claim near Pine Ridge that was known to belong to Evans.

Although many men had taken up the pursuit because of a large reward offered by the express and railroad companies, others were eager to help the outlaws. A feud had existed for years between the ranchers and the Espee, which had evicted a large number of squatters from its right-of-way when first building the road.

During the long hunt, the bulls often faced the deep-rooted hatred of these people. Many tips were given that led to wild-goose chases over the tortuous mountain trails. Men professedly anxious to help the law, and feigning an interest in the reward, presented clews that were later known to be false. Others boldly announced that they knew the hiding place of the men, but would rot in jail rather than betray them.

One man was known to be in constant communication with the desperadoes. He would pay Mrs. Evans's bills, purchase huge stocks of provisions, then head for the mountains and invariably elude pursuit.

His large purchases soon brought him to the officers' attention. The question was asked:

"Who gets these groceries?"

"Follow me and find out—if you can," was his defiant reply.

In time officers learned of Evans's weakness—devotion to his family. A general persecution of the family began. Some storekeepers refused Mrs. Evans further credit. She retaliated by trading elsewhere and dealing on a cash basis. Threatening characters were driven away from the ranch by Mrs. Evans's shotgun.

To the defense of the Evans family now sprang Henry D. Bigelow, a brilliant newspaper reporter of San Francisco. Bigelow had long tried to arrange an interview with the bandits—carefully cultivating the acquaintance of the rancher who provisioned them. In this he was unsuccessful. A note to the outlaws brought a reply that no interview would be granted; any man approaching their stronghold would do so at his own peril.

Then the reporter wrote a full-page illustrated feature for a Sunday paper,

denouncing the persecution of a helpless family. One of the illustrations showed hoodlums at Visalia hooting the innocent Evans children on their way to school.

This article swung public support over to the persecuted family, and the officers were forced to abandon their scheme of enticing Evans—with the possibility that Sontag would accompany him—to leave his mountain retreat to pay another visit to his family.

Next time the rancher provisioned the outlaws, he took with him a copy of the paper, showing it to Evans and explaining the results obtained. The bandit was deeply affected.

"That's a real man," he said. "I'll give that guy Bigelow anything he wants."

So the interview was arranged.

Under Cover of Darkness, Bigelow Arrived at Visalia by Train and Was Taken to the Ranch House of Evans's Courier

Under cover of darkness, Bigelow arrived at Visalia by train and was taken to the ranch house of Evans's courier early in the morning, ate breakfast and then was blindfolded. In the rancher's wagon they traveled together

for two days and nights over rough mountain trails, arriving at the outlaws' cabin on the third morning out. Here the blindfold was removed.

The small cabin had no windows. A single door was the only entrance. Sontag was absent. Evans said he was several miles back along the trail waiting to ambush any bulls who might be following.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Bigelow. Thanks for what you done for my family down in the valley."

Then he gave the reporter a long interview. Sontag showed up several hours later, announced "All's well," and talked with Bigelow.

After that the reporter was blindfolded again and permitted to depart with the courier. However, he was warned against informing the deputy sheriffs or attempting to locate the cabin at any future time.

When the interview was printed, it created a sensation throughout California. The public had eagerly followed the case for months. Rival papers intimated Bigelow lied in saying he had interviewed the bandits.

Public officials, loath to admit that a newspaper reporter could arrange a meeting with notorious criminals, also sneered at "fake journalism." However, a letter from Evans—posted by his friend, the rancher—informed the public that the interview was genuine.

The chase was renewed. A few days later several deputy sheriffs accidentally came upon the cabin and were greeted by rifle fire. One man was hit and swayed from his saddle. Then his horse was wounded and the commotion that followed caused a general stampede of the animals.

The posse held a parley and decided to go to Visalia for help, but left no guard at the cabin. When they returned with reënforcements, their quarry had vanished.

While John Sontag and Chris Evans were thus eluding their pursuers, George Sontag was brought to trial in Visalia for one of the previous robberies in the San Joaquin Valley. He was convicted and sentenced to forty years in the Folsom penitentiary.

Shortly after his arrival in prison, several convicts obtained firearms and ammunition. George was invited to be "in" on the deal. They made a dash for the American River, but George and two other convicts were shot dead.

Meanwhile, Eva Evans and her mother had been induced to appear in a San Francisco theater. An enthusiastic producer, taking advantage of the public interest in the case, had written a play called "Evans and Sontag."

For just one week people flocked to the theater to obtain a glimpse of the wife and daughter of a notorious outlaw, after which they lost interest and the producer had to abandon the play.

But the pitcher went to the well once too often. Becoming bold, the outlaws again took up their abode in the cabin from which they previously had been routed. Once more, in June, 1893, a posse inadvertently stumbled upon the cabin in the clearing. Sontag was seen returning to the shack with a rifle in one hand and a bucket in the other.

The hunters opened fire. Sontag, taking refuge behind a log, returned their fire. Evans dashed from the cabin and joined in the mêlée. Two deputy United States marshals were killed and a sheriff's leg was shattered.

The outlaws had a large supply of ammunition, but after the fight had raged for an hour, Sontag straightened up from behind his shelter, suffering from a bullet wound. The whole posse then fired at him and Sontag dropped.

Evans, finding himself alone, fled toward the cabin. He was seen to stagger, but rallied and had almost reached the shelter when he fell. *The long chase of ten months had ended!"*

The two prisoners, both seriously wounded, were removed to the county jail in Fresno. One of Evans's arms was so badly shattered that it was amputated, and a bullet had destroyed the sight of one eye.

Sontag was nursed in jail by his mother, but died on the night of July 3, without regaining consciousness.

Evans was nursed by his wife, and upon recovery was tried for the murder of the two deputy marshals, Wilson and McGinnis. His attorney swayed the jury with a violent denunciation of the railroad "octopus," with the result that they reported to the court that an agreement was impossible. They finally decided on a verdict of guilty.

While Evans was awaiting sentence, his friends arranged to rescue him. On December 28, 1893, a restaurant waiter named Edward Morrel took the bandit's supper to the jail, and Mrs. Evans appeared on the scene at the same time. The turnkey rashly permitted Evans to eat in his cell while conversing with his wife.

When the meal was over, Morrel called to the jailer to let him out. No sooner had the massive door been unlocked than the waiter covered him with a revolver. Evans then produced a gun which had previously been smuggled to him.

"Hands up!" he snarled.

Overpowering the jailer and throwing him into one of the cells, they made a dash for the street. They had run two blocks when the city marshal recognized Evans.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried.

Their reply was a bullet.

Jumping into a near-by newspaper-carrier's cart, they threw the boy out and started for the mountains.

Again did the San Joaquin Valley resound to the tread of mounted men scouring the hills in search of gunmen, but no trace could be found. On February 19, 1894, when it seemed as though a repetition of the ten-months' chase was inevitable, Sheriff Kay, of Tulare County, received a tip that the two men were at the Evans ranch.

Hastily gathering a large force, the sheriff demanded their surrender. After exchanging several notes, carried by the outlaw's children, the men emerged from the house with hands above their heads.

"You win, damn you!" Evans announced with a show a bravado.

He and Morrel were sentenced to life imprisonment in Folsom.

Several years afterward, a large supply of rifles and ammunition was found near the prison. A notorious burglar named Fredericks had supplied them to aid Evans in another dash for liberty. The plot failed, and a wide search was made for Fredericks.

About a year later Fredericks killed a banker in an attempted robbery in San Francisco, and was captured. He was tried and convicted. Just before being hanged, he admitted that the robbery had been planned to get money to liberate Evans.

Chris Evans was paroled in 1911, after seventeen years of imprisonment had changed the daring train robber into a broken old man. Later he was pardoned, and on February 10, 1917, he died in Portland, Oregon, where he was residing with his wife and four sons.

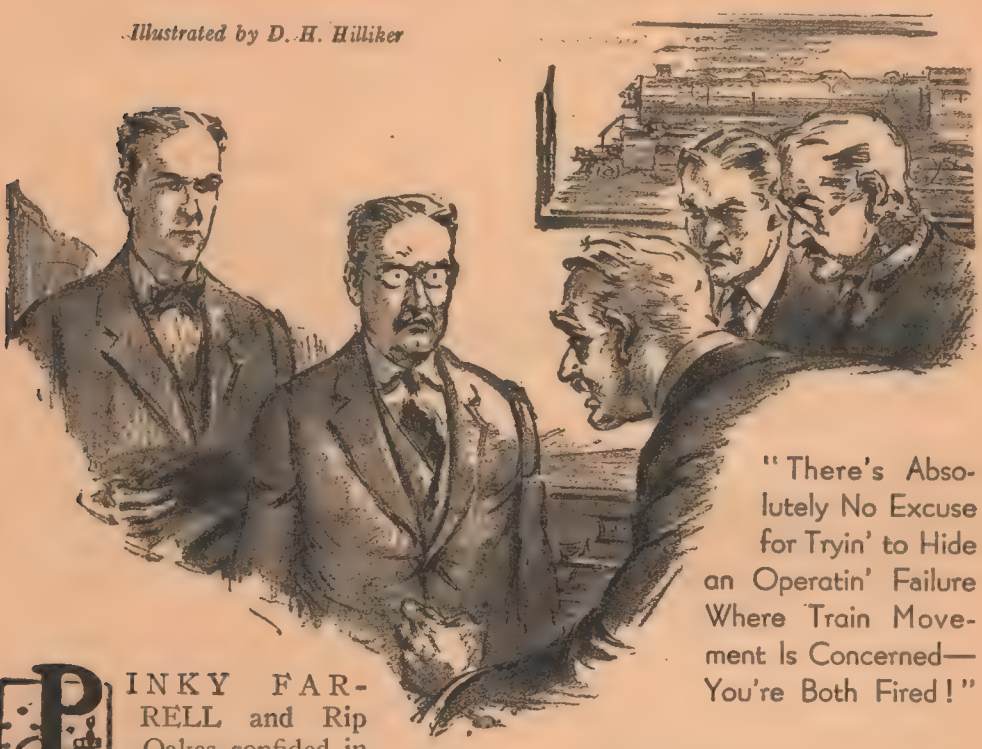
Thus ended the spectacular career of a Southern Pacific train robber.

Thanksgiving Orders

By GRIFF CRAWFORD

Train Dispatcher; Author of "Rule G," "Ohkay Shoots the Bull," etc.

Illustrated by D. H. Hilliker



"There's Absolutely No Excuse for Tryin' to Hide an Operatin' Failure Where Train Movement Is Concerned—You're Both Fired!"

PINKY FARRELL and Rip Oakes confided in one another. For more than five years they had been sitting on opposite sides of the dispatcher's table on the Valley Division and each had discovered the other could be close-mouthed if necessary. And they trusted each other.

When Old Man Emmerson down at Leeds overlooked an order for No. 10 one morning, Pinky put it out at the next station, fixed the record in his order book to deceive any inquiring eyes, and told the worried old fellow to "forget the occurrence." Then he slipped over to Rip's side of the table and announced:

"Emmerson just muffed one down at Leeds."

"Bad?" asked Rip.

"Pretty bad, but not so I couldn't fix it. Lucky could get it out at Warner."

"You soft-pedalin' it, Pinky?"

"Sure; he's been on that job more'n twenty years. I wouldn't turn him in on a bet if I could help it, crippled like he is, too."

"Atta boy, Pinky. Ya know what 'Old Hard Nose' would do, don'tcha?"

"Tie cans on both of us, yeah. Pennington's a tough baby. May the fates be kind and hide this hour's work from

his inquiring proboscis," breathed Pinky, returning to his work.

A week later—on Thanksgiving morning, to be exact—Pinky was summoned into the august presence of Superintendent Pennington, better known as "Old Hard Nose" because his initials happened to be O. H. N.

Pinky's face was expressionless as he entered the sanctuary. Long and interesting sessions at stud poker had steeled his countenance from betraying the thoughts behind it, but he almost lost possession of his masked features when he saw Emmerson seated in the room.

That presence portended trouble and lots of it. There could be but one reason for summoning Pinky on the carpet at the same time the operator-agent from Leeds was on hand. *The forgotten order!*

Old Hard Nose paced the floor in agitation. He scowled at Pinky, motioned him to a seat and at once opened the fireworks:

"Well, thought you'd get away with it, did ya?"

"Get away with what?" inquired Pinky, innocently.

The super laughed a mean snicker. Before replying, he opened a door.

"Come in Mr. Williams, you too, Ormsby," he invited. "I want you gentlemen to hear this," he went on as the assistant general manager and the trainmaster walked in. "This is a case of discipline and your presence will obviate the necessity of reviewing the case in the future." He turned to the dispatcher again. "Now, come clean."

Inwardly Pinky was wondering why the general manager and president weren't on hand also. Seldom, indeed, had he been permitted to attend a conference with so many shining lights. In fact, he had no recollection of ever having been so honored before. He had known the assistant G. M. by sight for a long time, but never had that important personage deigned to speak, not even when he had appeared in the office and examined the train sheet Pinky was working on.

"I have no idea what you're gettin' at, Mr. Pennington," Pinky told the super.

A snort met this announcement. Just how far the horseplay might have continued will never be known, for at this point Emmerson spoke.

"It's about the order, Pinky, the order for No. 10 that I forgot and you tried to save my job for me. I'm willin' to take all the blame," he went on, turning to the superintendent. "I was the cause of the whole thing and no one else—"

"You *forgot!*" boomed the boss. "You let 'em go with an important order layin' on your table. There's absolutely no excuse for a man overlookin' a train order—none whatever. It can't be done on the Valley Division, not while I'm superintendent! Forgot!" he finished sarcastically. "A man who's worth his salt don't forget train orders. And how about you, Farrell?"

"I put it out at Warner," Pinky said, "when I discovered it hadn't been delivered. That's all. Had plenty of time and—"

"And forgot to report the occurrence," finished the boss. "Thought you'd slip something over, eh? Changed the address in the order book and kept mum about the whole affair, didn't you?"

"Yeah, that's right."

The brass collars looked properly shocked at this admission. The super posed for effect. He was putting this over good . . . right in front of his

superior, too. He became dramatic as he poised with clenched fist uplifted.

"You are discharged, both of you. Emmerson, I am surprised that a man of your experience should slop over as you did. I cannot possibly imagine a man forgettin' an important order. You say you were busy. No excuse at all. You *should* be busy; that's what the company's payin' you for."

Old Hard Nose allowed his eyes to rest on Pinky, and went on:

"You, Farrell, have violated the rules by covering this thing up. A certain party happened to be on the phone and heard your abbreviated conversation at the time, or I wouldn't ever have known about it. That's another thing I won't stand for . . . tryin' to hide an operatin' failure where orders or the movement of trains is concerned. You're fired for not reportin' the slop-over. And I'll fight any attempt at reinstatin' either one of you. Have you anything to add, Mr. Williams?"

"Nothing I think of, except to commend you for the excellent manner of discipline. I am amazed to learn we have employees so remiss along the line of duty and others so sluggish in their sense of loyalty."

Old Hard Nose Pennington felt a glow of satisfaction. "Am I good?" he said to himself blandly, but aloud he spoke coldly:

"I'll instruct the chief dispatcher to relieve both of you as soon as possible."

His hand waved a dismissal and the two culprits marched out.

II

BACK in the office Pinky slipped over to Rip's side of the table. "He hung it on me, Rip — Emmerson and me, both."

"He did? Well, it's a long lane that ain't got a pettin' party in it, Pinky. Maybe somethin'll happen to his lordship. It's a wonderful Thanksgivin' mornin', ain't it? Reckon he ever thought of it?"

"Thanksgivin' ain't no more to that baby than shirts are to a bullfrog, Rip. I don't give a damn about myself—got a job over on the Espee any time I want to go, but poor old Emmerson's all to the bad . . . him up in years and crippled like he is. You *know* Thanksgivin' don't mean a thing to these babies when they got to run special and make an inspection trip like they're doin'. There's more'n three hundred and fifty-five days that ain't holidays, but they got to pick on this one to ramble around and make people hate 'em."

"All of 'em above a trainmaster's that way. If there was such a thing as one of 'em goin' to heaven, he'd want to parade around on the golden streets every Christmas, claimin' he was on an inspection trip."

Having delivered themselves of this bit of conversation, other duties demanded their attention. The road on both districts was alive with trains. Pinky was obsessed with the official party composed of Assistant General Manager Williams, Superintendent Pennington and Trainmaster Ormsby, their mode of transportation being Motor 0276, traveling on orders and piloted by Old Hard Nose himself. They expected perfect meets.

Once or twice during their trip to the western terminal of the district, Mr. Pennington had registered complaint in person on the phone. Pinky was delaying them a bit at meeting points and the local official made sarcastic remarks as to Pinky's ability.

"I oughta let him buck wait orders," Pinky said to Rip after one of these outbursts. "Expects me to delay im-

All Three of Them Were Standing Outside Looking Over Their Orders

portant trains for a dinky, one-horse special that oughta be home in bed."

"Always," agreed Rip. "What's a revenue train compared to Motor Extra 0276? Nothing. I repeat, *nothing!*"

Thereupon Pinky got busy fixing the cussed special for its return.

> Motor 0276 run extra Okala to Ramsey meet extra 1117 west at Barnes, extra 2597 west at Lakin, extras 3332 and 2109 west at Simms and has right over No. 71, engine 3856 to Leeds, right over No. 73 to Ramsey.

The order looked good, as near as it could be figured at the time, and Pinky was busy in other quarters. He got the "O S" (on schedule) when the motor extra left Okala, watched them down the line to their first meet at Barnes. It proved to be a Wabash, the westbound 1117 pounding by just as the special got in the clear. It was almost as good at Lakin, but at Simms there was a delay, owing to a hot driving box on No. 2109, which got the special for a period of some thirty minutes.

"Just right," grinned Pinky. "It'll make the meet at Leeds with 71 a good one."

Superintendent Pennington had religiously read his orders to his superior, also to Trainmaster Ormsby. He didn't want to take all the responsibility. Together the three officials checked their meets and all breathed a bit easier when they saw the last of the extras westbound by. Now they were bowling along toward Leeds, where Old Man Emmerson had an eye down the track watching for them, as instructed by his friend, Pinky.

"Might want to get 'em to Warner for 71," he had explained. "They're bein' delayed a little gettin' up the hill."

But when the special showed up, the 0276 had been lagging and the dispatcher concluded to let it stand.

III

TRAINMASTER ORMSBY had not been stepping on the gas quite up to the usual standard. Moreover, the assistant general manager was in an excellent mood, probably due to the thought of roast turkey and cranberry sauce that would be awaiting him at the home of Superintendent Pennington, where he was to be a guest that evening. The super's wife was a real cook.

The fall air brought him a tang of renewed life. High in the air a V-shaped line of geese brought back memories of boyhood. The shocked fodder and sight of yellow pumpkins recalling Thanksgiving days of yore. So mellow did Williams become that he began to tell funny stories.

Superintendent Pennington and Trainmaster Ormsby were all attention. They had heard these same stories before, but it behooved them to pay strict observance to the A. G. M. and laugh loudly at the proper moment. This feature had caused Trainmaster Ormsby to slow up a little; to miss the point and not laugh just at the right time might prejudice the story-teller against him.

Just at the moment they passed Leeds, the apex of the best one was sprung. Mr. Pennington roared; Mr. Ormsby roared. Their hilarity infected the A. G. M. and he joined in, making a trio.

Meanwhile at Leeds, Old Man Emmerson was saying excitedly to Pinky:

"Hey, them birds went by here thirty per."

"Hell's bells," replied Pinky, reaching to turn the selector bell on Warner. "You sure they've gone?"

"Clear outa sight—put 'em by at 2.08."

"Past the east switch?"

"Yeah—clear around the curve an' goin' good."

The op at Warner answered.

"Copy 3 for 71," said Pinky steadily.

"They're comin' close—"

"Hold th' board on 'em and copy." Rapidly but coolly he transmitted the order:

> No. 71, engine 3856, gets this order meets Motor Extra 0276 east at Warner.

"They stoppin'?" he asked.

"Yeah, here now."

"You hadn't give 'em a clear board, had ya?"

"No, just goin' to clear it when you called."

"O. K.," said Pinky, and when the conductor signed the order he completed it, cleared them and added: "Let me know soon as that special's in."

Then he walked around to Rip's side of the table again.

"Sweet paper," he cried gleefully. "Old Hard Nose and his partners in crime just run a meetin' point."

"What?" There was a world of hope in Rip's words. "You're kiddin', Pinky, ain'tcha?"

"Oh, what could be prettier? What could be sweeter? What could be more opportune? I speak words of truth, Rip. They plumb overlooked 71 at Leeds and I am happy. Thanksgivin' day means somethin' now!"

The delighted Rip went around to see with his own eyes. He noted the original order; he beheld the "O. S." at Leeds and he took in the one-legged order Pinky had put out so the crew of 71 wouldn't know anything had gone amiss.

"That's mighty white of you, Pinky,

coverin' the deal up for them after they've just fired you for the same thing with Old Man Emmerson."

"But I'm a Shylock, Rip; I'm goin' to have my pound of flesh." He turned

"It Was a Great Success," Pinky Went On. "Perfect! Never Saw Anything So Perfect!"

the bell on Warner again. "Anything of 'em yet?" he asked.

"Yeah, just in the clear . . . 71's pullin' out . . . looks like the fellers on the special is readin' their orders . . . all three of 'em standin' outside and lookin' 'em over."

"You're damned right they're lookin' 'em over," grinned Pinky to Rip, but he spoke in the phone to Warner: "O. K. Let me know soon as they're gone."

When Motor Extra 0276 pulled down to the station it stopped and Mr. Williams, Mr. Pennington and Mr. Ormsby came into the office. Apparently they were simply bent on inspecting the premises, but all three sauntered by the telegraph table and read the copy of the order just delivered to No. 71.

Incidentally, all three realized what Pinky had done. Superintendent Pennington picked up the phone transmitter.

"Er . . . hello . . . Pinky." The dispatcher grinned. Never before had he been anything but "Farrell" to Old Hard Nose.

"Dispatcher," answered Pinky. "Cut in, Rip, this is worth it," he whispered to Oakes.

"Er . . . how's everything, Pinky?"

"Fine. 71 was delayed a little on that meet." He winked at Rip as he spoke.

"Yes . . . er . . . about how long?"

"Fifteen minutes."

"Ahem . . . you say everything's O. K.?"

"For the present, yes."

"H-m-m!" a pause. "Can we see you at my office at seven o'clock, Pinky?"

"I'm takin' dinner with Rip at seven."

"Six, then?"

"Uh-huh," answered Pinky inelegantly.

IV

"It was good, Rip," Pinky explained that evening as he held his plate out for the second helping of turkey. "Ya oughta heard 'em stallin' and tryin' to explain how they come to overlook their hands. It was pitiful, boy, and . . . funny! They wanted me to come out and volunteer keepin' the deal quiet, but I played dumb—made 'em come out flat and ask me to."

"And you . . .?"

"Held back, of course; reminded 'em of their firin' old Emmerson and er . . . another fellow for the same thing . . . told 'em I was afraid the I. C. C. would pick us up on it . . . that always throws a panic into 'em, you know."

"Sure; and the pound of flesh?"

"What *are* you men talking about?" demanded Mrs. Farrell.

"Orders, honey; Thanksgivin' orders. You wouldn't understand. About the Shylock business," he went on to Rip. "It was a success. Emmerson stays on at Leeds and . . . the other fellow stays on at DS. It's been a wonderful Thanksgivin' day in more ways than one."

"Perfect; absolutely perfect," agreed Rip. "Have some more of the white meat, Mrs. Farrell? Perfect! Never saw anything so perfect."

"You bragging about the turkey, Rip?" beamed Mrs. Oakes.

"Er. . . . of course, honey. It completes Thanksgivin' so."

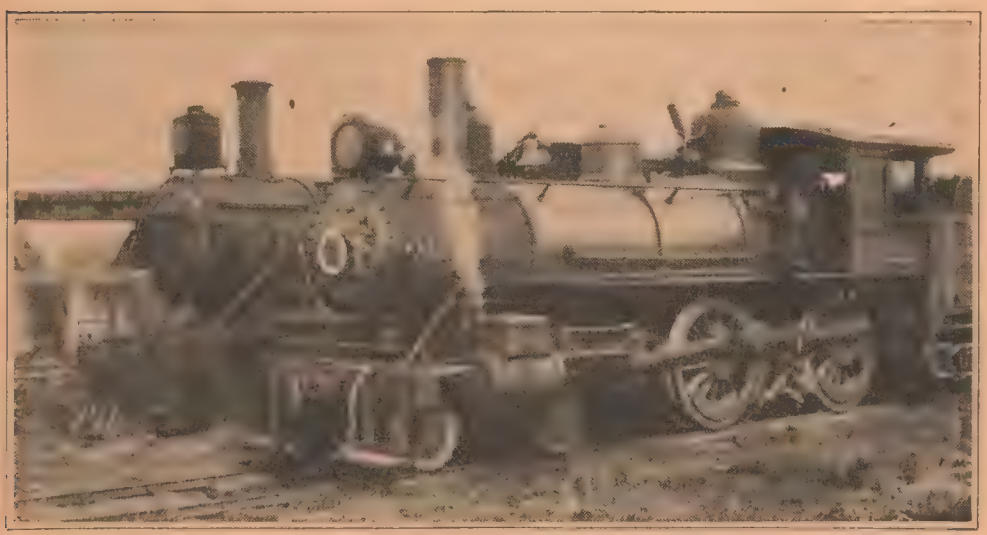
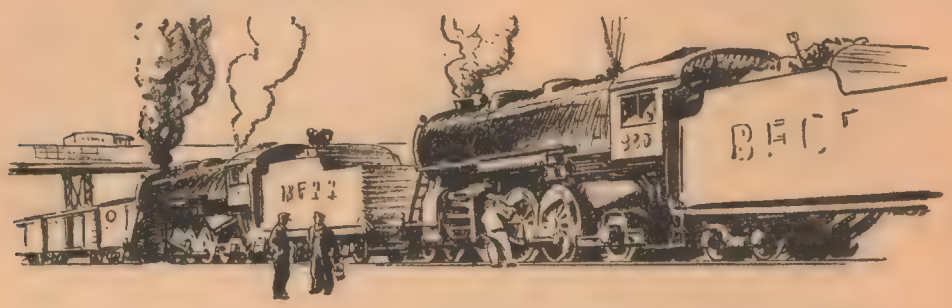


Photo by W. C. Moore, 112 S. 7th Ave., West Reading, Pa.

Iron Horses on the Emmitsburg R. R.: No. 7 (2-6-0) and No. 6 (4-4-0) at Emmitsburg, Md.

TRUE TALES OF THE RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses



$199 for One Turkey!

By J. C. WILLIAMS, Jr.

EXTRA 2498 West arrived at La Salle, Colo., the night before Thanksgiving, in a cold, drizzling rain, and left shortly afterward with a string of empties.

The conductor, known as "Goog," was walking alongside the drag checking car numbers, when he spied a large turkey hiding under weeds out of the rain.

The con glanced around quickly to see that no one was near, then gave a wild highball. The train started to pull out. As the crummy came near, Goog made a record leap for Mr. Turkey, fastened eager hands upon him, and returned to the caboose.

Goog was one self-satisfied con the rest of that trip.

"I sure put one over on the butchers this time," he boasted proudly. "No buying a Thanksgiving turkey when I get home, for I've already got mine!"

Such talk went on until we reached Dent, where there was a red board against us. Goog and the flagman started to the telegraph office to get the dope.

They were met by a deputy sheriff, who had driven out from La Salle. The farmer who owned the turkey had seen the show and notified the deputy.

The price of the bird, John Law informed the crestfallen Goog, was $5.00, plus the costs of $2.50 for his own expenses. Goog was almost floored by the shock! And we razzed him all the way into Denver about buying a $3.00 gobbler for $7.50.

But the worst part was yet to come. Upon arrival in Denver, Goog was called to the trainmaster's office for investigation and was pulled out of service for the period of thirty days.

Now, when any one asks Goog what he thinks of poultry stealing he answers, "No, sir! I paid $199.00 for one turkey! I've sort of lost my appetite for it."

The Torrent of Terror

By R. O. SEAMAN

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

The Old Engine Was Groaning against the Grade, but I Could Hear the Howl of Rising Waters above Its Wheezing

"WHERE'D you get that limp in your left leg, Hoot?" one of the young extra brakies has just asked me.

It dates back to the old days of railroading, boys, when railroading *was* railroading. Not that I'm knocking our modern methods. No, because there isn't one of us who'd ever want to go back to the link and pin and—just look at any of the older boys' hands. Where is one that doesn't bear his trade-marks? Huh? Look them over. Well, those are the days I'm talking about. The days when we used to have smashups as a part of the regular routine. We'd see we were going to pile 'em up. What would we do? Simple. Set the brakes, unload at the last possible minute, sit on a fence and watch 'em pile up.

I was braking at that time. A kid

of twenty. Thought I owned the world. Well, anyhow, you know where the main leaves Jordan City here? It curves off to the west after it crosses the B. & W. Then it winds through the valley that was partly cut by the Roaring Creek. Well, it goes on for half a mile before it crosses Roaring Creek for the first time. That's the first trestle.

Then it goes about a quarter of a mile farther to the second trestle, where it crosses the stream again. That's where the creek flows down from the north, you know. Well, that's the trestle where everything happened. I'm getting a bit ahead of my story, but I just wanted you to get the layout clearly in mind.

Roaring Creek isn't much of a stream in ordinary times. Even in sizable storms it doesn't get to be what you could call a river.

We were pulling a flock of empties when it all happened. Red Lamb was firing. Remember Red? He went booming. Great life in those days. Finally settled down as a home guard out in Oregon somewhere. He's dead now, but his boy is some sort of a traffic man on the Santa Fe. It's in your blood, boys. And it's bound to come out.

Well, I didn't think this particular night was terrible. Lightning crashing, but no different than dozens of other nights a fellow runs up against. But you see, at that time of the evening I didn't know anything of the cloudburst which was sprinkling the landscape up around Malton, about ten miles to the west.

I was riding in the cab, gassing with Bruce Conley, the hoghead.

"Looks like a regular snorter, eh, Hoot?" Bruce says to me as he eases up on the throttle when the drivers slip on the wet steel on that grade up there. "She sure has been playin' hell up around Malton and Noreville for the last fifteen minutes. Just look at that sky. I bet we get soaked before this run's over."

About three minutes later we puffed through the cut that leads onto the fill. The fill is about an eighth of a mile long and leads onto the first trestle.

"Galloping gondolas!" Red Lamb shouts as the headlight swept around the curve out over the lowland that bordered both sides of the right of way. "Cast your lamps on that water! Man! Just look it comin' down the valley!"

We looked. Red wasn't exaggerating at all. The headlight showed us one grand flood of muddy water overflowing the banks of Roaring Creek. The almost continuous flashes of lightning showed up the whole works in a ghastly manner. Trees and limbs and slabs of wood were being hurtled down in that mad torrent. Big stones were being rolled and pushed along in front of the growling water.

The old engine was groaning against the grade, but I could hear the howl of the waters above its wheezings. But we went on. Why should we stop?

The locomotive nosed out over the first trestle. Old Bruce Conley never batted an eyelash as we rolled over the wooden structure. I quivered as I stood in the gangway and looked down upon that angrily rushing river. I clung tightly to the hand grips and prepared to unload.

Even as we rolled over an extra long flash of lightning flashed over everything. I was looking down. And I could see the big jam of lumber and brush that was being built up against the pilings of the bridge. But we got over.

Between that trestle and the second one it rained so hard that you couldn't see more than fifty feet in front of the locomotive. Maybe not that much. The rain just seemed to swallow up the beam of the headlight.

When we nosed out onto the second trestle I believe every faucet up in the skies was turned loose. Then it really started to *rain*. Solidly, like when you pour water out of a bucket. That's the way it came.

But we never got more than to the middle of that trestle. That tremendous volume of water in such a short space of time had washed out all around the pilings. There was nothing to hold up the trestle at all. I'll never forget what happened as long as I live. It seems as vivid as last night.

I was a fool, but I leaped out through the gangway. Lamb and Conley stuck onto the engine until she hit. Then they unloaded. The swift current washed them away from the wreckage and they swam ashore to safety. I found that out afterward.

When I hit I went out cold. I don't know to this day what it was that I struck. But you see, I went down *before* the wreckage of the trestle and the train got down. During the time that the bridge was crumpling under the engine's weight I was dropping like a stone. And I went out cold. I don't even remember hitting. But I can remember falling.

The roar and the feel of icy water was what brought me back out of it again. And it seemed as if I was suffocating, as if some one had a wad of cotton that he was shoving into my nose and mouth. Finally I came out of it. I don't think I was out long, not more than ten or fifteen seconds.

The cotton was water—cold, mud-filled water, slushing into my nose and mouth. Flailing about with my hands, I fought to keep my head above the surface. It was then that I realized that my left leg was hopelessly caught. Probably beneath one of the pilings or one of the stringers.

I cried out at the top of my voice, but it seemed as if my shouts were just swallowed up in the pouring rain. I cried out again, screaming with all of my lung power. And then I listened, trying to restrain myself from becoming panicky. With all my will power I forced myself to paddle slowly to keep my head above the surface, to keep myself from being forced under by the sucking currents.

The locomotive was half submerged not far away from me. The fire in the firebox was long ago drowned, but steam still hissed above the sounds of the storm.

I screamed again. And this time I got response. The rest of the crew were hurrying up from the caboose. I never in my life have seen a more welcome sight than the sight that those bobbing lanterns presented to me. Louder than ever I screamed. In less than a minute the men scrambled down over the treacherously slippery wreckage. Then came the job of reaching me. Several times I nearly lost consciousness, but I dare not slip again. I *had* to hang on until they'd reach me.

How they ever skidded that lightning-shattered tree trunk out to me I'll never know. They didn't even know afterward themselves. And out they scrambled, clinging to its slippery sides. But what good did it do them? They grabbed me under my armpits and tried to pull me out. I was tight.

Shortly Lamb and Conley, who had rescued themselves, with nothing but a few bruises and scratches, joined the group out on the slimy log. They all

I Leaped out through the Gangway into the Turbulent Icy Water

took turns at trying to release me. But they did nothing more than to nearly tear my leg from my body. The pain was unbearable. Twice I fainted. Then I'd go limp and unmanageable. That made it all the harder for them.

But before long I came to realize a newer and more dangerous peril: *The water was rapidly rising!*

They held me up away from it as much as possible. But upward and upward it crept, inch by inch. I can feel it yet; slowly creeping higher and higher. First around under my armpits. Then up around my shoulders.

"Bruce," I managed to speak. "There's a saw back in the caboose. Go back there and get that saw. Bring it up here and saw off my leg. Fifteen minutes more and this water'll be over head. Better a one-legged brakie than a dead one. I'm stuck for good. You can see that without looking. Hurry up, Bruce, get it. Trompe, did you call the hook?"

"Kalp went back to Jordan City," the skipper said. "He'll get in touch with Junction Yards. But it 'll—" He paused and gazed off into the storm.

"It'll be an hour before they can get it here, won't it?"

He nodded, taking another grip on me. "And as much more before they can work through the wreckage up to the bridge here. Let me try again."

But it was no use. I was stuck for good. "Hurry up, Bruce," I shouted at the hoghead. "I want that saw!"

He crouched there, like a fool.

"Damn you, you idiots!" I screamed at them as I felt the water coming up around my chin. "You'd let a man drown here, wouldn't you? Go on, somebody, get that saw!"

And right here I'm telling you, men, not one of those fellows would go back and get that saw. They all crouched there around me, holding my head up out of the water. Up and up, higher and higher it crept. Finally they had to tilt my head back in order to keep my nose above the surface. And then I guess I became a maniac.

After that I don't remember much. They got me out all right, and without cutting off my leg or my foot or anything. The water stopped rising. I wouldn't go through that experience again for a million dollars.

A Car Toad's Apology

By SI STODDARD

Author of "Burning Mountain"

JACK WELSH was "fresh from the ould sod" when he got a job as car toad on the Penokee branch of the old Wisconsin Central, now part of the Soo Line. But what he lacked in way of sophistication was more than offset by his industry and ability to learn the ropes in short order. All of which accounted for his being made a car inspector at Mellen, Wisconsin, a year or so after his arrival.

One morning Jack was giving No. 103 the once over when a dignified gentleman alighted from a private car attached to the train. Sauntering along the platform, he noticed Jack stirring up the contents of a journal box, and inquired casually: "What are you doing that for?"

Now if there was one thing that annoyed Jack, it was to be bothered at work. Without glancing up he responded sharply, "To make damn fools ask questions!"

This remark was overheard by another rail, who recognized the stranger. As soon as the latter reëntered his car, the rail decided to kid Jack.

"I wouldn't give a cent for your job after to-day," he said. "Do you realize that you just insulted General Superintendent Potter?"

"What would you advise me to do?" Jack asked anxiously.

"Well, if I was in your place," was the reply, "I'd hop right into that car and apologize."

A moment later a humble figure, hat in one hand and hammer in the other, edged into the private buggy.

"Mr. Potter, me name is Welsh," he stammered. "A minute ago you asked me why I was foolin' with a journal box. I didn't know who you was, an' I said, 'To make a lot of fools ask questions.' I'm awful sorry, your honor, but you see there's so many damn fools askin' the same thing every day that it sort of gets under me skin."

That the apology appealed to Potter's sense of humor was evidenced a week later, when Jack was appointed rip track foreman at Ironwood.

Sealed, Locked and Cleated

By W. G. CASE

Illustrated by Harry Nevins

TELEGRAPHER PERCY WILLIAMS forsook commercial bonus wires to learn railroading. He was placed with an agent at one of the heavy shipping points on the Burlington, where hogs and shelled corn comprised the bulk of the out shipments.

Percy quickly absorbed the routine work about the station. One day the agent showed him how to waybill some carloads of live hogs, saying "Be sure to add the letters S L and C at the bottom of the commodity column of the waybill."

Percy complied and was fittingly praised by the agent for his neat and efficient work.

He next was set to waybilling carload lots of shelled corn, the daily output of several grain elevators. The agent only cursorily inspected this billing, as it was subject to scale weights en route and subsequent correction, anyhow.

Percy grew quite chesty and daily bragged how much easier railroad work was than commercial telegraphy on a hot wire.

"This is quite some racket," he would say to himself.

One day the traveling auditor visited the station, and while checking over the waybilling of the freight forwarded, suddenly exhibited signs of amusement.

"Who waybilled this shelled corn?" he queried.

Percy Grew Quite Chesty about His Work

"Percy did," answered the agent.

Then, turning to Williams, he inquired: "Percy, why do you always add S L and C to the waybills of shelled corn?"

"Why, it's carload stuff," answered Percy.

"That has nothing to do with it. What do you suppose S L and C stand for?" the auditor asked with genuine curiosity.

Now Percy had only a few days previous to the auditor's coming decided for himself what those symbols signified, so he rose to the occasion with importance and smartly answered, "Sealed, locked and cleated."

After the agent and auditor had their laugh, the auditor turned to Percy and in a mock whisper said: "Percy, it means 'shippers load and count.' You wouldn't expect a shipper to count shelled corn, now, would you?"

Illustrated by D. H. Hilliker

Through the Rebel Lines

By RICARDO P. DIAZ

YOU remember how in Cordoba, Mexico, I discovered the rebels at Snake's Curve.* Afterward Colonel Araíza, who was in command of federal forces guarding the railroad, came to see me at the Hotel Esperanza.

"Kid," he asked, "how did you really feel that night at Snake's Curve? You behaved like an old-timer, but I wonder if you felt as cool as you acted."

"Well," I answered, "it was better than sitting around the station. I get pretty tired of that sometimes."

How many times afterward did I regret that speech! A few days later I was told by the superintendent that I had been transferred to Colonel Araíza's command.

He put me in charge of the pilot trains, and my most important duty was to get the news from all the detachments guarding stations along our line.

One night Colonel Araíza gave me instructions to order an extra repair train.

We left the next morning at nine o'clock. The governor of the state, the chief of operations, and other high officials were with us, in addition to a thousand soldiers.

At kilometer 48 we found the Bridge of Paso del Toro destroyed. It took three hours to repair it before the train was able to go on to kilo 58, where there were a water tank, a switch and a cattle-shipping platform.

Then we started through a cañon about three miles long, and on the other side we reached a stretch of level land with small trees on both sides of the track. Suddenly our train was surprised by a rain of bullets from machine guns and rifles.

The engineer backed up to kilo 58, where Colonel Araíza ordered a re-ar-

*Railroad Man's Magazine, May, 1931

The Engine and Two Cars Crashed Down about Thirty Feet into the Dry River Bed Below

rangement of the train. Three armored cars were put at the head, then two platforms with two cannons each, next the rest of the train, and, bringing up the rear, the engine.

We returned to the cañon again, but this time at a tremendous speed, and then, as we reached the end of the cañon, we uncoupled the engine and let the train go out to the level alone. Two armored cars were left in the cañon with the engine.

We emerged from the cañon and were greeted as before, but this time our cannons boomed an answer. There was little resistance.

The order was given for the engine to come out and we continued on our way. Within five miles a stretch of tracks had been completely burned and the repair men started to work.

In the meanwhile I had received information by wire that the rebel base was at Rio Blanco, kilo 72. So we started walking the tracks in that direction.

We had a few hours' rest there.

At ten o'clock our train arrived and, leaving behind two hundred heavily armed men, we started back for Vera Cruz. The line had been cleared from Vera Cruz to Rio Blanco and we settled down for a comfortable run back.

The night was very hot. Many of the soldiers were sitting on top of the cars, others in the doorways with their feet hanging out. The governor and generals were playing cards. Some of the officers had retired to their berths. We were moving very slowly, because there was only a small headlight on the front coach.

I was all in, and I went to my berth. In two minutes I was asleep—but only for a very short time. I awoke suddenly, hurled to the floor. The lights were all out. I heard men shriek, I heard shots and also a bugle.

I had a flash light under my pillow, and found my way to the next car.

We found the rebels had devised a new trick: they had broken the bridge supports and unscrewed the rails. Through the holes of the rails they had tied wires, and to these wires they fastened lassos. The lassos in turn were tied to horses.

As we approached they started the horses off and pulled the rails from both sides. With the weight of the engine the broken bridge supports gave way. The engine and two cars crashed down about thirty feet to the dry river bed below. Many soldiers were trapped under the cars.

Then hell broke loose. The boiling water of the engine burst forth and poured through the cars.

I tried the wires, but they had been cut. A group of sixty men, all we could spare, went on to Boca del Rio to get in touch with Vera Cruz. We had to have a big derrick.

It came about ten o'clock that morning. The cars were turned. Many men had died during that night of terror. When they moved the engine they found the engineer smashed flat, his left arm around the throttle lever, the other on the air brake lever.

A sad and subdued lot, we returned to Vera Cruz from our tragic expedition. The engineer was buried with the full military honors accorded a general, which was, of course, a great consolation to his family.

Half an Inch from Death

By E. TIMMERMAN

BACK in February, 1903, I got the scare of my life. I was braking freight out of Watertown, New York, on the New York Central. And let me tell you, those were the days when brakemen earned all the money they received. Often we were on duty twenty hours at a stretch and after resting three or four hours we were called out again. Honest, I got so that I hated the sound of the call boy's voice.

The day preceding my big scare had been one of snow and sleet; everything out-of-doors was thickly coated with glassy ice. The 11 P.M. freight pulled out of the village of Adams. I was walking the tops of box cars to see that all the brakes were released when I came to a gondola loaded with coal. As a gondola is much lower than a box car, I jumped, expecting to land in the gondola—but I didn't. Instead, my feet skidded on the glassy ice and down I fell between the cars!

Fortunately, the eagle-eye happened to look back just then and saw my lantern go rolling over the snow. He reached for the throttle, exclaiming:

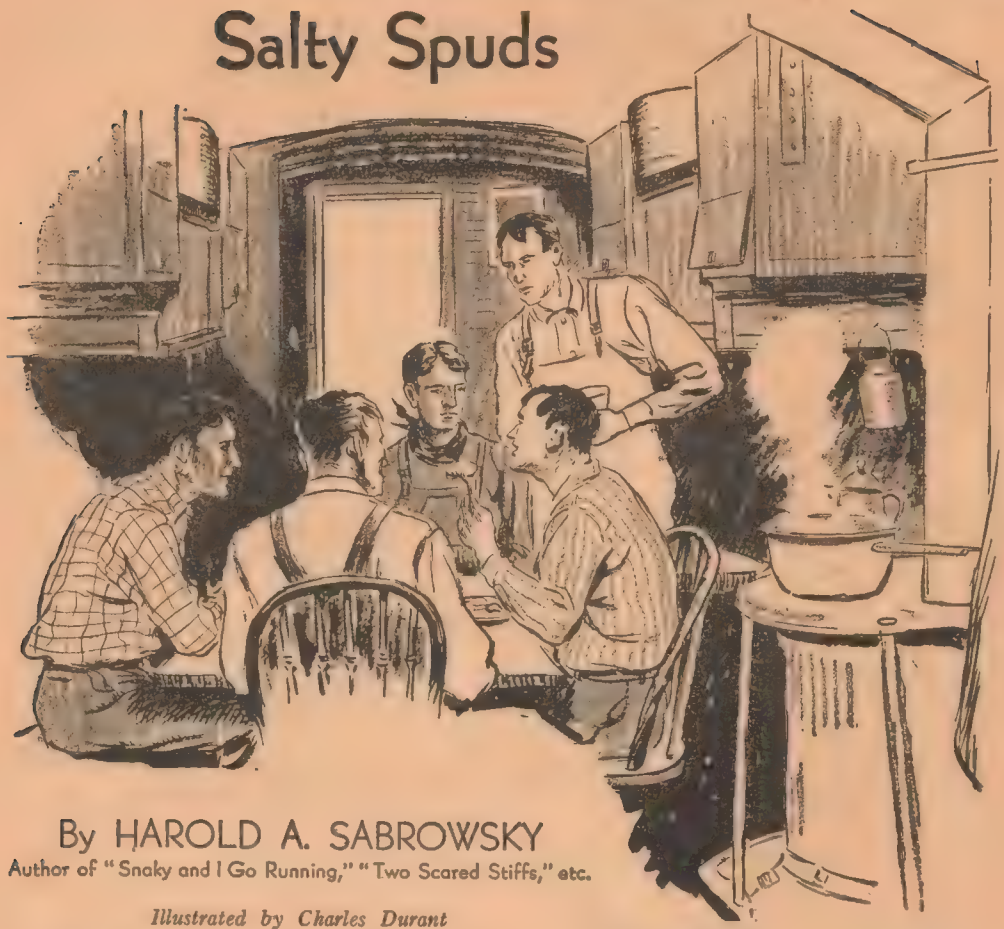
"My God! Tim's done for!"

As soon as he could wipe the clock, he and the bakehead came running back, fully expecting to see my mangled remains strewn along the rails.

What they found was a badly frightened young man hanging head downward from a projecting nail on the end of the box car. By some miracle, my turned-up overalls had caught and held.

I was never closer to glory than at that moment, but a pair of strongly made overalls and a nail saved my life—*by a bare half-inch margin!*

Salty Spuds



By HAROLD A. SABROWSKY
Author of "Snaky and I Go Running," "Two Scared Stiffs," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Durant

We Had Nothing for a Real Thanksgiving Dinner—Just Boiled Beef, Spuds and Some Old Bread Pudding

BATES JUNCTION is an ore yard consisting of three tracks, a wye, water tank and coal shed. A track leading off the west end of the main and running back about two miles through a ragged forest and around numerous sharp curves up to the mines is called the Bates Interchange because it is used interchangeably by the C. M. & St. P. and the C. & N. W. railroads The nearest eating place is at Iron River, five miles west.

One day a crew consisting of Captain Otto Greb, Brakemen Alex Cory and Jimmy Kuzan, Engineer Mark McGinnis and Fireman Paul Bohn were called to go to Bates and spot cars at the shovel of the Hemlock mine until displaced. Then arose the all-portant question of where to eat. They all gathered together in the crummy to discuss it.

The mining camps were filled and they fed none too sumptuous, anyway; to get running orders and go to Iron River and back three times daily would take too much time and wouldn't be tolerated. Those suggestions were ruled out, as were all others but that of cooking and bunking in the caboose.

Blankets, cooking utensils and a

goodly supply of grub were easily procured. But who would cook?

"Not me," said Otto. "Ask old George Walters what kind of cook I am. I was braking for him a few years ago on Ninety-eight and Ninety-nine. George always did all the cooking on the car alone—wouldn't trust any one else to even help him, and when the rest of the crew'd eat with him they'd each pay him thirty cents a meal.

"But one day at Frost," Otto smiled, "George took a chance and told me to watch the meat he had on the stove while he went up to break a hold order. Well, after a few minutes I raised the cover and looked at it. There wasn't much water on it and I thought I'd better put some on before it burned, so I did. Did George thank me for that? Yeah! After he got back and had a look at the meat he grabbed the stove poker and chased me out of the car. Said I'd made a stew out of a perfectly good roast. How was I supposed to know the difference?

"Nope," Otto shook his head. "You can figure me out. I'll wash the dishes, but who does the cooking can be decided between you guys."

"You're as good a cook as I am," protested Jimmy, the hind man.

"And I," said Alex.

"I never even so much as watched anybody flip a flapjack," said Mark, "and I know Paul hasn't, either. But if either one of us could cook you couldn't count on us, anyway, because we'd have to be with the goat all day."

"Right," said Alex. "It's between the three of us, and so I guess as long as one's as good as the other it don't make any difference which one cooks."

"I'll tell ya," suggested Otto. "The three of us, Jimmy, Alex and I, will cut the cards to see who's the goat. If I get the job, all right. I'll take it and try to make the best of it. But first everybody'll have to agree to the arrangement that the cook, no matter who it turns out to be, will automatically, without further argument, be relieved of his job by the first guy who makes the slightest complaint as to what kind of food is served or how it's cooked. As to Mark and Paul, their penalty will be a fine of two bits each time either one of them makes a squawk."

"Okay," they all agreed.

"All right," said Otto. He shuffled the cards and plunked them faces down on the desk. "High card loses—that is, wins the job. Aces high, kings next, and so on. Cut!"

Alex cut and turned up a deuce, Otto a jack and Jimmy a king.

Jimmy accepted his fate calmly. His only comment was, "Remember to keep your heads cut in from now on, you guys, because you're gonna be fed some awful swill."

But Jimmy proved in a short time to be rather an adept at the game, and for several weeks he seemed to be in no immediate danger of losing his position; until Thanksgiving Day, when everything seemed to go wrong in spite of our efforts to do a good day's work.

Not only that, but we had nothing for a real Thanksgiving dinner. No turkey, no cranberries, no dressing. Just boiled beef, spuds, and some old bread pudding.

The air in the crummy was blue with smoke which refused to depart from the stove via the chimney. Jimmy cussed as he tried to coax a bed of half real estate and half pulverized coal to burn.

The water was gone just when he needed some; the meat wouldn't boil nor would the potatoes. Because most

of his attention had to be given to the obstinate fire, the breakfast dishes were still unwashed. And in a few minutes the ravenous crew would be down from the mine with a drag of ore demanding sustenance and plenty of it. One thing Jimmy was thankful for — they wouldn't dare to complain.

Outside it was foggy and a fine drizzle had been falling all morning.

Adversity was by no means confined to Jimmy in the caboose down at Bates. Up at the mine but ten cars had been loaded in four hours, due to three derailments and the shovel's breaking down twice. And each time a coupling was made the first and second attempts were invariably unsuccessful. Among other troubles that helped to put the dispirited crew in a bad mood, a C. & N. W. crew pulled a drawbar at the lower end of the Interchange, blocking Otto and his crew and delaying their Thanksgiving dinner thirty minutes.

The delay, however, was fortunate, for it provided Jimmy with the opportunity of getting the meal done before the hungry crew arrived; and when they stamped in it was steaming hot, waiting for them on the table.

Few words were spoken as they sat down to eat. Otto was the first to start. After stuffing half a potato in his mouth, he speared a generous-sized chunk of meat from the platter with his fork.

Presently he stopped chewing, gulped, glared at Jimmy and roared:

"Holy mackerel, these potatoes are salty!"

Then the famous words were born which saved Otto's taking over the dreaded job of cooking. He suddenly realized his mistake and with but the slightest hesitation after the almost convicting words, diplomatically added:

"But that's the way I like 'em!"

Ghost in the Tower

By FREDERICK M. WESTCOTT

Illustrated by D. H. Hilliker

BETWEEN the towns of Bowerston and Jewett, Ohio, the Panhandle Division of the Pennsylvania Lines West, practically follows the course of the Conotton River. The tracks are a constant succession of curves the entire distance.

The signal towers are located at advantageous points, where they can most easily be seen by approaching trains, and most of them are some distance from any town. The farmhouses are usually on the hills bordering the valley, and few of them can even be seen from the railroad.

One of these towers is located about a mile east of Bowerston, almost on the rocky bank of the river, here about a hundred feet wide. Like most of the streams in the vicinity it is shallow and rapid, the water rushing in and out among the rocks and gravelly bars.

The night operator at the tower was a young fellow named Macpherson who was studying medicine and made good use of the long, lonely hours of his trick on duty. He had quite a library

of books on surgery, anatomy and other medical lore which he kept in the office, and except for the intervals when his call sounded, or some train rushed past, he had his nose buried in some learned treatise.

One dark night in September, 1894, a freight train was in the west bound siding waiting for a fast passenger train to pass and the conductor was up in the tower having a little chat with the operator.

"This is kind of a spooky place, ain't it, Mac?" he queried. "Not a soul anywheres near and nothing to do."

"Oh, I've got plenty to do," replied Mac. "I don't expect to be an operator all my life and I don't waste a minute just sitting around and thinking."

There, Framed in the Doorway, Stood a Ghost, if There Ever Was One!

The musical note of an approaching whistle was then heard and the conductor ran down the steps and climbed aboard the caboose.

Like a flash the big Atlantic type with its string of Pullmans roared by, the rockets going up in the air as the engineer widened on her for the upgrade from Bowerston to Denison. Mac reported her by, gave the time of departure of the freight, which immediately pulled out on the main, and then was back to his books.

The next minute he was startled by the creak of the screen door hinges. He jumped to his feet, knocking over his armchair, stood frozen with horror.

There, framed in the doorway, was a ghost, if there ever was one. A tall white figure, bald of head, with face gashed and torn, blood trickling down over a white beard and a long, white robe which reached nearly to the floor, stood with outstretched hand as though to caution silence.

Wildly Mac thought of jumping through one of the windows, but was brought back to earth by a quavering, tremulous voice which said, "Don't be scared, I just want help."

It was an old man—one of the passengers of the train just passed—who had fallen off. It was in the days of old narrow vestibules, and the safety gate had not been fastened.

No bones were broken, but his face and body were badly cut and bruised. His only garment was a nightgown.

Mac at once notified the dispatcher at Denison and was told to leave his semaphore at clear and assist the unfortunate passenger.

Mac is now a successful physician in Cincinnati, and often tells of his terrifying experience in the lonely tower.

The Luckiest Wreck

By "HIGHBALL JOHN" BURNS

THE luckiest wreck I know of was a passenger train plowing through the middle of a freight drag that was standing on a crossing—*it never even scratched the varnish nor got a wheel off the rails.*

That was a five-car train: combination mail and baggage car, smoking car, day coach, and two Pullman sleepers. All were of the old, wooden, open-platform type. Our engineer, whom I will call "Big Jim" Olsen, was a gray head—he had to be, to hold a passenger run. The company had lengthened our passenger division, running the engine crews over two divisions instead of one.

Big Jim was familiar with both. In fact, he knew every division on the road, having worked on all of them at some time. So he did not bother to go over the route before taking his train out on her first long run. Olsen had not been over the Middle Division for a year or more, and in the meantime the company had made some changes that he knew nothing about; one of them was lengthening the passing tracks.

We entered the Middle Division on time. Everything was going fine, when we came to a small town where we crossed the tracks of another road.

Big Jim knew all about that crossing. It was not controlled by an interlocking plant. There was nothing but an old gate that the brakeman had to throw open when he found it against him. The gate was hung so it could be swung across either tracks, blocking one of them.

At night a red lantern was supposed to be hung on the gate, but usually the wind would blow it out. When a crew found the lantern was not burning, they were supposed to stop and light it, but on stormy nights few of them did so.

There was a switch stand east of the crossing. Originally it was located about fifteen hundred feet away, and when Olsen had been running on the Middle Division before, he had used the switchlight for a landmark. He would shut off as he came to it, and make his crossing stop.

At that time the old kerosene oil headlights were used on passenger engines, but when Big Jim reached the switch that night, still working steam, he was less than one hundred feet from the crossing, on the other road of which stood a long string of empty flat cars.

We caught two of those flats with their couplings over the middle of the crossing, and hit them so hard that we broke the links in the drawheads, knocked both cars clear off the crossing, and went through the gap!

When we finally stopped, our train was west of the crossing with every wheel still on the track! We had caved in the front end of our engine, losing the headlight and smokestack. The old pilot bar had skidded those two drawheads up high enough to let the beam and front end take the shock.

Big Jim and his tallowpot got a good scare out of it, and the company gave him sixty days without pay to learn the Middle Division.

SCRAP HEAP

By Wilson Wells

Author of "Beginning of a Boomer," "The Silver Switch Key," "Six-Hour Day," etc.

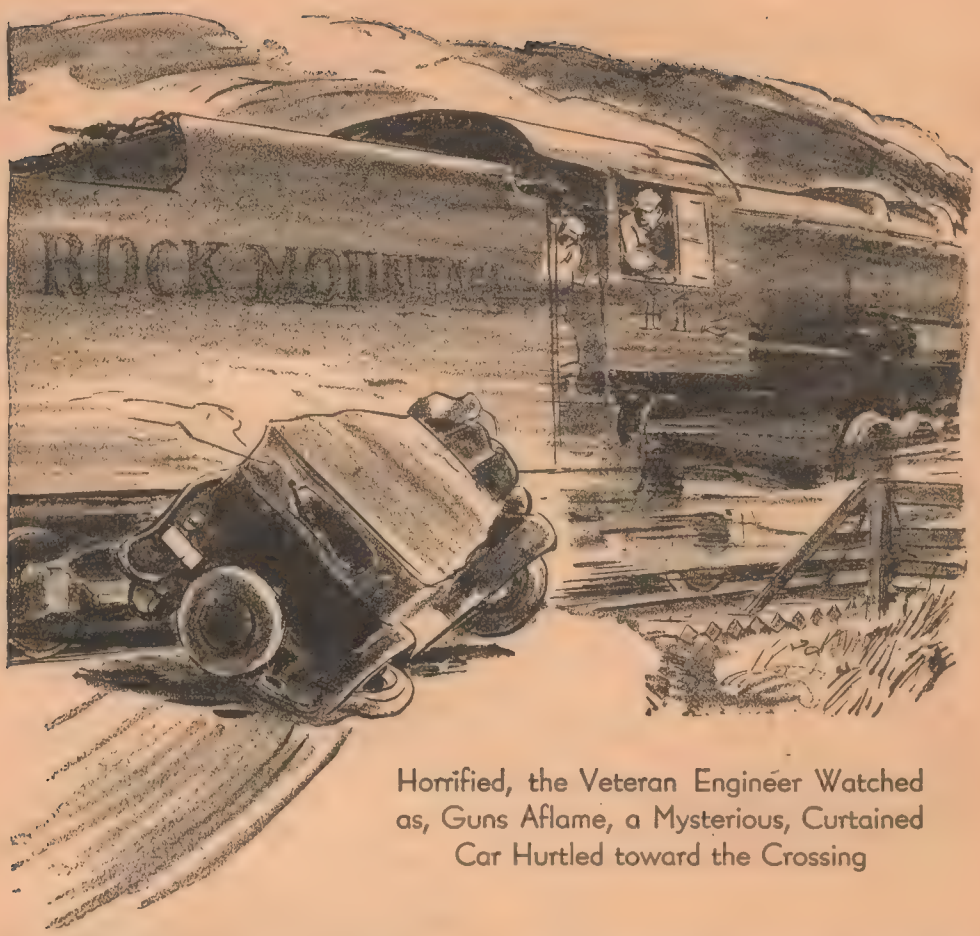
Illustrated by Joseph Easley

POP HOWLAND gazed with wistful eyes toward the western hills over which the sun was wheeling low. His thin, gnarled fingers stroked a cheek on which time had firmly stamped the mark of his seventy years.

Bronzed and lined and seamed from exposure to the heat, the wind and cold of that rigorous high country, his face was stamped with rugged strength emphasized by the lively blue of his eyes —eyes which had strained through mountain dark and fierce white sun from an engine cab along the railroad right-of-way for more than fifty years.

"Pop!" It was a kindly voice that called from the door of the adjoining room. "Pop! Are you a-goin' to sit there mopin' all the blessed day?"

The slight, white-haired woman who was his wife stood behind him.



Horrified, the Veteran Engineer Watched as, Guns Aflame, a Mysterious, Curtained Car Hurtled toward the Crossing

"Oh, Pop!" she called again.

"Yes, Effie, I ain't a-mopin'," Pop replied. "I was just a-thinkin' that I'm gettin' to be an old man." There was a trace of sadness in his voice.

"Now, Pop, you can't expec' to be a blusterin' youth—not at seventy," his wife consoled as she placed a gentle hand upon his shoulder. "But you oughtn't to start a-broodin' about it. I'm sixty-eight and feel good."

"They's a difference between sixty-eight an' seventy, Effie," Pop mused. "They's a whole lot of difference. If I was only sixty-eight I'd have two years more to go. Now I got two days."

"Two days," echoed Mrs. Howland with a little sigh, and she took up her basket of darning and sat opposite her husband.

"Two days more on my old engine, an' then the scrap heap," Pop reflected. "Only one more round trip, then just sit back an' listen to the younger fellers whistlin' west."

A wailing blast from a locomotive came to his ears on the soft south wind which blew in the open windows. He heard the rapid bark of an exhaust.

"See?" he said softly, looking at his watch. "There goes Joe Buford runnin' wide open with that 407, blowin' out on Number Three. Right on time to the second. Lord, I wish I was young as he is again."

He went to the window and gazed across the field to the main line, watched the big engine with her fancy train smashing at the western rise.

"Anyway, we can be together lots more now," Mrs. Howland reflected. "Maybe go some place. Land's sakes, when I think of all these years you been on the railroad, an' we ain't never had a chance to see some of the world, it makes me feel right creepy. Just sort of bottled up here in the hills."

"Aw, Effie," Pop said with apology, "I know. An' it's a shame. Downright shame. You still thinkin' of California?"

"What good does that do, Pop?" she sighed again. "I just keep on a-thinkin', but that don't help none."

Pop crossed to her, laid a gentle hand on the white waves of her hair.

"No, I guess not," he said. "We was close to it once. Had plenty saved up until Frank—"

"I know, Pop," sighed Mrs. Howland. "But he's our boy an' we had to stand by him. Even if it did take it all."

"What good did it do?" Bitterness tinged the old man's voice. "Pity he's never found time to write his poor mother just once. Guess your hair wouldn't be as white as it is if it wasn't for Frank."

"Ain't it queer, Pop, I was thinkin' about Frank a lot to-day while you was asleep? Someway he seemed kinda close."

"Not anywheres near you, mother," Pop grumbled, "unless he was in more trouble. I don't know what we ever done to have to suffer like we have for that boy."

"Sometimes I guess maybe I was to blame a lot for him," Mrs. Howland mused, looking up from her work. Pop saw a threat of tears in her eyes.

"They ain't nobody to blame but him," Pop replied kindly. "You was a good, kind mother to him like I was a father. He just had a bad streak in him someway. Always gettin' mixed up in a mess. Always a-takin' our last cent to help him out."

The old man clenched his fist as he thought of the hardships he and his wife had been called upon to endure because of the waywardness of their petulant, headstrong offspring.

"Look, Effie!" Pop resumed. "I got one more round trip to make an' then I take my pension. Fifty years of hard labor on this railroad an' not a thousand dollars in our savin' account. If it hadn't been for Frank we'd have a few thousand, anyhow. We—we could go to California an' maybe have a little fun. But I guess—"

Pop didn't finish. He looked about the old room with its ancient furnishings. Here's where he'd have to spend his remaining years of his life. Well, he had the little home all clear, come what may.

The pension wouldn't stop until he was gone. Then there was the brotherhood insurance. That would keep Effie going in the event she survived him.

"They must be plannin' a nice party for you," Effie changed the subject. "I heard they are a-goin' to have the firemen's band out an' the mayor an' everythin' when you come in Friday."

"Yeh, but I wish they wouldn't be makin' such a fuss," Pop replied. "Why, you'd think it was rare an' unusual for an engineer to round out fifty years."

"Well, ain't it—on this division?" Mrs. Howland asked suddenly. "Ain't you the first engineer to be a-gettin' this glory?"

"Yes, guess I am," Pop affirmed.

"An' what makes it more interestin',

and what makes me proudest of all, is that you are a-doin' it without a mark ag'in' your record," Mrs. Howland beamed. "Fifty years an' not a single accident."

"Never even got an engine on the ground," Pop said proudly. "Nearest I ever come to trouble was that time them cows got loose on the right-o'-way when they was tryin' to load 'em that night at the Lewis cattle chute. Almost got me a beef that time, but I got stopped all right."

Mrs. Howland laughed.

"Yes, I 'member that," she said. "You was nervous as a cat about it. Goodness, that seems a long time ago."

"It is a long time ago," said Pop. "Let's see; must be twenty years."

II

And that was almost the closest Pop Howland had ever come to an accident. Effie, however, never knew how near Pop had been to piling up the day he heard about his son Frank's first scrape. Pop had been called out for the second section of a passenger train and was on his way to the roundhouse when the superintendent stopped him down by the station platform.

"Just a minute, Howland," the super said. "I was goin' to call you up, but I thought I better wait to talk this over with you. We just had to let out your boy an' if it wasn't for you, he'd be headin' for jail."

Pop went white under his bronze. He had thought Frank was doing well as day operator and assistant to the local agent.

"Jail?" The word grated.

"Yeh, jail," the superintendent replied. "We'd been suspectin' him for some time, but didn't get nothin' on him until this mornin'. He's been robbin' the ticket money little by little. We let him out an' told him to beat it somewheres. Thought maybe you could talk to him."

It was on that day that Pop nearly wrecked a passenger run and only by a lucky break was his fireman able to save him. Pop was steeped in worry over the super's words. He momentarily forgot a meeting point on an order and was racing past the signboard passing track in a daze, when the fireman remembered. But they made the meeting point in safety.

Pop was destined for even greater worries in the following years when Frank's escapades became numerous and frequent, but after a time he ceased to let Frank prey on his mind. But he never forgot what might have happened just that once if his fireman hadn't been thinking about his job.

No old-timer looks forward to the end of his trip at the seventy mark with pleasure, especially when he's enjoying robust health, and has the love of the big steel trail in his soul. And no old-timer would be an old-timer if he didn't hold the curving rails as close to his heart as his wife and family.

What if a fellow never had a spot against his record? What if he never messed up a right of way? Was that any sign they ought to stop him just because the calendar said he was seventy? Why couldn't they let him breeze along until the gloomy guy with the scythe mowed him down in his tracks —with his hand on the latch in his engine cab?

III

That's the way Pop felt about the whole thing. He so expressed himself to Sam Villers, his toiling fireman, as they sat in the cab of the 412 waiting to carry on with No. 1 on Thursday morning.

The big engine was shined and polished. There wasn't a spot on her from her number plate on the smoke box door to the knuckle of the tank's coupler. Her brass glowed in the kindly sun. Pop was conscious of the admiring glances cast at her by the straggling passengers, hackmen and others who were standing on the platform.

"Aw, hell, Pop," said Sam after a moment of reflective silence. "I don't see nothin' to this here railroadin' to make a man feel like you do about givin' it up. If I thought I was goin' to have to spend my years in an engine cab, I sure as hell'd crawl in this firebox now."

"Just what you think maybe you'd like to do to spend them years?" asked Pop with a mournful glance at this sweaty toiler whose words were no better than arch treason and blasphemy.

"Always kinda thought I'd like a little farm some place fer me an' the kid," Sam explained. "She ain't so keen on this railroadin', either. Only home two-three nights a week. Other married men doin' other work, they have some home life. But you know how it is."

"Sam, you're a dang good fireman, even if you are dirty," Pop mused. "I hate to hear you talk that way. I've heard others say them same words, almost, an' they're still ridin'."

"Yeah? Well, I ain't one of them others." Sam took a chew.

"They's a bug in this business, Sam," Pop's eyes twinkled. "You know it's well as I do. It bites you down deep. You can't get away. If you can, then you was never a good rail in the fust place."

"Maybe I ain't no good rail, but I sure as hell aim to do farmin' soon's I can get the jack to buy me some ground," Sam grunted.

Further discussion along these lines was abruptly stopped by the thundering advance of No. 1; and five minutes later, with the 412's smoke flattened over the swaying coaches, No. 1 was taking her last westward trip with old Pop Howland pulling the latch.

It was the first leg of his farewell swing. To-morrow he'd wind it up by bringing No. 2 back from Bolton. His whistle cord brought Effie to the front porch as he swung through the edge of town. It was the last time he'd wave to her on the outbound shot.

IV

THERE was a gathering of the curious at the Bolton passenger station platform by eleven thirty Friday. Pop was the hero of the day, and the newspapers had printed enough about this little shy, retiring man, his record, and the fact that this was to be his final run, to whet the mob's appetite.

There were other old-timers there, but they were away short of Pop's record. They'd have to get a few more gray hairs and a few more wrinkles before they'd qualify for the age limit and the pension.

His engine was in the spur at the east end of the platform when he came up to it. His aged eye was appraising the steaming monster when he stopped short in his tracks. He blinked at the brilliant array of streaming ribbons draped from the side signal lights down to the coupling pin lifting bar. The color scheme was red and white. Roses lay strewn across the pilot beam.

"Hell," grunted Pop, as he surveyed the decorations, "this ain't no weddin'."

"Sure looks like it," said a voice in his ear, and he turned to see his fireman squinting at the garnishing. "Guess I better take down them white

ribbons, or it 'll look like this shot's runnin' extra."

"It 'll look like we're runnin' somethin', sure 'nough," said Pop.

Sam started to mount the pilot when a fast-talking female checked Pop. She explained her presence as secretary to the secretary of the local chamber of commerce. A committee was waiting to honor Mr. Howland on the platform. The girl took Pop in tow. Sam took down the ribbons.

Pop got through it somehow. It was pretty tiresome, but the secretary said the community wanted to make public acknowledgment of its debt to a man who stood for the highest ideals in labor, a man who knew his job and did his duty as he saw it when others fell by the wayside, tarried or failed altogether.

They cried for a speech, but Pop didn't have anything to say. He grinned rather childishly, took off his old cap, exposed his white hair and bowed a little stiffly. The people applauded. It was pretty swell all around.

A Fast-talking Female Took Pop Howland in Tow

The whole performance didn't last five minutes and Pop hightailed it to the 412 to hide until he could get away from town. All this foolishness rattled him more than he cared to admit.

He had visitors aboard, however, when he pulled himself to the deck. Two young men turned to greet him. Then he saw something he'd shied at all his life. It was a camera, mounted on a tripod, standing on the apron.

"We're from the *Globe*," one youth said after Pop had admitted his identity. "My name's Small. This is Mr. Bayer. We want to get a shot of you sitting at your throttle."

"Aw, can't you boys git along without a pitcher of me?" Pop queried mournfully, mounting his seat box. "I don't see no use makin' all the trouble."

"Oh, but it isn't trouble," said Mr. Small. "This picture'll only take a minute, and it 'll be syndicated all over the country. Believe me, there's a lot of people who'd give their right eye to get the publicity break you're going to get."

Pop argued a little, but Sam urged, so he posed on his seat box, hand on the throttle lever, straining slightly forward and looking ahead.

"That's great!" Mr. Bayer was the one who made the pictures. "Now hold it there. That's it. Just like you were going seventy miles an hour."

Pop reached down in his overalls pocket.

"You say maybe you'll print that in the paper?" he asked.

"And how!" replied Mr. Small.

"Well," Pop extended a coin, "maybe you'd send me a copy to my house. Effie'll be a-wantin' to see it."

"Naw, naw, ol'-timer," protested Mr. Small. "Don't you worry about that. We'll send you a hundred, and it won't cost you anything."

Sam wouldn't let Pop oil round because, as Sam explained, Pop had to keep his overalls clean for the party. But Pop followed Sam while he soaked her running gear with valve oil. Pop carried a piece of waste, and here and there he touched tire, crosshead pin, main rod bearing with a delicate fondness.

V

At eleven fifty-eight the engine from the west was taken away from No. 2 and at twelve two noon, right on the scratch, Pop gave the 412 her head and whipped the varnished cars eastward while cheers followed him from the platform.

A switch engine screamed a greeting and a good-by to Pop as he swung by the eastern end of the Bolton freight yard. Pop answered and sighed. Why were they all making it so danged real for him? If it wasn't for all the celebratin' he'd feel just like he'd always felt—like there would be another trip to-morrow and a good many to-morrows after that.

He was taking it hard. Sam seemed to sense it keenly, for Sam would study the wrinkled face with a mournful arch of his brows during those brief moments when he could straighten from shoveling coal.

As he topped the divide and headed down the eastward slope, Pop's thoughts centered on the greeting he would get. Lord, how he dreaded it! He'd heard from several sources that Melvey, the division superintendent, was going to make a real blowout of it. Maybe Pop would have to make some kind of a speech. He'd never made one in his life—not even at the time when the brotherhood had elected him division chairman, and that was years ago.

Then he realized that the drivers of the 412 were turning a little too swiftly on the sharp bend at Sentinel. He jumped from his reverie.

"Another minute an' we'd been down there in the valley," Pop thought while he brought his train a little more under control. His heart jumped. It had been a close call.

For the first time within his memory, Pop felt sickly nervous. Stage-fright! To him it manifested itself in a queer sensation at the pit of his stomach, and a drawing down inside. He could feel his heart beating.

"Aw, hell," he mumbled. "What's eatin' me? I ain't a-gettin' old!"

Pop began to tell himself this over and over. He repeated it in a mental chant. And the pound of his whirling drivers on polished steel seemed to chant it back to him.

"I ain't a-gettin' old! I ain't a-gettin' old."

At four eighteen Pop took water at Lorian. He had 25 miles to go. It was a matter of 45 minutes if he stayed on time. Three-quarters of an hour in which to live his last as a main line hogger—feel the swinging rhythm of the 412 carry him down to the scrap heap.

The hard part of it all was going to be staying there in his little cottage watching the railroad move on while he could but stand still and wait.

VI

Leaving Lorian eastward, the main line paralleled the new concrete ribbon of highway for a distance of seven miles. The highway ran on the south side of the tracks and finally cut diagonally across the right-of-way at a grade crossing to streak northeastward and away from the railroad.

Pop had often watched automobiles tear along this stretch in a mock race with his engine, then drop back after the sixty and seventy-mile pace became too much.

Pop was pushing the 412 at a good clip when he noticed a big black touring car skimming along the concrete. He'd have paid no particular attention to the automobile had it not been for its curtains. It was a rather warm day, and the sun was still high, and Pop could see no reason why, even in the briskness of this altitude, a touring car should have up curtains on an afternoon like this.

He was wondering about it, when he saw the touring car gaining on the 412. He called Sam.

"Looks like he's tryin' to give us a race," Pop said, nodding to the car.

"Sure does," Sam replied, "but he won't stay there long when you give her the works."

The yard limit sign flashed by. He was keyed up pretty fast on the time card at this point, because he would come to the tunnel some ten miles farther east, where it was much slower running. Then beyond the tunnel was a series of curves down another mountainside.

Pop drew his throttle a little wider. The 412 responded like a thoroughbred. Pop watched the needle on his speed gauge climb up to the seventy mark, and turned to watch the progress of the touring car.

He wasn't losing it, that was sure. Then another car, a low, racy roadster, loomed in view far down the road. At first he saw it but from the corner of the eye. He turned to watch it, believing it might be out to race the black touring. Then he sat, transfixed, peering intently at the second automobile. That looked like a man standing on the running board without a hat.

"Oh, Sam!" Pop called, and when the fireman stood at his side, Pop pointed. "Lookit!"

"Hell's bells!" Sam bawled. "Looks like that roadster's sure bearin' down on the other feller. Hey! That guy standin' on the runnin' board's got a rifle. See that?"

Pop squinted at the plunging open car.

"Sure has got a gun," he agreed. "Wonder what that means?"

The black touring car was boiling along about even with the first baggage car. Pop could almost read its license plate.

He turned to the roadster. It was still a quarter mile back, but coming like a streak. Pop could see the open car closing up the span of concrete between it and the curtained touring car.

He touched his throttle again and the speed gauge needle went to seventy-five. A screen of trees between him and the highway momentarily shut off his vision of the automobiles, but in a second or two they were both in sight again.

His eyes were fastened on the curtained car when he saw two red bursts of flame, sharply contrasted against the black side curtains. He saw a flash of steel. He gasped as he watched the roadster swerve crazily to one side and the other, but continue its pace.

"Hey, Sam!" he called to the fireman. "They're shootin'."

"What the hell!" bawled Sam as he leaned from the gangway.

Both men could see the rider on the roadster running board take aim with the rifle he carried. The 412 was making too much noise to enable them to hear the report of the shot, but they saw a puff of gray smoke, and then the man lowered his rifle.

About this time the 412 was in sight of the whistle post for the grade crossing where the highway split across the main line.

Pop swallowed hard. Was that fellow in the touring car going to try to beat the 412 to it? Pop grabbed his whistle lever and bore down. The whistle post flashed by. One thousand feet ahead was the crossing.

Pop grasped his throttle. A lot of quick thinking went on beneath his skull, and it wasn't about getting old, or making his last run. He looked out at the touring car. Surely that fellow'd ease off and stop. His hood wasn't any more than on a line with the middle of the tank. Ought to have enough sense to know he couldn't beat the 412 to the cattle guard.

It doesn't take long to go a thousand feet when traveling at a seventy-five-mile clip, and what happened was more or less a blur in Pop's brain. He saw that the touring car apparently had no intention whatever of easing off its speed, but he only saw it when the pilot of the 412 split across the highway. Pop held his breath as he watched the touring car swerve on the slight curve to the main line, saw its front wheels sideswipe the center of the tank, watched the car hurtle into the air, turn over three times and collapse against a ledge of rock that lined the far side of the road.

At the same instant Pop's throttle was shot home, and the air valve shot into the big hole. Sam, on the deck, was caught with a scoopful in mid-air, and hurled against the boiler when the brakes took hold.

Pop slumped down on his seat box and buried his face in the palms of his hands.

A half a century in the saddle without a scratch or a wreck!

A great, heart-rending sob filled the

old engineer's throat. Sam put a big hand consolingly on his shoulder.

"All right, Pop," Sam said awkwardly. "It's all right. You didn't do nothin', Pop. Come on, Pop."

"Yeh, I done it—I—done—it, Sam," Pop half sobbed. "Lord—what 'll I say—what 'll I do?"

They were pretty well beyond the wreck when they stopped. He was dimly aware of Sam taking the throttle, hossing her over, and backing up.

"Jus' take it easy, Pop," Sam mumbled after he'd stopped. "Jus' take it easy now an' I'll run back an' see what the hell."

Sam dropped from the deck, but Pop did not rouse. His head was low on his breast. Through his brain was reeling a muddled series of things. He saw one moment the eyes of Effie, peering at him from under the hand that shaded her eyes when she waved him west.

He saw death. He knew no human life could survive that crash back there at the crossing. He was tired. If he could only just lie down and drift away.

VII

"Come on, Pop," he felt Sam shaking his thin shoulders gently. "Come on, now. We're goin' to town. It's all right, Pop. You didn't do nothin'. Just a couple yeggs they was, with the sheriff chasin' 'em. They looted the trust company an' they was runnin' for it with fifty thousand in a bag. Come on, Pop."

Mechanically Pop pulled himself together. Like a man in a trance he opened his throttle. He had eighteen miles to go and somehow he got through it. Block lights flashed by him, and he saw them, but to himself he seemed like two persons.

It was the cheers that sort of brought him back to earth. Cheers and cries and the strains of a band. He was aware that he'd arrived. He knew he was stepping down from its big deck, and he'd never get back up to that seat box again.

The crowd swept Pop off his feet. A committee of the boys from the roundhouse had him on their shoulders. The roundhouse whistle cut loose. Every yard engine in town joined in the din and drowned out the band. Pop fought hard for his nerve and his head. He knew he was trying to smile, then he caught sight of Effie elbowing her way to the edge of the baggage truck on which the committee placed him.

Somehow Effie's reassuring smile helped him to get himself under control.

The band struck up a lively air. They were making as much fuss as they did when the boys came back from the war.

Finally Superintendent Melvey held up both arms for quiet.

"We were all set to welcome an engineer with a spotless record," he began after clearing his throat, "when we laid our plans for this party to our old friend Pop Howland. We all knew what a wonderful fellow Pop was. There isn't any one here who hasn't worked with him in some way or other that can say otherwise."

Pop's knees were getting weaker and trembling harder. Lord, but he hoped they wouldn't go and try to puff him up so now, after he'd virtually killed two men.

"But, as I started to say," Melvey went on, "when we made our plans to give Pop this little send-off, we didn't know we were going to be able to pay our tribute not only to an engineer with

a spotless record after fifty years of service in an engine cab, but to a regular hero as well.

"Folks, the rumor that Pop Howland has finally had what comes close to being a smashup reached you before Pop did. Some of you think you know what it's all about, but I know you don't know.

"I don't mind telling you all that I had a pretty nice speech fixed up for this occasion, but Pop has sure shot it up.

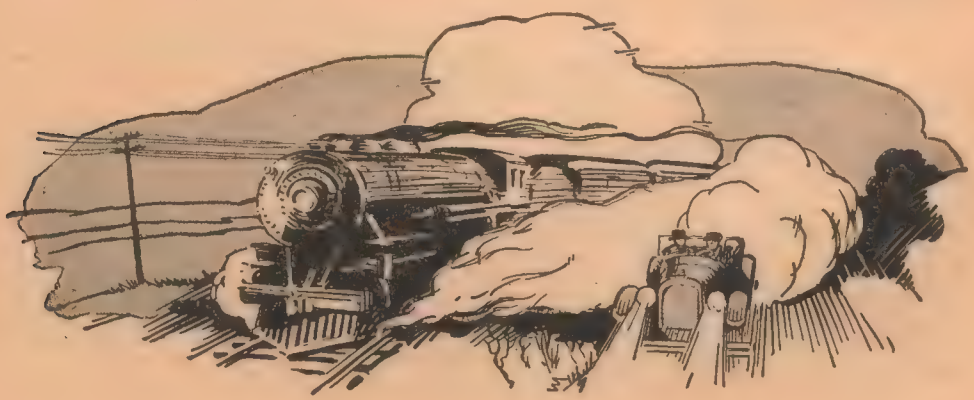
"Folks, Pop Howland's record, so far as his railroading is concerned, still is without a blemish. Those of you who've heard he killed two men at a grade crossing this side of Lorian not more than an hour ago, haven't got it straight.

"Two men in a touring car who had robbed the Lorian Bank & Trust Company and had fifty thousand dollars aboard ran into Pop's engine tank while they were trying to get away from the sheriff. Pop was going better than seventy, and so were these men. I got part of the story from Sam Villers. Pop saw the sheriff following the bandit car in a roadster, firing away with his rifle. Pop knew if he'd give his engine her head, he'd block that crossing so the sheriff'd make his catch. That's what Pop did, folks, and that's why I say we're welcoming back a darn fine hero.

"The two men who died because they were so unfortunate as to try to drive an automobile through the tank of a 400 class engine, according to a telegram I have here, have been identified as two of a gang in the Shoshone mail robbery of a year ago. There's a price of two thousand on each one's head. The sheriff at Lorian has wired me to tell you friends, neighbors and fellow workmen, that he's splitting that purse with Pop. This veteran, folks, took fifty years in which to show us what a real good engineer is, and on the last run of his career he showed us what a hero he could be."

Pop was coming out of his daze when Effie got him home. Some neighbors came in and congratulated Pop on his quick thinking, and everybody had a grand time. That night Effie did some tall planning on what she and Pop would do with their share of the reward. California? Effie told Pop she sure did say so.

But Pop never knew, and the sheriff never told him, that the man at the wheel of the curtained car was his son Frank. In fact, the sheriff never told any one.



Sunny Side of the Track

Hard Going

AN engineer had succeeded at last in getting his train up a very steep mountain grade, and brought it to a stop at the station.

"Phew!" he said, spying the new brakeman, who was on his first trip. "We sure had a hard time making it up here, didn't we?"

"I'll say we did," replied the brakeman, "and we'd have slipped back down that mountain if I hadn't kept the brakes on tight."

* * *

A Reasonable Request

THE late Samuel Sloan, president of the old Cayuga & Susquehanna R. R., loved speed, and once played a joke on a notoriously slow train. He had this sign painted, which he hung in one of the cars when no one was looking:

"Passengers are requested not to pluck flowers while the train is in motion."

* * *

Overheard on the Limited

FIRST Pullman Traveler: "I slept like a log last night."

Second: "Yes, I heard you sawing it."

* * *

A Treat for Raymond

A WOMAN, leading a small boy, asked the ticket agent in a railroad station: "What's the fare to Indian Ridge?"

"Fifty-two cents," the agent answered. "I've told you that eight times now," he added mildly.

"I know you have," said the woman, "but Raymond likes to see you come to the window. He says it reminds him of the zoo."

* * *

Engine Failure

A MASTER mechanic asked a boomer fireman for a report on the failure of engine No. 1551 on red ball train No. 66. The report follows:

I wanted to kill the big jack when we were in Prairie Town siding for No. 3, but the hogger prevailed upon me to try her a little further. O, well, on the next slope she succumbed of her own accord.

In other words, she passed out, bit the dust, etc., survived by two shacks, a big ox, a hog-head and a worked-down tallowpot.

She was a good mill when not leaking; the only thing she needed was an automatic stoker instead of a No. 4 scoop. The cause of her demise is not known. One way to find out is to have an autopsy performed by your boss boilermaker inspector.

Bozo Texino, Fireman.

* * *

The Latest Motive Power

HOME GUARD: "What's the latest motive power in Russia?"

BOOMER (who has been there): "That's hard to say. All the U. S. S. R. trains are late, but they vary in their lateness."

* * *

An Embarrassing True Experience

THIS actually happened: Mr. and Mrs. D were traveling in a sleeper, but to different destinations. Mrs. D was to get off at Brownsville, 4 A.M., while her husband was going on through to the end of the line.

"Don't get up to see me off, Jim," said Mrs. D. "The porter can help me. You know how sleepy you are in the early morning."

It was decided that at 3.30 the wife would take all her belongings to the dressing room, so Jim could go back to sleep. Mrs. D did this and then discovered she had left her purse in the berth, of which she had forgotten the number. She walked down the aisle, hoping to identify it. Sure enough, that was Jim snoring.

"Hand me my purse, Jim," she said, as she reached an arm into the berth, shaking him vigorously by one leg.

The snoring stopped, but Jim failed to give up the purse. Mrs. D shook him once more. Still no answer. She became excited. The train was nearing Brownsville. For the third time Mrs. D shook the leg, asking him to hand out her purse.

Then from behind a curtain three berths farther down the aisle, she heard Jim saying, "Sue, here's your purse."

Sandy River Blues

America's Longest Two-Foot-Gauge Line, with a Glorious History of 52 Years, Is Now in Receivers' Hands and Is Fighting Desperately to Continue Operation

By FREEMAN H. HUBBARD

Managing Editor, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Lashed by Winter Storms, About Forty Years Ago, the Sandy River Overflowed Its Banks and Caused Plenty of Trouble to the Railroad Which Bears Its Name

A DEATH march is wailing through the forests of Maine. Automobiles and motor trucks are slowly crushing the life out of the longest, most picturesque railroad of its type in America.

Last year 100 men were on the pay roll of the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes Railroad, in the Pine Tree State; to-day there are barely 60! This pike, winding for 96 miles on the narrowest of narrow-gauge tracks, two feet wide, is reduced to a skeleton force grimly awaiting the last flag.

"I expect to visit you again next year," I said to Ed West, the only hogger left in passenger service on the Sandy River Line, after I had ridden with him from Farmington to Rangeley and back again.

"I don't know if we'll have a railroad then," he answered sadly, "unless a miracle happens."

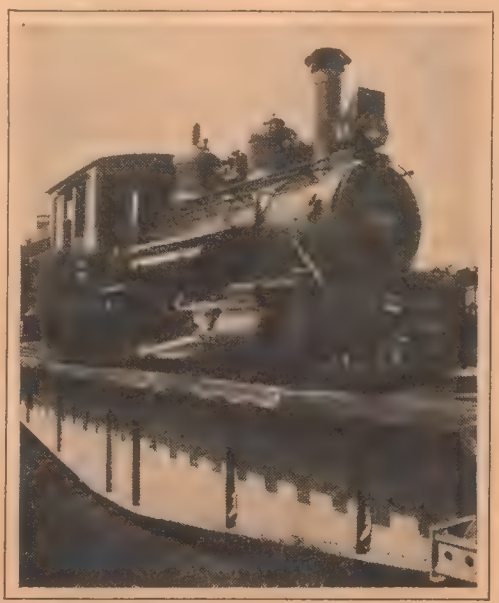
For more than 30 years Ed worked on the right-hand side of Forney and

Maine Central R. R. Station at Farmington; an Old Photo Showing a Two-Foot-Gauge Car of the Sandy River Line under the Train Shed at the Left. The Scene Hasn't Changed Much in 25 Years

Prairie type Baldwins, pulling passenger and freight on the old S. R. & R. L. Long lumber, and later pulpwood, were the great industries that brought prosperity to the midget road —and to those sections of Western Maine which it traversed. Many a time Ed hauled 25 carloads of freight on one train, and sometimes a good 400 passengers.

To-day there isn't one unmixed passenger train left on the whole Sandy River Line! A few months ago they stopped running steam trains up to Rangeley, 20 miles from the Canadian border. Ed was pulled out of the engine cab and is now driving a rail bus with a cowcatcher in front and a trailer truck for baggage.

The company has five rail motor cars—two for passengers, three in work service. They are probably the only motor cars in the country that run on two-foot gauge tracks, and were constructed at the Sandy River shops in Phillips from patterns designed by L. W. Stinchfield, master mechanic.



S. R. & R. L. Engine No. 21, a Forney Type, on the Turntable at Phillips

In this contraption Ed highballs along at 25 miles an hour through a region of remarkable scenic beauty, paralleling for miles the Sandy River itself, snaking through hardwood forests, rounding twenty degree curves and climbing

four-per cent grades to an altitude of 1800 feet at Rangeley.

The S. R. & R. L. is Y-shaped, its three terminals being Farmington, Rangeley and Carrabasset. The middle of the Y is Strong. Its station agent, Frank L. Dyer, with 51 years seniority, was pictured in the May, 1931, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

Ed's rail bus makes the round trip twice a day, meeting the two Maine Central trains at Farmington. It is a big day for him when there are six or eight passengers aboard—yet in the years that are gone *he often had 50 times that number!*

My wife and I were his only passengers the night we rode with him, and he gave us a personally conducted tour I will never forget. We halted wherever Ed had something of interest to point out—one time it was a spring where the hogger insisted we sample "the clearest, coldest spring water in Maine."

Later on he remarked, "We used to run ten trains a day and now—"

He waved back toward the empty seats.

"This road's got a lot of friends yet," he continued. "Take Frederick N. Beal, f'r instance. Why, Fred's one of the biggest pulpwood dealers in this section of Maine. He's losing money every day in the week, shipping by train, but Fred wouldn't use trucks if they was to haul his stuff free. That's what Fred Beal thinks of the Sandy River Line. Him and one other pulpwood concern is what's keeping this road alive."

It was a thrilling trip. I saw more wild animals in the headlight glare that night than I'd ever seen at one time outside of a zoo.

"What's that funny-looking creature?" I inquired once.

"Porcupine," said Mr. West.

Porky was ambling along the track so leisurely and unconcernedly that the rail-bus hogger had to "wipe the clock" in order to avoid a fatality. We saw other hedgehogs on that trip, also deer, fox, rabbits and chipmunks.

"Sometimes I catch sight of a b'ar," Ed explained. "There's plenty of 'em hereabouts."

In the early days the Sandy River train and engine crews used to shoot big game while on duty. One morning the fireman on a passenger train near Carrabasset sighted a deer at the left. Seizing his rifle, he stepped off the engine, which was moving slowly up grade, and drew a bead on the animal. Almost at the same time the hogger spied another deer on the right. Without even closing the throttle, he jumped off the locomotive with his rifle and disappeared into the underbrush.

Fortunately, both men were noticed by the conductor, who climbed over the tender and brought the train to a stop. The passengers waited cheerfully for the engine crew's return.

That evening the superintendent called the engineer on the carpet for having left his cab. Instead of taking the reprimand humbly, the engineman retorted indignantly:

"Things have come to a pretty pass if a man can't even shoot a deer when he sees one."

Later I met Mr. Beal, who, I learned, had worked on the midget road for 40 years. He began in 1880 as express messenger, then served as trainman and later freight and passenger agent. In 1911, when the Maine Central bought all the S. R. & R. L. stock at the dictation of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, Mr. Beal was appointed general manager.

"It's pathetic to recall how this little

road has dwindled," Mr. Beal told me. "In 1919 we hauled 70,000 cords of pulpwood; last year, only 12,000! The Sandy River used to pay 20 per cent on its stock; now it can't even meet its bills!

"Why, this is the longest two-foot gauge road in America. It started in 1877, when George E. Mansfield, sponsor of the Bedford & Billerica narrow-gauge line in Massachusetts, was invited to address the merchants and farmers of Strong. They wanted a railroad, and they raised $119,000 from stocks and bonds, some of which was paid for in the form of corded wood. The original shares of stock, par value $50, had to be sold at $10 before the road proved its worth. They finally soared to $75.

"In 1879, eighteen miles of track were laid between Farmington and Phillips. The latter town had voted $14,000 in stock, provided a train ran into Phillips on or before November 20.

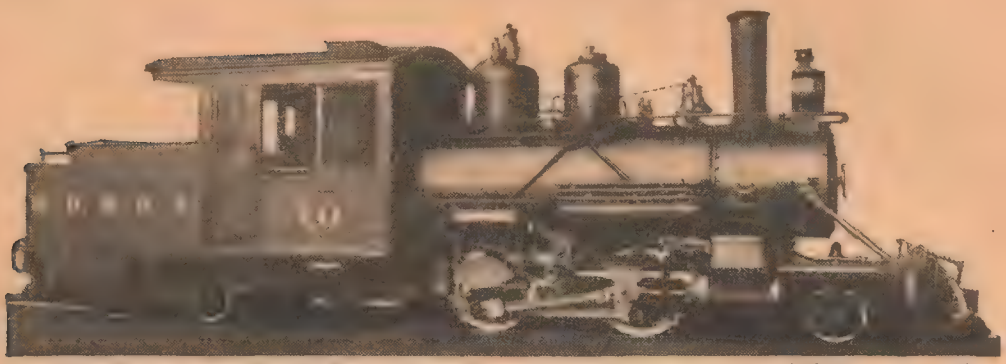
"On the nineteenth the stores were closed, while merchants, professional men and farmers, together with all the laborers available, turned out to lay the last half mile of track. At ten thirty that night the first train, made up of an engine and a flat car, pulled in, and the town's financial support was assured.

"The original equipment consisted of two 11-ton locomotives, two passenger coaches, one baggage car and five flat cars, all purchased from the then defunct Bedford & Billerica. By 1918 we had 16 locomotives, the largest weighing nearly sixty tons. Our rolling stock at that time consisted of more than 300 cars.

A Rail Bus Novelty—Passenger Coach with Baggage Trailer Truck. There Are Only Two of This Design in the World; Both Were Constructed by Sandy River Line for Its Exceptionally Narrow Tracks

"The earliest rail was six miles of 25-pound iron, also from the B. & B. Grading, ballasting, trestles and rail-laying cost only $1,500 per mile. Today that price seems ridiculously low, in view of the fact that 74 trestles had to be built in those 18 miles.

"Other towns clamored for rail connections, and in time the mileage crept up to 105, including logging branch roads. Our peak of prosperity was reached in 1919, when we hauled the



A Midget Passenger and Freight Engine, Forney Type, Built by Baldwin; 12 x 16-Inch Cylinders; 36-Inch Drivers; Boiler Pressure, 180 Pounds; Total Weight, 75,750 Pounds

equivalent of 5,000 standard-gauge loaded box cars westbound and 1,000 eastbound, in addition to passengers and miscellaneous freight. We operated on less than 55 per cent of our gross earnings, which was very exceptional, as any budget expert will tell you. And not one passenger was killed or badly hurt in fifty-two years of operation!"

Maine winters are bitterly cold, and railroaders tell of bucking snow and ice on the narrow gauge. One time Ed West's engine jumped the tracks and slid down into a field without upsetting or even breaking the surface of the hard ice. In the famous blizzard of 1888, when a train with three engines was stalled in a snowdrift, Fred Beal helped to carry women and children into a near-by farmhouse.

In 1882 a Sandy River train battled with the snow for three successive days, covering the 18 miles from Phillips to Farmington! The one hundred men that made the trip were aided all along the way by farmers and other volunteers. In places, for hundreds of yards, the snow had to be thrown up a second time. That is, a shelf was made to relay the snow from the shovelers on the track to the top of the outer shoulders. Any one standing off the right-of-way could not see even the smokestack of a locomotive forcing its way through those drifts.

Arthur H. Robinson, traffic manager and auditor, showed me the company's offices, shops and roundhouse at Phillips. Eight locomotives, all serviceable, were slowly rusting in the roundhouse.

And Here's What a 2-Foot-Gauge Baldwin Passenger Locomotive Looks Like; Forney Type; 11½ x 14-Inch Cylinders; 180 Pounds Boiler Pressure; 35-Inch Drivers; Total Weight, 56,750 Pounds

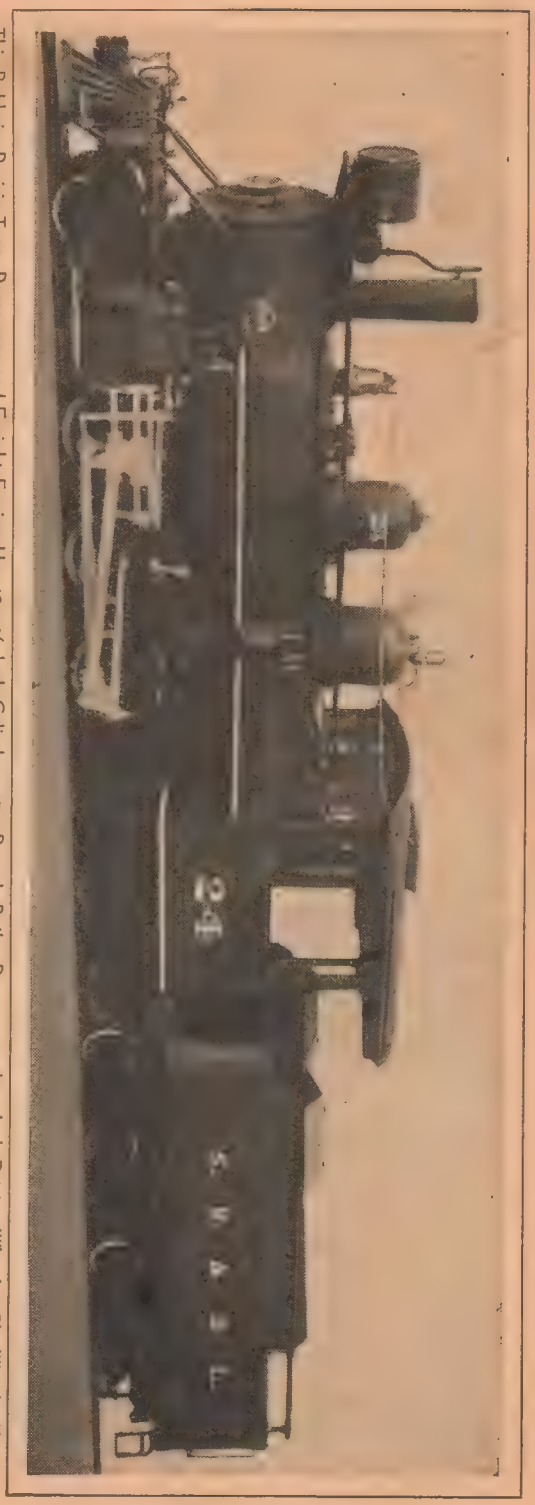
Only two were in service on the entire line at that time—No. 16, pulling mixed passenger and freight between Farmington and Carrabasset, and a freight engine moving pulpwood. Up to last May four of those ten engines were in daily service.

The midget road has 290 freight cars, most of them waiting on sidings for a business boom to save them from disintegration. It has also six passenger coaches, two combination cars, two baggage and mail, five snow plows, 18 cars used for company service, five rail motor cars, and two motor trucks which are used on the highways.

Also a Pullman car—probably the only one in the world used on a two-foot gauge road! Once it was the pride and joy of Franklin County, but when I saw it we had to brush away cobwebs from the door, for that Pullman hasn't seen regular service in fifteen years.

If you've never met a midget parlor car, you'd be delighted with this one. It was made to order for the S. R. & R. L. by the Delaware Car Works, Wilmington, Delaware, 20 years ago. On either side of the aisle are single seats. Everything like a regular Pullman, only smaller. Some day it will ride the rails again—maybe.

"Most of our business is freight," said Robinson, "and the bulk of that is pulpwood. In 1919 our freight revenue



This Baldwin, Prairie Type, Passenger and Freight Engine Has 12 x 16-Inch Cylinders, 170 Pounds Boiler Pressure and 33-Inch Driving Wheels. She Weighs About 100,000 Pounds, Including the Tender, Which Holds 3 Tons of Soft Coal and 200 Gallons of Water. The Total Length of Engine and Tender Is 47 Feet, 2 Inches

totaled $350,000. By 1928 it had dropped to $189,000, and last year, $130,000. The 1931 figure will reach about $100,000. Our passenger revenue is less than $10,000 a year. Trucks and automobiles, combined with depression in the pulpwood industry, have put us in a pretty bad way. We may be able to go on, but—"

Ed West was signalling from his rail bus, so I waved good-by and hopped aboard. As we highballed out of the Phillips station there came into my mind the words of Olin Lyman's poem, "Abandoned." You may remember seeing it in the September, 1930, RAILROAD MAN'S:

The night is born, and the stars awake
While the moon ascends the sky;
A ghostly wind stirs a lonely lake
To the wail of a loon's weird cry,
And the vines creep up to the broken door
Of a station where man will come no more.

Courtesy Swiss Federal Railroads

On the Eselwand Section of the Pilatus Railway, Lake Lucerne, Switzerland

He Swore That 1001 West Had Not Passed, the Boomer Lightning Slinger Did, but the Night Chief Called the Big Hook—A Story Based on an Actual Happening

The Unworthy Brother

By L. KEITH DAVIS

Author of "Railroad or Ramble," "Lever Seventeen," etc.

Illustrated by D. H. Hilliker

RAILS know that a train dispatcher gets a generous portion of deserved and undeserved abuse from the boys out on the line; some of us know something of the panning he gets from his superiors; but there are few men, even among rails, who can realize what a tragic thing it is to see one of these delay dispensers break down completely.

In the good old days before phones Bill Bidford worked third trick on the Stormy district, east out of Chilson. Bidford was a good dispatcher. I know, because I gathered up odds and ends, delays and alibis that constituted the morning division report in his office. Until the night of the tragic ending of an unblemished record I had believed the man perfect in his work.

The district was cluttered up with a flock of cow trains that night. It was also Friday, which meant that we had the "rambling sow"—the bi-weekly De Luxe coast special, a new train, and an innovation then. To delay that train was to flirt with immediate discharge unless the alibi were ironclad.

To further complicate matters, we had that night something else still more unusual—a snowstorm over the entire district.

Down here in cactus-land, like the gila monster and the desert hen, we're all finely attuned to sunshine. We can get through a sandstorm occasionally, but a sudden summer shower or a day's gentle winter rain disturbs the balance of the entire division. It would be putting it mildly to say the whole works is shot to hell in a snowstorm.

II

No. 1001, the De Luxe westbound, was received on the district thirty min-

utes late. Gus Kohler, the most reliable runner we ever had on this old road, managed to snake it down a long mountain grade and across forty miles of desert into Botara in just fifteen minutes less than the carded time. Since Botara was the halfway point, there was a good chance of bringing it in on the advertised, in spite of the snow.

No. 4, the eastbound mail, whose regular meet with the De Luxe was at Curtiss, left Chilson on time and with nothing on the De Luxe. Bidford figured the Dutchman might wheel 'em into Curtiss so near on time that he couldn't help No. 4. Anyway, he laid off for the moment.

West of Botara the snow was heavier, as indicated by Wilsonville's O. S. on the De Luxe some thirty minutes later. Instead of making up any more time, it had lost a couple of minutes from Botara. The eighteen miles from Wilsonville to Summit was a tough climb, even in good weather.

Bidford began to figure. The operator at Summit reported about eight inches of snow with apparently little drifting. Curtiss, at the foot of this mountain on the west side, reported a fall of six inches and no wind, and an indication that the storm was about over.

This information gave Bidford assurance and he decided to give No. 4 a little help on the De Luxe. Summit answered promptly for "31 copy 3." Curtiss evidently had stepped out for a moment, for he did not answer promptly as usual. Bidford called him a few times and, being considerably rushed with the previously mentioned cow trains, went ahead and gave Summit the 31.

No. 1001 ENG 3014 WAIT AT PILLAR UNTIL TWO TWENTY 220 AM AND AT MODART UNTIL TWO THIRTY TWO 232 AM FOR No. 4 ENG 3025.

Bidford's clear, snappy stuff carried out into the hall and followed me as I went upstairs for some report blanks in the stationery room.

When I returned the dispatcher was still calling Curtiss. He was anxious to get that time out there in time for the operator to bring 'em down the main. With good luck No. 4 could make that 2.20 wait, which would save them a fifteen or twenty minute delay, and it wouldn't hurt the De Luxe more than a minute or two, if that.

Curtiss finally answered, reporting No. 4 coming in sight.

"Bring him down the main," Bidford snapped, and then gave him the help on the De Luxe.

When he had cleared No. 4 at Curtiss he called Summit to ask about No. 1001. This time it was Summit that seemed to be in the hay. It was fully five minutes before he answered. Bidford was getting pretty touchy by this time, and it was quite natural for him to make sarcastic inquiry about the "bucket of coal" when he asked about 1001.

This lightning slinger was a boomer who hadn't been with us many days, and of course we didn't know a great deal about him. But his stuff sounded a bit hilarious when he replied, very politely, that he had run out of coal, had been out on the mountainside picking up firewood, and that No. 1001 had not shown yet.

Bidford wouldn't have stood for that kind of retort from many men, and I watched him closely while he held the key open for a moment.

Somehow, something the op had said, or the way he'd said it, seemed to have awakened memories in the dis-

patcher's mind. There was a strange, far-away look in Bidford's eyes that I'd never seen before.

He called Wilsonville to verify the time of the O. S. there. Wilsonville replied that No. 1001 was by at 12.58 and should be showing at Summit at 1.40.

Bidford called Summit again.

"What's the weather there?" he asked.

"Snowing like hell," the boomer replied.

Bidford nervously rolled a cigarette, got up and took a turn around the room.

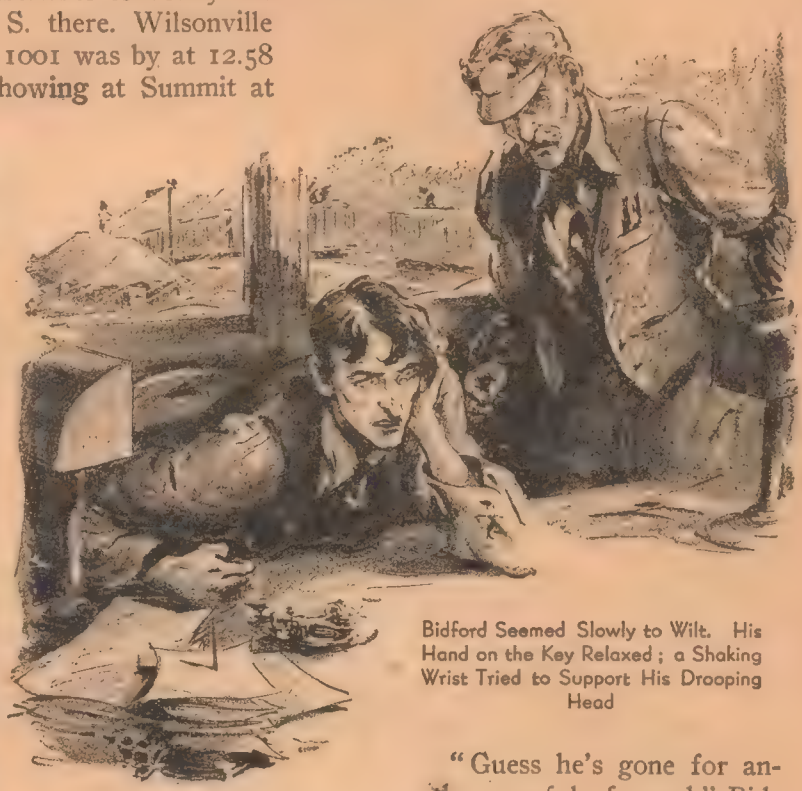
"Looks like Four is in for a stab at Pillar now," he said to me.

It was the first time I had ever seen him appear nervous. And he was certainly steamed up about something.

The night chief, old Dan Cahill, returned from lunch at this time, and as he was glancing over the situation on the sheet, Bidford hurriedly took his chair and started calling Summit again. The chief stood beside the table for a few moments while Bidford continued his impatient calling.

As though he sensed something wrong Cahill watched the dispatcher closely, noting, with a puzzled expression, how Bidford's broad, white forehead glistened with perspiration not caused by the temperature of that room.

"What's the matter with that bird at M U?" Cahill growled. "Dead or just drunk?"



Bidford Seemed Slowly to Wilt. His Hand on the Key Relaxed; a Shaking Wrist Tried to Support His Drooping Head

"Guess he's gone for another armful of wood," Bidford replied, trying weakly to smile with the joke.

"You got his repeat on that thirty-one O. K.?" the chief asked.

"Sure; there it is in the book—no, let's see—here's where I copied it from his repeat and then checked it against the book later."

Bidford's hand, usually steady as steel, shook a trifle now and then as he cracked out Summit's call: "MU, MU, MU, MU, DS."

The chief stood there for another half minute, gnawing savagely at his lower lip." Then suddenly his mouth snapped into a straight, firm line and he took off his coat.

"Go out and get yourself a shot of

Java," he told Bidford. "I'll call that bird till you get back."

Bidford seemed reluctant to leave, hesitating a moment, his eyes darting anxiously here and there over the train sheet as though trying hard to remember something.

When Bidford had left the room Cahill immediately called Wilsonville and asked that wakeful op if he had heard that wait order given to Summit.

"Yes, I heard him put it out," Wilsonville came back promptly, and then he hesitated: "But I don't remember positively that MU repeated it."

Cahill called several other operators to ask the same question, but no one else remembered hearing the order to MU.

III

THE chief then settled down to calling Summit, only to be interrupted by Bidford's startling entry into the room. Cahill's mouth dropped open wide when he saw the expression on Bidford's face. The trick man's face was a sickly gray; a horror seemed to grip him; his eyes stood out unnaturally, staring with dread or fear.

"Le'me down there—quick," he gulped. "Move, damn it, move—I got to wake him up—"

Cahill got up slowly without a word, and Bidford's fingers clawed the key awkwardly in his eagerness to call MU. He had barely sounded the call when the wire went open for a moment, and then, "I, I, MU."

"Where's 1001?" Bidford jerked out.

"No sign yet," Summit replied.

"They should have been there five minutes ago," Bidford told him. "Where have you been for the past ten minutes?"

"Out on the platform building a snowman," was the sarcastic reply.

Bidford seemed to slowly wilt. His hand on the key relaxed, the wire going open as he suddenly slumped forward on the table. A shaking hand tried to support his drooping head. He was fighting hard, but he was done up. Cahill was beside him in a second. He helped the stricken man to a chair at a side desk and hurried back to the key. To Summit he said: "This is CD. Have you got order No. 113 there for No. 1001?"

This question roused Bidford from his nervous collapse. He raised his haggard face and started forward, listening with great intensity for the boomer's reply.

"Sure, I got a 31 here for 'em—order 113," Summit replied.

The effect of this information on the dispatcher was surprising, to say the least. When we naturally expected him to perk up with the assurance that he was in the clear with that order, he did exactly the opposite and put us all in the dark by breaking down miserably again.

Cahill swore feelingly as he called back to Summit.

"Repeat that order again," he told the boomer op, while I grabbed the book and checked it. It was O. K.

"Are you sure there's no way 1001 could have passed?" Cahill began.

But the op broke in angrily:

"Course I'm sure. What do—"

"Go out and take a look at the snow on the track," Cahill ordered. "You can tell that way if they've passed."

Then the op blew up with a loud noise. He kept that string mighty warm while he proceeded to tell Cahill what he thought of dispatchers in general, and one in particular who would so question his word or intelligence.

Cahill opened the key for a moment, going hurriedly over the situation while his eyes seemed to search the face of the big clock for a solution. Of course, it was entirely possible that 1001 had not passed Summit yet, but everything seemed to tell us that they had.

Bidford, shuddering fitfully in nervous collapse, turned his head to stare with horror-stricken eyes at the big clock. It was now 2.17.

"My God, they'll hit in another minute," he groaned. "Four won't be in the clear—they can't see a hundred yards in that snow—on those curves—"

"Shut up," snarled Cahill, and, turning to me, barked out: "Get hold of long distance. Find out if there's a phone at Lander's Mine. If you can raise them, see if 1001 has passed."

Lander's Mine was about halfway between Summit and Pillar, the mine office being near the main line on a little spur that served the mine and mill. There was a watchman on duty all night, the telephone girl said, and in two or three minutes we had him on the line.

"Yeah," he replied to my anxious question, "the flyer went down the hill ten or fifteen minutes ago. Goin' a hellin', too."

Cahill gritted out one expressive "damn," his eyes fixed on the standard time, figuring frantically.

"Just one chance in a thousand that No. 4 beats him to Pillar—no, there's not that much chance. They're together right now, barring a miracle. Open one of those windows, Marshall. It's getting hellish hot in here."

Grim and businesslike, the old chief called the roundhouse. "Take a call," he bellowed. "Call extra east—the hook—for 245. Use that high-wheeler you've got hot for the morning local. We're picking up a mess of Pullmans on Jackson Hill."

In quick succession he called the yard office, the car shops, and the division surgeon.

"Never knew it to fail," he grumbled. "When things happen, it's always when the Old Man is away and the trainmaster is at the other end of the division."

We knew now, of course, that the operator at Summit had been asleep with a clear board. With eight or ten inches of snow there on the summit, the drifting train didn't make enough noise to wake him from his drunken slumber.

The telegraph office at Summit stood just over the hill on the west side. Passenger trains usually shut off a train length east of the station.

Cahill called Summit. "Where were you when 1001 passed?" he asked.

"No. 1001 not by yet," persisted the boomer.

"Go call the agent," Cahill ordered, knowing it would be useless to argue with the operator. But this op was a stubborn cuss. He absolutely refused to call the agent.

Then Cahill got mad. And when Cahill got mad, the telegraph equipment suffered. The little sounder was bouncing when all of a sudden the wire went open. The chief quickly tried the message wire, which was also open, as was the Western Union string. Every wire to Summit was dead.

Cahill promptly plugged in on the west side dispatcher's wire and got the night wire chief after a test.

"Dead open, between Curtiss and Wilsonville," reported the wire chief.

The old chief was very still for a moment, then turning to me, he announced very solemnly:

"That's them—1001 and No. 4 tangling with a telegraph pole."

He rang the roundhouse phone vigorously and demanded quick action on the high-wheeler, then called the doctor and told him to bring plenty of help.

"We may not need them—hope we don't," he said. "But if we do, we'll need 'em damned bad."

When he hung up the stillness in the office was broken by the faint click of the wires as they closed one at a time. It was the operator at Curtiss, grounding east.

"It's east of me," he reported.

"Keep your ground on," Cahill told him. "Call your section men and the doctor, also the day operator. Want you to go with them—to a point west of Pillar. Take your portable set, get there quick and shoot me the dope. Let us know when you're set."

"O. K."

IV

THE next few minutes were miserable. There we sat, hoping against hope that somehow the terrible crash of those two heavily laden Pullman trains might be averted. But we could not figure a way out.

No. 4 had time to make the 2.20 wait, and that was all—and they had a hogger that would use every minute of it. On the other hand, No. 1001, without that order, would pass Pillar not later than 2.18.

Bidford was apparently recovering somewhat from his collapse, at least physically; for he got up and walked jerkily around the table and on out into the night.

But he didn't get out of hearing of those wires. Just outside that open window he stopped, and we could hear him mumbling something to himself—some name, it seemed—but we couldn't quite get it.

Presently Curtiss called to say they would be ready to leave in five minutes. They had only one small motor car, he said, and it would be a hard drag for them to take more than five or six men on that slippery iron.

"Tell your relief to try the wires east occasionally," Cahill said. "It might be wire trouble caused by the heavy snow on the hill."

The roundhouse called them to say the hook would be ready in fifteen minutes. Cahill got Curtiss on the wire and put out running orders for the wrecker, and again we sat through interminable minutes, waiting and hoping for some word from those two trains—which were now probably twisted heaps of steel and splintered wood on the blizzard-swept mountainside.

Bidford stood just inside the office now, hanging limply over the little counter near the door, strangely silent; listening intently to every *click-click* of the sounders.

The little high-wheeled hog steamed briskly up from the roundhouse with the long, black crane, while a goat puffed raucously by with a cut of M. of W. cars. Then suddenly things began to happen on the wire. Curtiss called excitedly: "No. 1001 coming into the yard."

"*What?*" the chief snapped back.

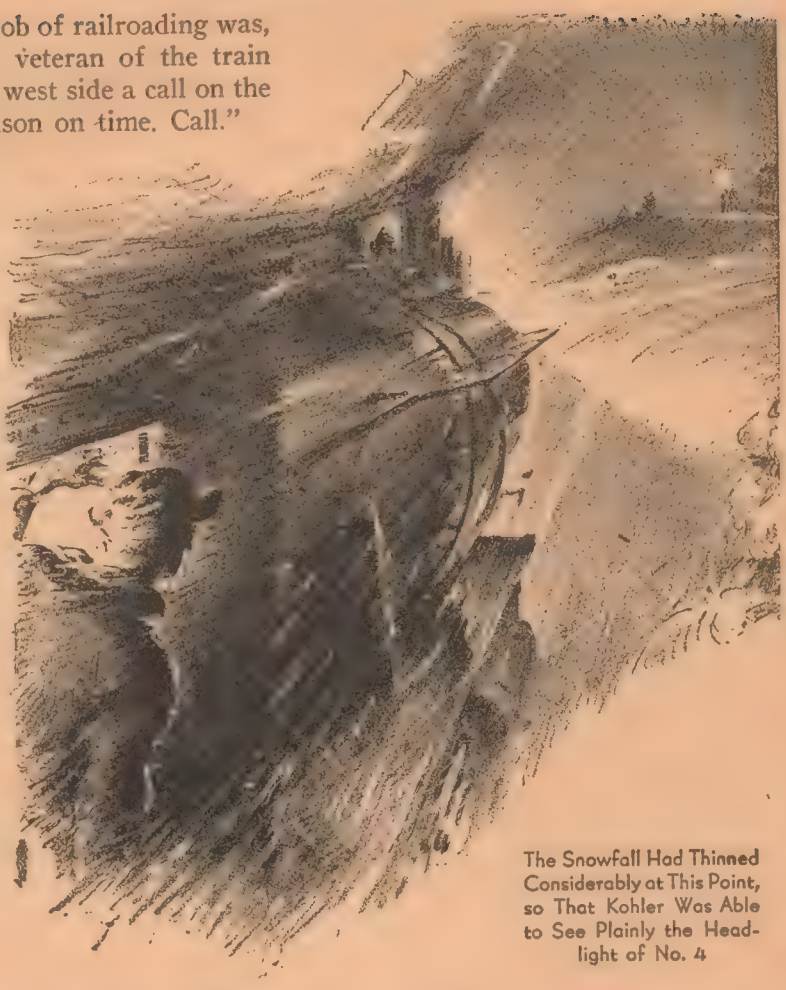
"No. 1001 rolling in now," Curtiss repeated. "I'll have the conductor in a minute."

"Get hold of Kohler," Cahill told him. "Find out where and how he met No. 4. In the meantime, copy one—bust one."

While waiting for the engineer's report, Cahill released the wrecker and the doctors, and as further proof that

he knew what a job of railroading was, this grizzled old veteran of the train sheet handed the west side a call on the De Luxe: "Chilson on time. Call."

Then Kohler, the hogger, made his report through the operator at Curtiss. It amounted to this: Coming into the east leg of the big horseshoe curve about two miles east of Pillar, a habit of years caused him to look across country from a certain point where a headlight can be seen on trains coming east, some two or three miles west of Pillar.



The Snowfall Had Thinned Considerably at This Point, so That Kohler Was Able to See Plainly the Headlight of No. 4

The snowfall had thinned considerably at this point so that Kohler was able to see plainly the headlight of No. 4. Knowing that they were making Pillar for him, he shut off, rolled down between switches at Pillar, let No. 4 in, and highballed right on out with scarcely two minutes' delay.

V

But Bill Bidford was through dispatching trains. During those awful moments when he was so apparently torn with uncertainty as to whether or not he had actually given that 31 to Summit, something had happened inside the man—that something which so utterly and miserably breaks fine railroad men. Thus I reasoned, and it was plausible enough until I talked to Cahill later. He gave me the dope on it.

When Cahill got that report from 1001 and had jotted down the O. S. from Curtiss, he told the operator to take off his east ground. The wire was O. K. through.

Immediately Summit began calling DS excitedly. But it wasn't the boomer op. It was the agent, who had responded to an urgent call by the train crew on No. 4. *The boomer op was dead.*

The crew on No. 4 found him sitting

at the telegraph table, his lifeless body sprawled grotesquely forward over the 31 addressed to No. 1001. From the agent's excited tale we learned that the boomer had been drinking tequila all night—a drink that he'd never even seen before—and his heart was bad.

We could understand now why he had seemed so sure when he said 1001 was not by. Before he took the 31, he set his semaphore as usual. The lever was on the red, all right; but a crystallized connecting rod outside had snapped and the paddle was frozen on the green.

Evidently he was in a tequila doze when they slipped by, and we learned further from the agent that the op must have realized at the last what had happened. For under the cold right hand, still clutching a pencil, was this strange farewell message:

"Sorry, Bill—" ending in a meaningless scrawl.

Somehow the horrible fact that the train was by had penetrated his liquor-fogged brain, and the realization of the awful consequences was too much for the boomer's weakened condition. In one of those queer pranks of death his hand had stretched out and opened every key on the table.

Night Chief Cahill sat there staring across the table at me for a long time as he told me the story. I asked him why Bidford had broken down so miserably when he knew he was in the clear on that order.

"Come over here, kid," he answered. "I'll show you why. See that order copied there on the margin of that sheet?" he asked. "It's a practice of the old-timer, before the days of copy operators. Some of them do it yet when the book isn't within easy reach when they're in a hurry. Bidford is one of those two-handed freaks. He writes both right and left-handed, but he sends only with his right. See?"

It was too deep for me.

"Look at the slant of the copy," Cahill went on, "and it's on the *left hand* margin of the sheet." Then I got his drift, and I agreed with his theory so far:

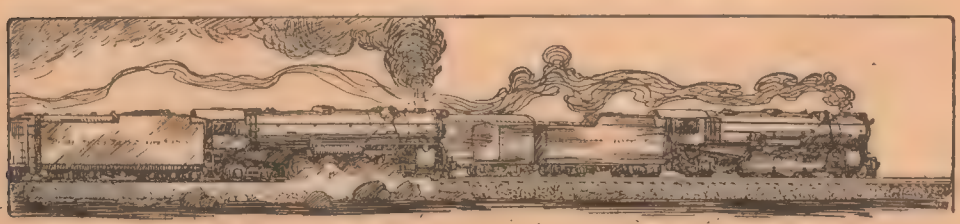
"I see. He wrote that as he sent it, and it hasn't been checked. No wonder he was uncertain—"

"That's exactly what he wanted us to think," explained the chief. "But, it was *too obvious* for a man like Bidford. I knew he didn't make mistakes like that of not checking an order." Cahill hesitated a moment, looking around to see if Bidford was in sight.

"And that," Cahill concluded, "explains the note left by the boomer at Summit. The boomer's name was John Bidford. He was Bill's brother."

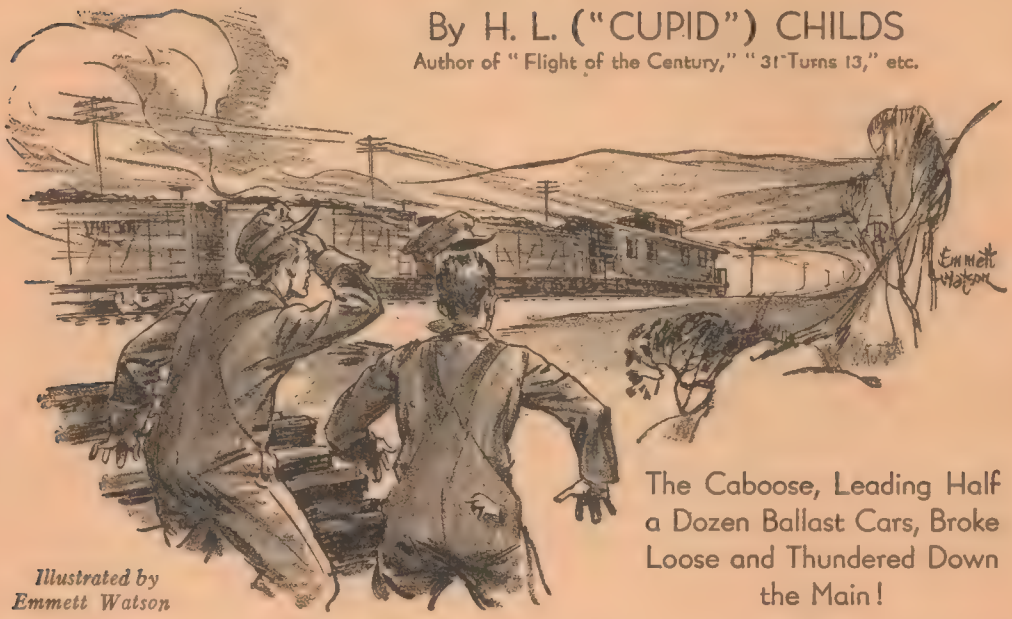
Bill Bidford left town that night, presumably to attend to the last sad rites back east somewhere. We never heard of him again.

Give the delayers a break, brothers; they're human—and you never know what a tonnage of grief they may be trying to drag along.



Riderless Runaways

By H. L. ("CUPID") CHILDS
Author of "Flight of the Century," "31 Turns 13," etc.



The Caboose, Leading Half a Dozen Ballast Cars, Broke Loose and Thundered Down the Main!

Illustrated by Emmett Watson

ABOUT twenty years ago the Northern Pacific was doing considerable ballast work on tracks in the Bad Lands of North Dakota. The work train equipment consisted mainly of old Rodger ballast cars—and even in their heydey those cars were nothing to brag about. Weak drawbars, poor air brakes, very few good hand brakes!

With a doubleheader, consisting of two cross compounds and "simple" engineers pulling about twenty of those cars, the crew had finally negotiated six miles of a grueling fourteen-mile hill. At a dinky siding they were compelled to head in for more important trains.

In starting the work train again, those two old mills lunged ahead at the same moment. This proved too much for one of the lungs, which had no doubt been looking for just such an excuse to break loose. While the captain went up to assist his student head shack in disposing of the cripple, the rear man tied them down and remained back to protect.

After some delay the main portion of the train was at last in the clear, the bad order being on a back track adjacent to the siding. Here again every available hand brake was set up and the whole crew proceeded to chain up the one with the handle out. As this was before the days of Interstate Commerce Commission regulation, there was no objection to hauling them with chains as long as the supply on the caboose held out.

The work being completed to the satisfaction of the conductor, he instructed his shacks to couple the engines to the train, pump up the air and release the stingers. While he ambled

over to a telephone booth, the brakemen carried out his instructions.

Each engineer did as he pleased; the old compounds again lunged ahead at the same time. Out came another handle about midway of the remaining bunch of the original train.

Feeling that the air would hold for the few moments required to set this second cripple to the back track, the rear man rushed ahead to aid his student buddy. Within five minutes they had it set out. Then, with the remaining good orders they backed down against the string of about ten that had been left to the mercy of Mr. Westinghouse's much neglected equipment.

Had the joint been made on the first attempt, everything might have been lovely—but no such luck. Slowly the train started moving westward, the direction from whence it had come.

Now the captain was some twenty cars away, promising the dispatcher he'd sure be ready to leave that port on the arrival of No. 5. The rear man sensed that here was a serious situation, but to him the solution at the moment was to get those stubborn joints to connect. On the next attempt he made it.

Thereupon, with a stop sign from him, the lads ahead once more used more valor than discretion with the result that—*snap! bang!*—out came another lung, some five or six cars back from the coupling.

It was, indeed, serious. By now the crummy had got up eight or ten miles speed, leading half a dozen of those ballast cars out through the switch, and they were off to the races, down toward the Little Missouri River! Not even a Paddock could have hoped to catch up with them, considering the start they had.

Now the rear man's thought was protection. Through his mind flashed the thought that No. 5 was due there. No. 5 could hardly overtake the runaways on the six miles of down grade, but what would happen as they started up the other side for a gradual climb of fifteen or twenty miles?

Besides, it wasn't good railroading to let a crack passenger train go out as second section of a decrepit bunch of gravel cars.

Meanwhile, the captain had completed his confab with the train detainer and discovered what had happened. Dashing out of the phone booth, he was just in time to bring No. 5 to a grinding stop.

As the men viewed the cloud of dust arising from the disappearing rear portion of the train, they agreed it was fortunate that the runaway had started upon its escapade with the rights of a first-class train to run upon.

More consultation followed. No. 5 backed up and one of the work train's engines went ahead of it. Both engines cautiously felt their way down hill. But caution was the last thing necessary in catching that joy-riding caboose and its companions.

Nestled along the Little Missouri is a town that is proud of its early history. You may hear reminiscences aplenty among the old-timers there, but those fellows will get real hostile if you remark that a caboose cannot outrun an engine.

"That runaway," they still insist, "tore through here at a hundred miles an hour!"

By the time the brass pounder at the depot had learned the source of this extra without orders, 'round the curve came one of the old "slam-pounds" with an expectant and somewhat anxious crew. All along they had been expecting a pile-up, but those boys

"That Runaway Tore through Here at a Hundred Miles an Hour"

had some three miles farther to go before they found the now peacefully standing cars.

The runaways had stopped in a slight sag. After the cars had been got out of No. 5's way, that train proceeded on its way, half an hour behind schedule.

The work crew then delivered what some of them felt might be their last train for that particular road. However, the captain and the rear man got off with thirty days' suspension and no ill feelings.

* * *

SO much for riderless runaways. Here's a yarn by Jack Tooker, of Grand Cañon, Arizona, in which the runaway was not riderless, but which had a surprising aftermath. Jack insists the story is true.

Trains Nos. 19 and 20 on the Mexico-International Railway run out of Torreon, Mexico, for the special benefit of the Velardeña Mining and Smelting Company, a Guggenheim outfit, crossing over two mountain ranges.

One day Gardner, the regular conductor, laid off and the run was taken by Jim Phalen, who was somewhat of a nut. Jim posed as a bad *hombre* and always carried a gun.

Eighteen heavily loaded bad order cars stood at Velardeña, awaiting repairs. Gardner had sidetracked them because of defective brakes. Phalen decided to take these cars in, which meant a double train.

Picking up nine of them with good brakes on the head end, he filled out with nine bad order cars on the rear. Elmer Nelson, the hogger, had warned him of the many bad order cars in the yard, and the necessity of having all air-brake cars, but Phalen ignored the warning.

As they topped Janorchi Mountain, Nelson made the usual application to feel out the train. The slack

ran in and he stopped, believing an angle cock had been turned somewhere. Halfway back, the engineer found what was wrong, and said to the conductor:

"What kind of a fool are you, anyway, tryin' to handle bad order cars on a mountain grade? It's against the rules, and it's not safe."

"I'm running this train," Phalen retorted, "and no hoghead is going to tell me how."

"You might be runnin' the train," Nelson growled, "but you're not big enough to make me go when I know it's not safe. I refuse to commit suicide or murder the crew."

Then he sensed something amiss in the conductor's behavior, so he added hastily:

"I can handle the train down this grade, and keep it right side up, as the grade is short and we have a clear track. But I won't start down Chapardoros Mountain without help."

Nelson handled this train safely; they set out at Chapardoros, returning for the second cut. Phalen made up his train as before, half bad order.

The double made No. 20 late on its schedule and before leaving Valerdania they received orders that work extra train No. 419 would work on the time of No. 20 between Loma and Chapardoros. They arrived at Chapardoros and, putting the two cuts together, Phalen gave a highball.

Nelson refused to move. Phalen went to the head end, inquiring:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing at all," responded the hogger. "But I'm not startin' down this mountain with a bad order train unless you and your shacks promise to help hold the train."

"Then you refuse to take my signal?" Phalen asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I'll get another engineer."

"I am not worryin' any about the other engineer," Nelson replied. "What's worryin' me is gettin' down this mountain alive."

Reassured at last, Nelson looked at his watch and whistled off. The train crew caught the caboose.

As they approached the first curve, Elmer shot twenty pounds under the cars. It hardly made an impression. Twenty pounds more; still they did not slow up.

Nelson reached for the whistle. It had become disconnected because of the shaky wooden cab. To connect it he must crawl on top the cab, a feat next to impossible at the present speed —besides, he had no bolt!

The hogger looked back over the train. In a flash he realized he had been tricked. He kicked the brake off, throwing the handle in full release.

Seizing a wrench, he rushed to the fireman's window. The air pump was just outside on the running board. Taking the cap off the governor, he screwed it down several times. *He realized he could not hope to stop the train or even keep it under control!*

There were two bad curves. If only he could steady the train enough to keep it from turning over!

As Nelson approached the first curve he big-holed. This did not check the speed noticeably, but it at least steadied the train. They shot around the curve. Holding the brake set long enough to see that it was not doing much good, he again threw it in full release.

As they approached the second bad curve, the gauge showed 140 trainline pressure. Nelson cleaned the gauge and looked back, but could not even see the first car for clouds of dirt, rock and dust.

The engine went around with all wheels on Nelson's side clear of the rail. After what seemed an eternity, they settled back down on the rail. There was a long stretch of straight track, then two slight, easy curves; then the water tank and Loma!

On approaching the last of these, Nelson again applied the emergency and left it set, opened his blow-off cock, shooting out great clouds of steam, hoping to warn the work extra. Perhaps some of them could escape. But for himself or fireman there was little choice. Either to jump or ride her through meant certain death.

Then the work extra flashed in view. They were on the siding and the switch lined for the main line, *but the caboose was not into clear!*

The runaway train was flying with less than a mile to go, while the work extra was moving like a snail. Their brakeman had seen the runaway and was signaling frantically.

Just when all seemed doomed, clouds of black smoke and fire shot fifty feet into the air from the work train engine, the train lurched into clear, and then the runaway shot by. Nelson looked at his watch. They had made the eleven miles in less than seven minutes. The train came to a stop eight miles farther on.

Brake shoes were worn out and brake heads damaged. There were many hot boxes; several brasses were gone and wedges worn through. The journal had cut into the arch bars in several cases.

Nelson was livid with rage at the trick Phalen had played on him, but the head shack warned:

"Don't start anything; that man is crazy!"

Phalen raised his gun threateningly. The hind shack grabbed his arm from behind, while the hogger swung a mean blow on the jaw.

When the conductor regained consciousness he was a different person altogether. His name was not Phalen. He had a wife and two children in Texas. Two years previous he had suffered a blow on the head, causing amnesia—loss of memory—but Nelson's blow cleared his mind. It was an amazing aftermath to a wild race.

Photo by W. C. Moore, W. Reading, Pa.

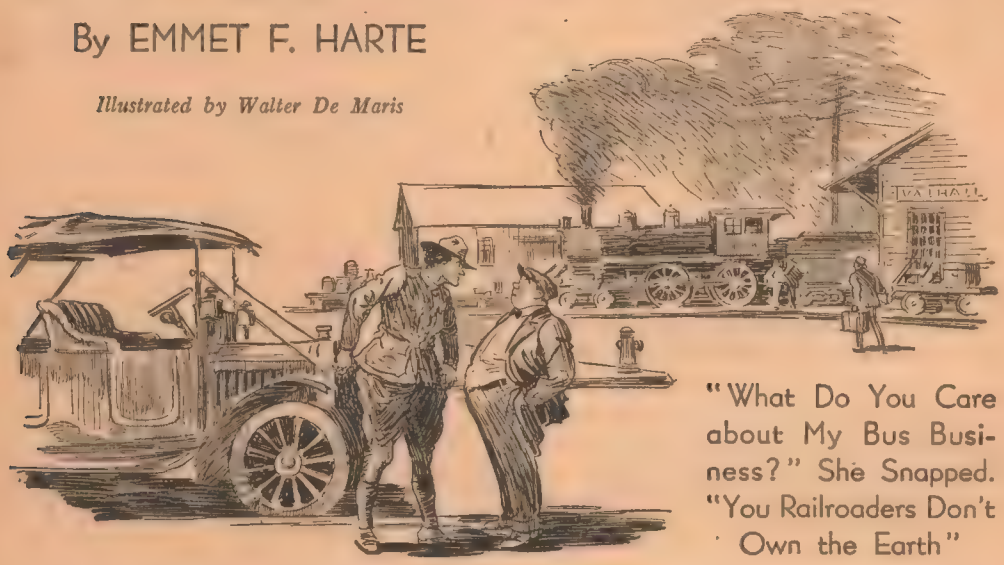
Genesee & Wyoming Engine No. 19 (2-6-0) Near Caledonia, N. Y.

HONK AND HORACE ARE IN AGAIN!

RATTLETRAP TRANSIT

By EMMET F. HARTE

Illustrated by Walter De Maris



"What Do You Care about My Bus Business?" She Snapped. "You Railroaders Don't Own the Earth"

A SCRAWNY little wart of a man sidled up to the ticket window. After blinking once and gulping twice, he asked how much a ticket would cost to Jonesboro.

"Two forty-four," I announced cheerily. "How many, sir?"

"Huh?" he said. "I don't want none. I was just askin' to find out."

He oozed away. Later, a couple of other guys inquired as to the prices of passage to Bluefield and Junipertown respectively.

I started wondering. So I snooped around a little and learned a lot.

Some months earlier, a get-rich quick woofus named Jesse Larch embarked in the rags and old iron business in Valhalla. The longer he operated the less he made financially.

He had a family comprising a wife and three sons. His wife was the boss. She cooked up a scheme. When the junk venture fizzled, they had on hand four automobiles which had been bought for old metal. They were obsolete models — museum specimens, ready for the boneyard. But Mamma Larch thought of starting a transit line with 'em. And they did it. The old man and the boys drove. Mrs. Larch was general manager and passenger solicitation agent.

She stood around on the street near the station. When a train was about due, she'd watch for people headed our way. If they were going somewhere within fifty or sixty miles, or even farther, she'd tell 'em to find out the train fare and agree to transport 'em via the Larch Junker Line for half as much.

It's bad enough to see the overstuffed busses and trucks as big as two-story barns gobbling half or two-thirds of the railroads' business. But when a bunch of old rusty, rattling junkers, operated by an outfit that had failed in the rags and rubber salvage industry, hopped into the transportation field, it made me mad.

I saw our local trains pull in, dump a dozen empty milk cans, take on a mail sack and a couple of guys with passes, and pull out. How long could we go on running under such conditions? Without squinting to speak of, I could peer into the near future and see an army of us railroad experts hunting jobs of work. And maybe not finding 'em.

I broached the subject to my co-laborer, Hancock Simpson, who claims to know everything.

"We're only getting the badly chewed leavings," I said. "To me it's as plain as a billboard on a scenic highway that the future of railroading is all in the past unless we can beat the freight and passenger grabbers — the rag-tag Larches and others that are pirating our patronage."

"But we've been going through a period of depress—" he started to gabble.

"Bunk! I've heard that stuff till I'm fed up on it. People are still eating and wearing clothes and joy-riding same as ever, aren't they? They haven't stopped buying tickets to prizefights, ball games, shows and so forth, have they? The golf courses are still crowded. All the money that was in the country two or three years ago is still here, isn't it?"

"That's the answer, Horace," he said. "The buzz buggies are ruining the railroads."

"Yeah, and the public builds and maintains their roadbeds for 'em. So that they can underbid us and snatch all the cream and candy. In a pinch they quit—"

"Right. When the railroads are finally starved out, and go busted, these birds can't carry the load. They'll blow up when it comes to handling heavy commodities—"

II

Mrs. Larch kept on hanging around, picketing the railroad property and snatching a few stray passengers day by day. She was a horse-faced woman with a voice that sounded like somebody filing a saw, and she had greenish yellow eyes. She wore a kind of uniform which she'd probably salvaged from the old rags stock.

A vague instinct of chivalry keeps me from quarreling with a woman. Otherwise I probably would have chased Mrs. Larch off our street.

One day, however, I paused to pass the time of day with the Rattletrap Transit Line's traffic solicitor. She apparently knew me by sight, though we'd never met socially.

"Well," I growled. "How's the petty larceny business going to-day, ma'am?"

"Who wants to know?" she snapped. "You don't own the earth, do ya?"

Her mouth reminded me of the slot in the side of a mail car where you drop letters.

"No," I acknowledged, "I don't own any real estate, not even a cemetery lot. It's a good thing I don't, maybe. Lemme slip you a hot tip. You're flirting with bad luck, trying to put the Transcontinental Railroad on the hummer. Where's your franchise and peddler's license and government permit to rustle passengers here?

What if I'd wire the Interstate Commerce Commission about your skullduggery, hey? They'd have you sorting oakum at Atlanta or mining coal at Leavenworth before you could squawk twice."

"Ho!" she said. "They ain't no law against makin' an honest livin'."

"Ain't there?" I bellowed. "There's dozens of 'em. The Sherman Act, the Hepburn Act, the Volstead Act, the recapture clause of the Transportation Act, and many more. Don't argue with me, lady. The little feller hasn't got a chance in court. What you folks ought to do is run your bunch of old junk cars out in the woods somewhere and set 'em afire before you're arrested for maintaining a public nuisance and disturbing the peace."

"Yeah, the railroads!" she scoffed. "They're Wall Street robbers. They ought to all be made to stop runnin'. Ever'body'd be better off without 'em."

Of course there wasn't any use to talk sense to an ungrammatical ignoramus like that.

But my imagination bothered me. What if the railroads should really stop running? What would happen to the country besides my having to look around for a job? It would be great if the thing could be tried out as an experiment, say for a week.

I mentioned my idea to a number of rough-and-ready knights of the Smoky Trail—train crews, brass-pounders, frog-hoppers, and even lowly minions of the maintenance of way. All voted it a beautiful thought, but best adapted to a bug-house.

But Butch Poteet, Hippo Jones, and the two Ortegas, Manuel and Jose, stood by me. Yardmaster Foghorn Purdy said one of the crimes of the century was the fact that all the brains were at the bottom instead of the top of the railroads, like oysters in a stew.

"That's natural," I said. "You find the important things at the bottom usually. For instance, foundations of buildings and the totals of columns of figures."

"Also the flat part of punctured tires," snickered Honk. "And chilblains."

III

All of a sudden our local passenger business began to pick up. Some days I would sell six, eight, maybe ten tickets for points within easy flivvering distance. It reminded me of the good old days when the traveling public lined up at the window twenty minutes before train time and smacked down the mazuma for two whole and three half-fare tickets to points near and far.

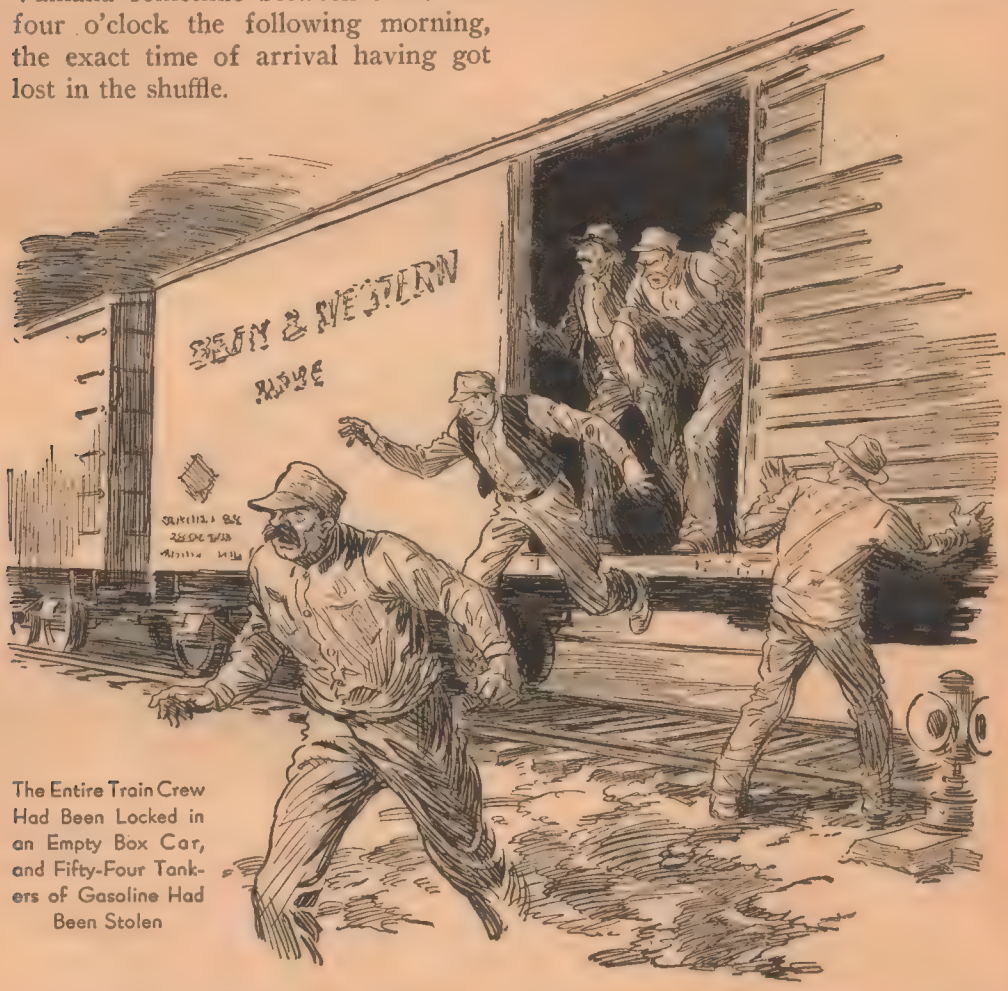
This odd boom in the day-coach trade seemed like a pleasant pipe dream to me. I counted my cash receipts o'er and o'er, as the song says, each bill a pearl, each pearl a smile. But I didn't ask any questions or start digging for the cause of our windfall.

About this time it leaked out that the crime wave had reached forth its long arm and swatted the Transcontinental Railroad a blow under the belt. Inklings trickled through in the form of rumors and flurries of excitement.

Honk was the goat who had to stand the brunt of the gab-fest. He handled the tracers, answered phone calls, and acted as innocent buffer between both sides of the controversy. Shippers and consignees bombarded him from one side, and bosses and straw bosses of the road made life a burden for him from the other.

The situation in a nutshell was this: On a certain autumn night a train de-

scribed as Extra 978 left Longmont at 7.15 P.M. Longmont was 167.5 miles west of Valhalla. No. 978 arrived in Valhalla sometime between three and four o'clock the following morning, the exact time of arrival having got lost in the shuffle.



The Entire Train Crew Had Been Locked in an Empty Box Car, and Fifty-Four Tankers of Gasoline Had Been Stolen

The train was in charge of conductor George Mayhew, engineer Daniel Bayles, fireman Bert Dilley, head brakeman Sam Little, hind brakeman Steve Carson. Its consist comprised 20 cars mixed commodities, 54 tanks of gasoline, and caboose No. 34627.

Here's the strange part. Extra No. 978 was found lined up in the passing track all snug after daylight with her big Mike's fires low and nobody around. The yard men who made the find, however, heard muffled yelling, swearing, kicking and other boisterous noises coming from one of the empties. The entire train crew was locked in the said car. They were liberated. Then a stranger discovery was made.

All fifty-four of the tanks of gasoline were missing.

Members of the crew swore that they'd started from Longmont with those tanks, and that they didn't know what had become of the enchanted things; only they didn't say enchanted. They told astonishing stories of the experiences they had undergone.

These tales came out in full at the official *post mortem* which was held later. Some said the crew had been pickled; others believed them criminally involved.

A flock of consignees raised heck when the clock circled around three or four times and their gasoline was still undelivered. Then another day dribbled by, followed by one or two more. Honk's boasted diplomacy and courtesy were put to a terrible strain, and finally went to pieces.

He began screaming and barking like a dog into the phone, and when some inquisitive filling station proprietor came in person to complain of his woes, Honk did everything but bite him. He had flicked back to the old "public be damned" days of railroading.

But what gratified me most was the famine of gasoline locally. The filling stations all went bone dry. Motoring stopped. The joy-riders, the trucks and busses, the Larch Junker Transit Line, the whole combustion engine outfit quit buzzing during a period of more than a week. It took a week to get through with all the pow-wowing, investigating, and searching. And in the meantime the public chewed the rag—and waited.

Folks also got a gentle hint as to what might happen if there were no railroads running anywhere, too. Just a mild reminder.

IV

THE official inquiry was held at division headquarters. The crew of Extra 978 was yanked up on the carpet, and each man told his tale. The evidence of three trick operators who were on duty at three different highball stations on the line traversed by No. 978 that night was likewise introduced. The three birds were: Burke, at Rock Creek; Catlett, at Buffalo Valley; Phillips, at Bloomfield.

I found it convenient to attend the inquiry and to listen to most of the evidence. Old Hard-Boiled Savage, super, conducted the examination of witnesses. Pug Bayles took the stand first.

"I thought I saw a man layin' with his head on one rail and his legs across the other rail," Pug said. "A fusee burnin' bright looked to be stuck in his stomach. I slammed the old baby shut and socked the air to the drag. Bert and me got down to take a look ahead. It was rainin' a kind of thick, foggy drizzle. We stooped over the man; but it wasn't a man; it was a coat and pants stuffed with straw. The fusee was stuck in its stomach just as I thought. Whilst we was stooped over somebody grabbed us from behind. It was six or eight or maybe ten fellers that looked like gorillas or cannibals. Their faces was all ringed with red-white-and-blue paint, and they wore feathers like Indians. They put gunny sacks over our heads—"

"Where and when did this happen?" Savage growled.

"Close to Milepost 475, I'd say. A little ways this side of Wolf Hill. We was on time. It was somethin' like 11.30 or 11.35, maybe. These here gorillas took and tied us to fence posts. I ain't sure but what I smelled chloroform or iodine."

Zip Mayhew was called. He was very positive about what took place in detail.

"I was at my desk in the way car makin' out my reports," he deposed. "A minute before Pug froze her I'd looked at my ticker. It was 1.22 in the mornin'. When the joss house quit shimmyin' I loped outside through

the back door and dropped off. It was as light as day with the full moon shinin'. There right where I lit was Milepost 399. I saw it as plain as I see that wart on your chin, boss."

"Well, what did you do next?" Savage demanded impatiently.

"Steve scrambled off the front steps of the caboose, and we hiked ahead alongside the tanks. It was pretty dark, with the wind blowin' a gale and startin' to spit hail—"

"But you just said the moon was shining—"

"Sure. But it dodged under a cloud. Halfway to the engine, while I was gallopin' along in the loose ballast, I heard a swish. A hombre on a speckled gray horse had roped me with his rawhide lasso. Both my arms and one of my legs was pinned tight. The polluted ruffian jumped his bronc into a run and dragged me after him. When I come to myself half an hour later, I was cooped up with the rest in the empty car."

Coalheaver Dilley's testimony differed in a number of essential features from the tales of his associates. He introduced a woman into the already tangled plot.

"Sam was spelling me with the scoop," he said. "I was roosting up on the seat where I could get a whiff of cool breeze, if any. It was one of these here still, hot nights, sultry and close, when you pant for breath. All at once I see a girl standing in the middle of the track ahead, wavin' a lantern in each hand. They was paper lanterns, these what-you-call-'em Japanese lanterns like they have at lawn parties. She had on a fur coat, some kind of yellow wolfskin with a big collar turned up around her ears. When Pug got the drag stopped, we jumped down and ran up ahead. But we couldn't find the durned girl. She had scooted away clear out of sight. It was as dark as the inside of a black cat—"

"What about the dummy on the track, and the fusee?"

"I didn't see no dummy or fusee," Bert averred. "We was jumped on by four big white guys in bathin' suits. They knocked us cold with clubs."

"What time was it, and where were you?"

"It was midnight, and we were about two miles west of Bloomfield."

Sam Little stated that he stayed in the engine cab until six masked men with black whiskers, wearing Mexican straw sombreros with brims three feet across, came and snaked him out by force. "They slugged me on the bean with a gat," he explained.

"Have you any idea of the time or the place?" the old man queried.

"Sure. I know that stretch of track from bean soup to black coffee. It was about sixty rods east of Milepost 426, and it was exactly one o'clock."

Steve Carson's evidence sounded like he'd been reading mystery stories.

"It was close to 2.45 o'clock," he deposed. "A dark and stormy night, with a thick black fog. I figured we were a little ways yon side of Buxton, which is thirty-two miles from Valhalla. We stopped in a cut where the track's in an S curve. Zip was about fifty yards ahead of me when seven Chinamen dressed like redcaps jumped me. I fought 'em like a tiger, but the odds was too big. I knocked out three and broke loose from the other four. I run up the side of the cut and would 'a' got away, only I forgot the fence was there. I hit the barb wires and bounced back against them four Chinks, knockin' two more cold. We all lit in a pile down in the ditch, with

me underneath. I'd throwed 'em all off but one when I felt a needle or somethin' jab me in the arm. Then I lost my senses—"

Old Savage made a noise like a hen starting to cackle, but chopped it off.

"What did you do after you lost your senses?" he asked.

"Why, I—I become unconscious, I guess," Steve said. "The last I recollect I had a yellow boy by the throat with each hand, a chokin' 'em and a crackin' their heads together. It sounded like bells a ringin'."

"It seems that you were the only one of the outfit who put up a fight, Carson. I congratulate you."

Steve saluted. "Correct," he said. "The pleasure is all yours."

Further light, more or less, was shed by the thrilling stories of the three trick operators. Burke, Rock Creek, seventy-nine miles west of Valhalla, said:

"Extra 978 went by at 11.41. She didn't have any tank cars in her string at that time. Her caboose was dark, and nobody answered my signal. The wind was blowing in gusts, first hot then cold. Sort of tornado weather."

Catlett, Buffalo Valley, fifty-one miles west, told a different tale.

"I was out on the platform waiting for 'em when they rambled through," he said. "I got a good look at Sam sittin' on the fireman's seat, and Bert was throwin' in a fire. I counted the drag. Twenty boxes and gondolas, and fifty-four tankers; and the way car with Zip and Steve ridin' on the back porch. They both slipped me the high sign. It was a cold, clear, still night. Stars shinin', but no moon. They passed at 1.05."

Phillips, Bloomfield, twenty-seven miles west, testified:

"It was snowing, big wet flakes, whirling every which way. Extra 978 was stepping along when she went by, about forty-five per. Everything looked okay. Half or two-thirds of her string were tanks; from the middle back to the caboose anyhow. Somebody swung a lamp from the hind end just as they went out of sight. I ducked inside."

Superintendent Savage gave a kind of start, and sighed.

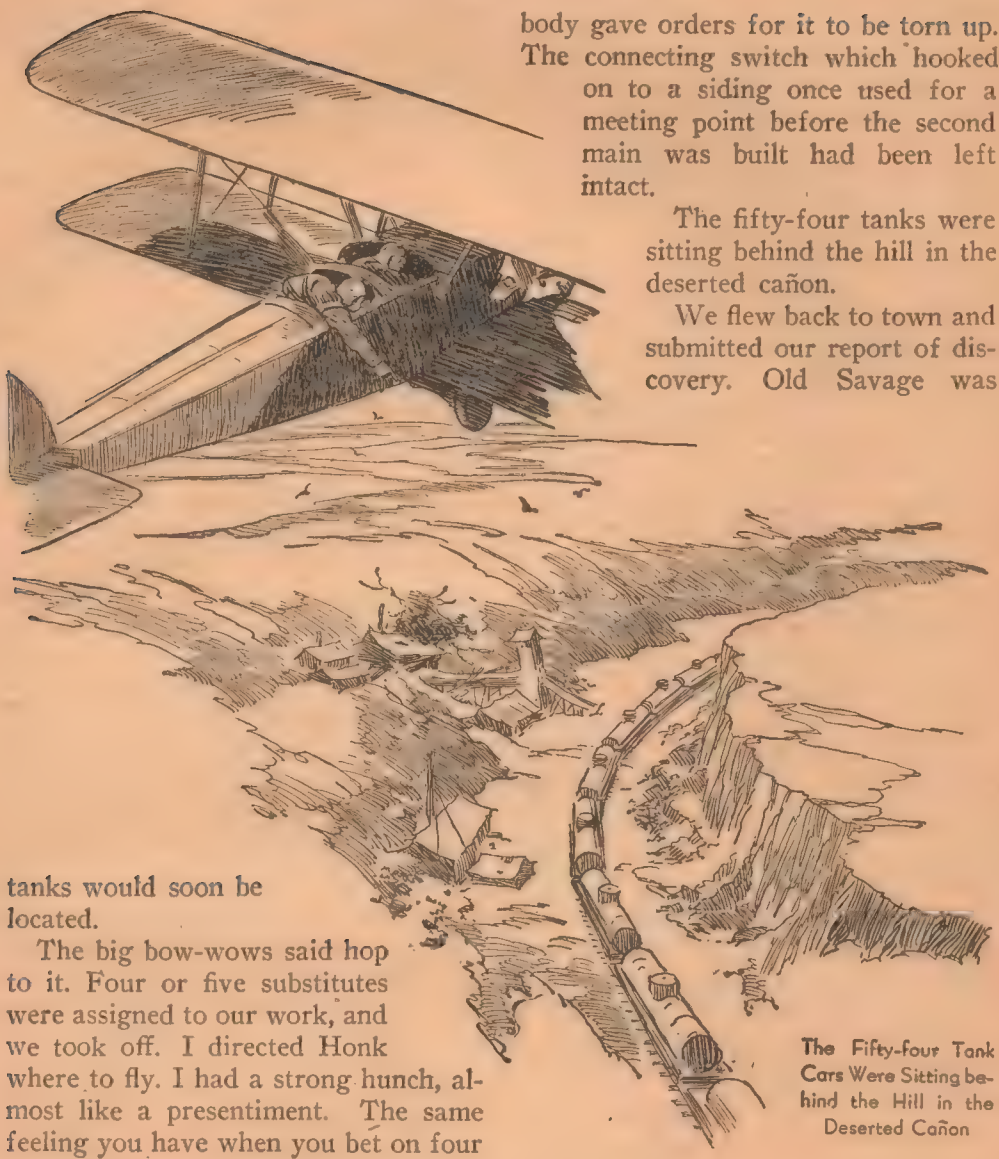
"H'm, hah!" he coughed. "Well, men, you've done yourselves proud. Each one of you has given a carefully detailed account of what happened. I don't know when I've listened to such an interesting array of testimony. The amazing mass of facts you've brought out staggers me. My long association with men in train service and affiliated departments has given me a high opinion of their reliability and veracity. A seasoned railroader is noted for two things; his devotion to his job and his fanatical love of truth. You men have given a remarkable demonstration of these qualities to-day. As a small reward for your efforts you may each take thirty days off to rest your overworked imaginations and invite your weary souls."

V

But what the short and ugly word had become of those fifty-four tanks of whizz juice really? That was what the company wanted to know. A search party mounted on the company inspection car, motor-driven from our own private stock of fuel, combed the line between Valhalla and Longmont. Not a trace was found.

The mystery grew denser.

I suggested a brilliant move. Let the company hire an airplane (and provide the gas for it). With Honk as pilot and I as observer, the vanished



The Fifty-four Tank Cars Were Sitting behind the Hill in the Deserted Cañon

tanks would soon be located.

The big bow-wows said hop to it. Four or five substitutes were assigned to our work, and we took off. I directed Honk where to fly. I had a strong hunch, almost like a presentiment. The same feeling you have when you bet on four aces.

Some twenty-three miles from Valhalla we came to the rough edges of the Mystic Hills. Broken country full of buttes and gulches. In days gone by there were two or three copper mines back there in those cañons. One of them had a spur track running to it. When the workings stopped the track grew up with weeds and bushes until it disappeared from sight, but nobody gave orders for it to be torn up. The connecting switch which hooked on to a siding once used for a meeting point before the second main was built had been left intact.

The fifty-four tanks were sitting behind the hill in the deserted cañon.

We flew back to town and submitted our report of discovery. Old Savage was much relieved by the find. But he eyed me, I thought, with a kind of "aha!" look.

"I thought about that old mine track," he growled, "and I took a peep at it. But the rails had been removed for a hundred yards or more at this end. The weeds weren't disturbed to speak of. It was a dog-goned slick job."

"Yeah," I agreed. "It shows the working of a master mind, all right."

"You think pretty well of yourself, don't you?" he popped at me suddenly.

"Me?" I said, blushing. "No, not so well. I figure that I run about fifty-fifty with hits and misses."

"The Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution to-day," he announced. "The late gas shortage sort of opened their eyes, I suspect. They resolved that the best interests of the community would be served by standing solidly behind the Transcontinental Railroad. Members of the body have all signed pledges to route shipments by rail in future, and to travel on trains instead of busses when a choice is presented."

"Business at the ticket office has jumped up about two hundred per cent this last week," I submitted with a wide grin.

"Tee, hee," Honk sniggered when we were outside. "The master mind that works while other people sleep! Thinking up nutty schemes to get eveybody into the soup. But old Hard-Boiled has got your number, son."

I wondered. Savage did act kind of uncanny about some things. For instance, he sent the two Ortegas, Butch Poteet, Honk, me, and the train crew of Extra 978 with an engine and caboose to fetch in those tanks. It was up to us to relay the missing track and rescue the drag—on our own time. But the old man was part human. He canceled his order for a month's lay-off affecting the cock-and-bull artists.

VI

Oh, yes, I must add a line of dope about the Larches. One day a couple of junker cars stacked high with egg-cases and crates of chickens backed up to the station loading dock. Old Jesse was driving one and Mrs. Larch was disturbing the peace with the other.

I passed the time of day with them.

"We're in a new business now," the lady told me. "The produce shippin' business. We go out around among the farms and buy hen fruit and poultry from the farmers. Then we haul it in here to the railroad and ship it to the cities. It's a good scheme. Pays a heap more than haulin' passengers like we was doin'. Two of our boys has got 'em jobs workin' for the railroad. One is a fireman and t'other is a brakeman. The youngest boy tinkers on our autos. It keeps him busy. One or two of 'em is always out of fix."

"Ma'am," I said, "you're a wonderful woman. Your husband and sons are lucky."

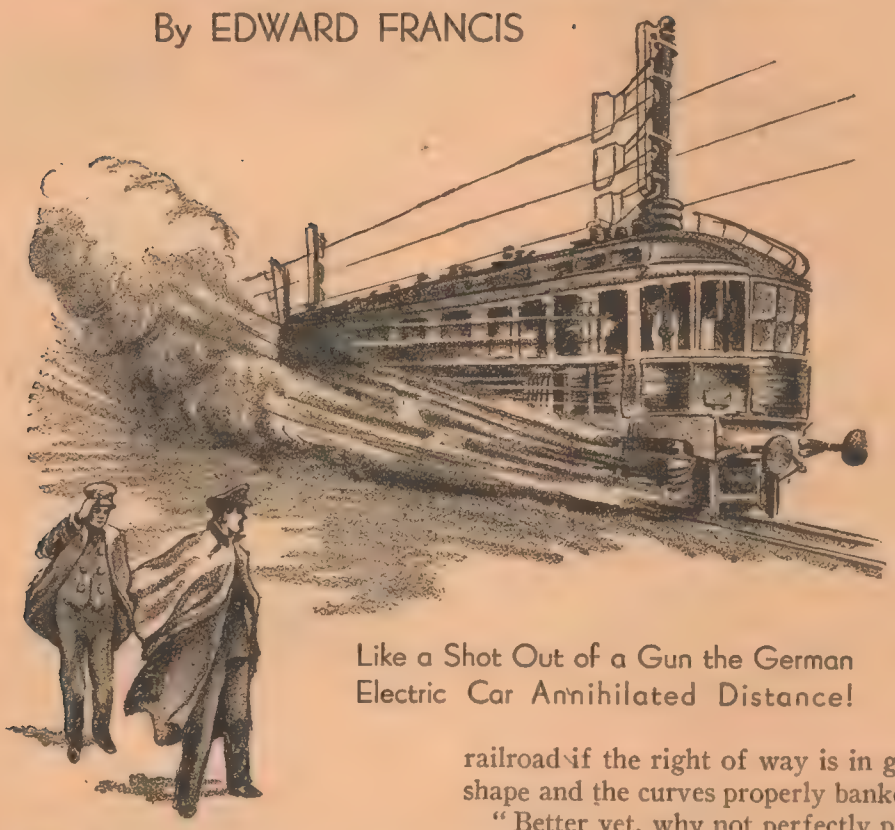
TRAIN WRECKER SENTENCED TO LOSE TONSILS

A BOY of six and a grown man recently learned the penalty of interference with railroad operation. Little Charles Whitener, Jr., derailed a Southern Railway passenger train near Morganton, N. C., by putting rocks on the tracks. Four passengers were hurt. Charlie confessed, whereupon Judge J. F. Bowers, of the juvenile court, sentenced him—to have his tonsils removed.

A. P. Weiss, of Los Angeles, tried to beat a Southern Pacific freight to a crossing. He succeeded, but the engineer had to big-hole so suddenly that the train equipment was damaged. The railroad sued, and won $154.

130½ Miles an Hour

By EDWARD FRANCIS



Like a Shot Out of a Gun the German Electric Car Annihilated Distance!

ONE summer day in 1902 two enterprising German engineers, Herr Rathenau and Herr Schweiger, were traveling between Berlin and Milan in a sleeping car. Schweiger was irked at what he thought was the slowness of the otherwise satisfactory train.

"We're going faster than you think," answered Rathenau. "This roadbed is so smooth that 60 miles an hour seems like 40."

Then arose a discussion of railway speeds.

"You know," said Schweiger, "I think a pace of more than a hundred miles an hour is perfectly possible on a railroad if the right of way is in good shape and the curves properly banked."

"Better yet, why not perfectly practicable?" queried his companion, adding with a laugh, "Why can't we do it?"

"*Jah, warum nicht?*" echoed Schweiger—seriously, however.

The upshot of it all was that they determined to carry out some practical speed tests and when they returned home looked about for financial support.

Apparently they didn't have to go begging long, for no less a firm than the General Electric Company offered them its help. Several banks joined in to support the venture and the German Minister of War offered them the use of the Berlin-Zossen railway, a military road a little more than fourteen miles

long between Marienfelde, near Berlin, and Zossen.

This line was almost free of curves and grades and was thus admirably adapted for the trial run.

First of all the ties and rails were replaced with new and heavy equipment. Guard rails were laid inside the wheel rails to prevent derailment and to strengthen the roadbed.

Two cars were used for the trials. They looked something like modern street cars. Each was 68 feet long, weighed about 100 tons, and ran on two six-wheeled trucks on which were mounted four 250-horse-power motors.

A 15,000-volt current was supplied from three copper wires and transmitted to the motors through six arms swinging on two upright masts attached to the car tops.

In September, 1903, the friends got ready for a trial. Everything was checked: the track was thoroughly inspected and the cars were given a minute going-over.

On September 20 one of the cars, built by the Siemens-Halske firm, was brought out for a run. The two engineers got in the cab, about thirty passengers boarded the car, and the guard signaled a high ball—or whatever it is they call it in Germany.

They started smoothly. And nine minutes after leaving Marienfelde they were pulling into Zossen! On the way they had attained a speed of 112 M.P.H.

That didn't satisfy Rathenau and Schweiger, however. On October 6 they tried again. This time they rolled the car along at a 126-mile clip. Back and forth the car sped; each time they covered the distance in less than eight minutes.

Now they decided to try out the General Electric Company car. On October 23 Rathenau stepped to its cab while Schweiger went back to the Siemens-Halske ship and got ready to run the course as soon as his friend had finished.

But Rathenau set up a record that was to last. He got the General Electric car up to a speed of 130.5 M.P.H. Schweiger followed him shortly afterward, but the best he could do was a measly 128.5 M.P.H.

The two engineers made a record that lasted until 1931, when Franz Krukenberg's rail-Zeppelin tore along on a stretch of track between Hagenow and Hamburg at a 144-mile clip.

To the passengers who made the trip in Rathenau's car the experience was the thrill of a lifetime. One of them, a Berlin business man, wrote about the trip:

"Before starting this trip I was reminded that I was not absolutely unattended with risk. The idea was politely and kindly conveyed to me in the shape of a piece of paper. I was to be insured against death or injury in the event of accident by the Deutsche Bank, in compliance with a formality of Prussian law.

"The motorman slowly turned on the current of 15,000 volts and the car began to move forward. As it did so it made a humming noise, but we felt no kind of sensation or jerkiness.

"Our first recorded speed was only 45 M.P.H., but in a little over a mile this had increased to 68 and then to 85.

"Faster and faster! Soon we reached a speed of 108 M.P.H., when our sensations of rapid travel began in earnest. Trees, buildings, posts, seemed to be rushing past us, and we ourselves to be stationary. All the time we felt the desire to go faster and faster. Even at 130 M.P.H. we felt that we moved too slowly."

Courtesy German Tourist Office

The "Rheingold Express" among the Famous Vineyards of the Rhine Valley

Germany's Finest Train

RUNNING from Hook van Holland, the Netherlands, to Lucerne, Switzerland, the "Rheingold Express" follows the water level route of the Rhine River. It thus forms the most important link for fast travel from Northern Europe and England to Switzerland and Italy.

Its cars are all steel. They are finished on the outside in lavender with gold striping, and their roofs are painted a brilliant silver gray. They make a pretty scene as they snake along the lovely Rhine Valley behind a new high-wheeled Pacific type engine.

Most outstanding, however, are their interior decorations and comfort-producing innovations. Each car, for instance, is decorated with different materials and various color combinations. A woman can find a car to match her dress on the Rheingold!

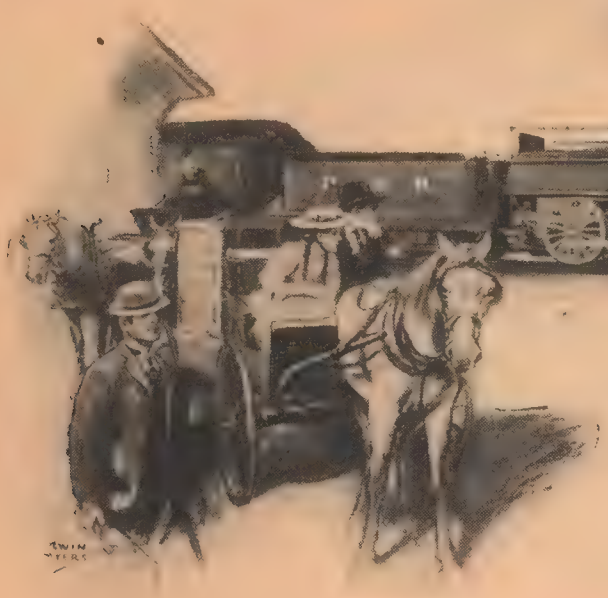
There are no diners, but every other car has a separate kitchen and meals are served on individual tables in front of the passengers. How's that for service? This is possible because of the great amount of space allotted to each passenger—in first-class accommodations it is about 20 square feet! The cars ride easily, too.

The windows are unusually large—like those on our sun parlor observation cars—and afford fine views of the old castles and vineyards along the romantic old river.

Not only is it Germany's most luxurious train, but it is one of the finest trains in the world.—*Otto Kuhler.*

DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

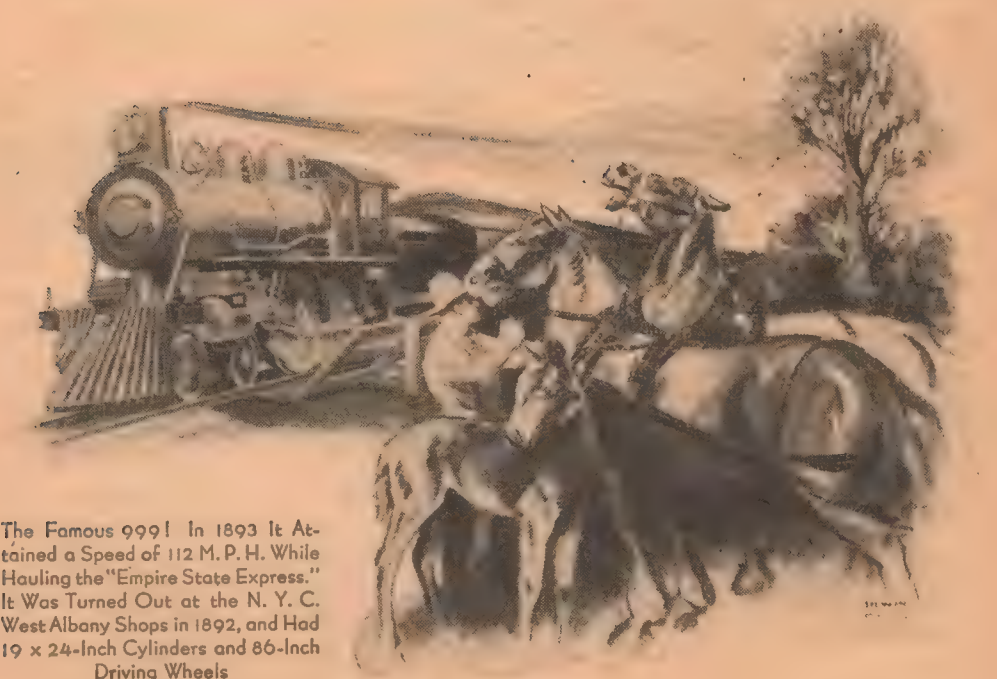
© Republic Steel Corp., Youngstown, O.



Here Is the First Passenger Engine with a Wootten Type Boiler, So Called Because Introduced by John Wootten. It Had a Wide Firebox and Immense Grate Area, Enabling It to Burn Fine Hard Coal. Although This One Was Built and Used by the Philadelphia & Reading in 1880, Locomotives with Modified Wootten Fireboxes Are Still Standard on Many Roads

The Forney Type, Designed by Matthias N. Forney, Was Intended for Suburban Traffic, but Found Its Greatest Use on New York and Chicago Elevated Lines. The 282 Was Made by Baldwin for the Manhattan "El" and Saw Service in the Eighties

The "Centipede," Constructed by Ross Winans and Sold to the B. & O. in 1863, Was the First Mastodon or 4-8-0 Type. The Above Is a Later Version, Called the "Champion" and Used on the Lehigh Valley in 1880. It Had 20 x 26-Inch Cylinders and 48-Inch Drivers, Weighed 101,700 Pounds, and Exerted 23 000 Pounds Tractive Force



The Famous 9991 In 1893 It Attained a Speed of 112 M. P. H. While Hauling the "Empire State Express." It Was Turned Out at the N. Y. C. West Albany Shops in 1892, and Had 19 x 24-Inch Cylinders and 86-Inch Driving Wheels

TO BE CONTINUED

ROAD TO GLORY

By John Johns

Author of "Boomer Pilot," "Trainmaster Rides To-night," etc.

Illustrated by W. O. Roberts

"I WON'T be gone twenty minutes, Mary," Matt Raynor, crack engineer on the Eastern R. R., told his bride. "All I have to do is get the pass for our honeymoon trip. Now, don't move from this spot."

It isn't every day that an engineer marries a general superintendent's daughter, and this wedding just had to be an elopement.

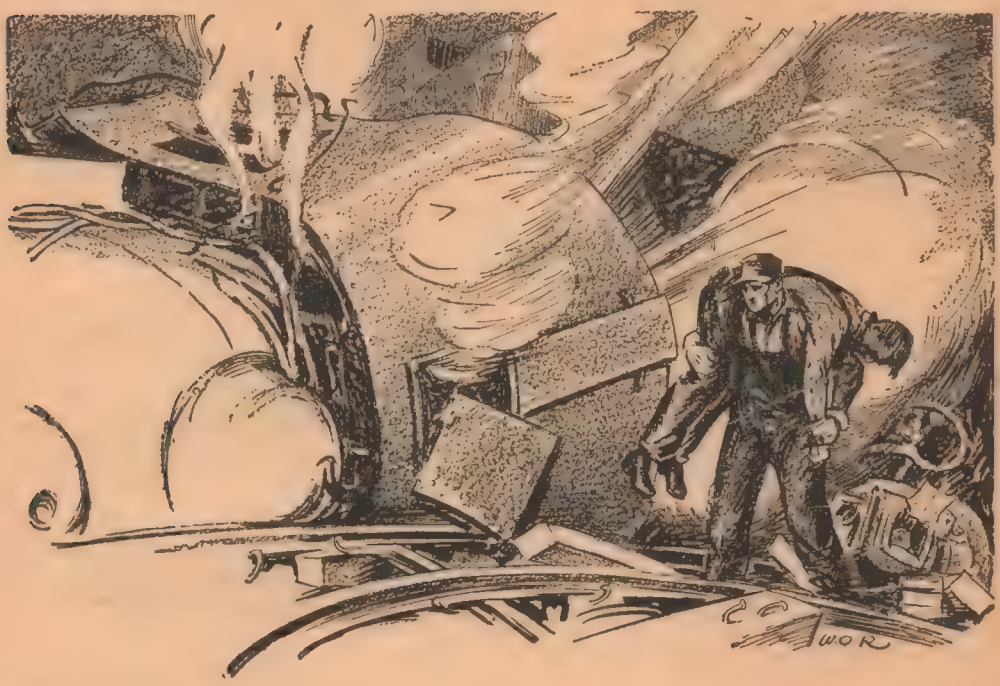
As Matt dashed into the dispatcher's office, he met the road foreman of engines.

"By golly, Matt, you're just the man I want!" the foreman cried. "No. 25, the westbound Continental Limited, is tied up for an engineer. She's all ready; just climb on and take her to Harrisburg."

For precious minutes Matt protested, but the foreman promised he'd explain to Mary and have her meet him on eastbound No. 6 in New York. At last Matt gave in. There was only nine minutes to make connections with No. 6 at Harrisburg, and Matt started twenty-seven minutes late.

"I'm going to make No. 6; I've got to make it!" he told the fireman.

Out of That Terrible, Steam-Ridden Wreckage Staggered the Engineer with His Unconscious Burden. "Hero Stuff!" Sneered His Conductor Rival.



Wes Jessup, the general superintendent, caught a glimpse of No. 25 speeding through Winton City at 90 miles an hour. Dashing to a telephone, he called a train dispatcher:

"Stop him! Don't let the Continental get by Harbor Grace! The big idiot! The numskull!"

They stopped him—by throwing a stack of red in his face. Matt wiped the clock, and the flyer jolted to a halt, a full length past the signal — every wheel flattened!

Reporting to Jessup, Matt found his bride in tears, with her father. The super was furious, and fired Matt, swearing he'd have the marriage annulled. When Mary hesitated to leave her father, Matt flung away from them both in anger.

For six months, under the flag of "George Matson," he boomed about the country, eventually sticking to the Mountain Division of the Midland Pacific. Three years later he had become a conductor. Brooding over his lot had made Matt bitter and hard.

Then he met Agnes Regan, the beautiful young "op" at Maple Valley. Sammy Burns, Matt's engineer, openly adored the girl, and even "Matson" grew more human under her influence.

Then, one night, as they stopped at Maple Valley, the crack California Limited, No. 7, whistled for town. But instead of highballing through, there was a resounding, ear-splitting crash, as the big mountain racer turned over and buried itself in the

soft soil. There was a moment of silence—then screams filled the air.

CHAPTER V

HILE Agnes notified the train dispatcher, Sammy and Pinky, the brakeman, ran to the overturned engine. The train crew, finding that the passengers were not in need of their help, were directing their efforts to the rescue of the two in the engine cab.

After several minutes of chopping, the engineer was released. When Agnes arrived on the scene the rescuers were working to reach the fireman, but dense steam blocked their efforts.

Matson, Sammy and Agnes were standing together. The girl, her hands over her ears to keep from hearing the pitiable cries of the fireman, was hysterical. Matson, with clenched fists, stared at the cab of the overturned engine.

Suddenly Sammy bolted from the group and disappeared into that terrible vapor-hidden cab. Horrified, the onlookers gazed at the spot. Not a word was spoken for long, tense moments, made hideous with the hiss of escaping steam.

And then Sammy reappeared with the fireman slung over his shoulder. He placed his unconscious burden on the ground.

Agnes ran over to Sammy. There were tears in her eyes as she took his face in her hands and kissed the smoke-stained cheeks.

Matson had not moved. Agnes, returning to the station, had to pass him. Their eyes met.

"Why are you looking at me that way?" Matson asked.

"Sammy is a man of courage," replied Agnes. "He was willing to give his life just now. Thank Heaven he was spared."

Matson winced inwardly at the scorn of him her words implied. Openly he scoffed.

"Hero stuff!" he said. "Motion picture acting, but it goes over big!"

"Sammy is my idea of a man!" Agnes hurled back as she entered the station.

How could Matson explain that by only a second Sammy had beat him to the rescue of the fireman?

Sammy had been back at work only a few days when, still weakened from his burns, he suffered an attack of the grippe. Every other day Agnes made the trip from Maple Valley to visit him. On one of these occasions, Matson met her in the hall of the boarding house. Not a word passed from his lips. A touch of his hat and he brushed past her.

Pinky and the flagman in the caboose one night indulged in a discussion of the situation.

"A helluva lot you know about the ladies," mocked the flagman, setting the coffeepot on the stove. "I thought you said that jane was goofy over Matson."

"I did. What about it?" replied Pinky.

"Well, you was wrong, that's all," returned the flagman.

"You think because she's playing nurse to Sammy that it's him who is the white-haired boy?" Pinky sneered in a superior way. "I see what you got under that porcelain dome of yours. And you're all wrong."

"What 're you talking about? Everything is set but the wedding bells," chimed in the flagman. "I've even been figuring what I oughta slip 'em for a weddin' present."

"Wait a minute," broke in Pinky. "Sammy ain't married to her yet, is he? Try and be intelligent. Can't you see it? It's sympathy she has for Sammy. Is Matson showing his hand?"

"What's this? A game of poker?" asked the flagman sarcastically.

"The same thing," agreed Pinky. "You wait until the fog horn starts to do his stuff. Just you wait until he stops growling and insulting her."

"What the hell are you talking about?" snapped the flagman. "Sammy is a regular guy. White as they come. And he knows how to treat a girl."

"True enough, true enough," Pinky agreed. "Just the same, Matson ain't showed himself yet. I knock the guy and all that, but still I can see there is something square about him. Sammy may have the edge on him now, but it's Matson Aggie has her eyes on."

While Sammy was invalided with the grippe, preparations were being made on the Midland Pacific for a fast run from San Francisco to Chicago such as never before had been attempted.

A week prior to the day of the great event, No. 10 stopped at Roaring River. As Matson, just in from a run and on his way to the station, walked around the rear end of the crack train, a voice hailed him. A man climbed over the observation car railing and ran after him.

"As I live—Matt Raynor! What the devil are you doing out here?"

The speaker was Mike Herrington, an engineer from the Eastern Railroad where "Matson" had worked in his New Jersey days.

Matson stated his position and pleaded with Herrington not to mention the meeting.

"I'm all right here," he continued in a dry voice. "All I want is to be left alone. Forget that you saw me, Mike. The past is dead."

Mike talked about news in general—the new motive power the New Jersey road was bringing out, the fast trains it had put on lately.

He urged Matson to return East. The engineers had his case and were waiting for him to appear and demand justice. All he had to do was go back.

It was not until No. 10 whistled to go that he touched upon the one subject Matson longed to hear about but could not force himself to mention.

"I've got to leave you, Matt," explained Herrington, edging toward the moving No. 10. "But I want to tell you that Jessup is now general manager. The stovepipe committee have it that he is being groomed for the president's chair.

"He got an annullment of that marriage of yours, but Mary hasn't picked up with any one else. The old bulldog has had three different guys with names and money around after her, but Mary doesn't appear to be interested. It seems she—"

Mike, on board the moving train, tried to shout the rest of the sentence as the gap between him and Matson widened. In an effort to hear, Matson ran after the train, but the words were lost on the wind as No. 10 quickly gathered speed.

Matson stood in the middle of the track until the train disappeared. Then, shrugging his shoulders, he continued on to his boarding house.

CHAPTER VI

THE day of the record run dawned. The silk special that was to make the run consisted of nine baggage cars and

a day coach for the train crew to ride in. It had departed from Frisco the day before, and was scheduled to run twelve hours faster to Chicago than the road's crack limited, No. 2, "The Queen."

The silk special was due in Roaring River at 7.30 that evening. Over the Mountain Division between Roaring River and Cloud City, the time on the special called for an hour and a half faster time than the existing schedule of No. 2.

Behind the Trainmaster in a Dark Coach, Matson Held the Telegram to the Light of His Lantern; Its Contents Stunned Him

Since its departure from Frisco the special had clipped six hours from No. 2's time. If the run was a success The Queen would have her schedule shortened five hours between Frisco and Chicago. At present the trains were far too slow.

Another reason for making the record run was that the road wanted the raw silk business. A record such as they hoped to hang up on this trip would be something which would make the competing roads sit up and take notice.

Mr. Crawford, the superintendent of the Mountain Division, telephoned the roundhouse at Roaring River and checked up on the engineers. "Trigger" Foley was first out, "Nappy" Nolan, second, and Sammy Burns, back at work but a few trips, was third.

The superintendent told the roundhouse that any of the three men would be eligible for the run. It was not the superintendent's idea to pick an engineer deliberately, but he did want that man to be an ace, a reincarnated Casey Jones. Foley, Nolan and Burns were a few of his aces.

The final instructions to the roundhouse were that if work showed up for the first two they were not to be held over for the special. But under no circumstances was the roundhouse to permit all three men to go out at once.

The roundhouse understood the instructions. During the day a section of No. 2 showed up; that used Foley. Then a fast freight claimed Nolan.

The call boy visited Sammy shortly after noontime to inform him that he would get the run of the fast special, and to be in readiness for a call around five o'clock that evening.

"It's going to be a feather in your hat," said the call boy, pleading a cigarette from Sammy. "The whole railroad will have its eyes upon you.

"How you feeling? It's going to be a tough grind. Better rest a while. I'll come and give you a call at five bells."

Sammy smiled and patted the call boy on the back, remarking that he'd never felt better.

But at five o'clock Sammy was not feeling so well. He persuaded himself that once in the open air he would feel better.

There was so much in the run for him. He had already telephoned Agnes at Minetta, where she was now working, telling her the news. She had responded warmly, and added that when he whistled for Minetta she would be on the station platform to "high ball" him through town. There was no backing down for Sammy, even though his head felt strangely dull and heavy.

At 7.15 Matson was in the telegraph office at Roaring River, receiving orders and instructions to cover the run of the silk train. The special was timed to arrive at Roaring River at 7.25, and depart at 7.30, halting in its flight only long enough for inspection, and to change engines and crew. Leonard Flannery, a new trainmaster, would ride the train over the division.

The telegraph cracked staccato fashion. As the operator wrote the orders on "19" forms he shook his head.

"If you fellows live up to this schedule you'll surprise every one of us from the president down," he remarked, handing the train orders to Matson. "You have a good engineer in Sammy Burns, but there's a limit to everything. If he lets her out he'll leave the rails.

"I remember when they tried a trick run like this about ten years ago. They landed in the ditch and it took a week to clean up the wreck. But I guess the big shots in Chi know what they're doing."

Matson glanced through the orders.

"Must think we have an airplane," he remarked. "There's not a train on wheels that could live up to this schedule."

He turned to leave. The special was drawing into the station.

"Matson, wait a minute," the operator called him back. "Maybe you can help me. I have a telegram from Philadelphia for a guy named Raynor. Supposed to be an engineer working out of here. It's addressed care of the engine dispatcher, but he's got no such man on his list. Ever hear of Matt Raynor?"

The conductor stared at the operator.

"How does it read?" he asked.

The operator picked up the telegram from his desk.

"It's something about a girl," he said. "I'll read it to you."

Matson blanched. "Never mind. Give it to me. I know Raynor. I'll

have his signature when I get back from Cloud City."

He shoved the telegram in his pocket and bolted from the office.

Sammy Burns backed the big Baldwin mountain racer, engine No. 5055, against the silk special. Car inspectors coupled the train line hoses.

Hastening ahead to the engine to deliver a copy of the orders to Sammy, all Matson could think about was the telegram in his pocket.

The engineer climbed down from his cab to meet the conductor.

"Here's your orders."

"George, what's happened?" asked Sammy, observing the conductor's dazed expression.

"What's it to you?" Matson spoke sharply.

"That's no way to talk. George, I've done nothing to you," declared Sammy. "If it's because of Agnes, you're crazy to let that come between the two of us. You know she's as fond of you as she is of me."

"Get up on your engine. You're talking like a schoolboy," snapped Matson, and walked away.

Sammy shook his head as he watched the departing figure. There was no understanding the con.

Climbing into the engine cab, Sammy turned on the light and read his train orders. He had rights over everything except train No. 1, the westbound Queen. Positive orders for the meet would be issued *en route*. Time was given the special to pass each station, a schedule the like of which had never before been lined up for a train.

The fastest time ever given over the Mountain Division was the disastrous silk train run referred to by the operator. Another run noted for its fast time was the Milton Special, which carried Luke Milton to the surgeon's table in Chicago. That run was given a place in the *Globe Almanac*.

But the schedule of the silk special, ready to hurl itself at the mountains, was timed thirty-eight minutes faster between Roaring River and Cloud City. The officials were certain that with the improved track the speed was well within the limit of safety.

Would all the glory and fame of making a record be worth the lives of a train crew? No. Yet secretly more than one division official speculated as to what curve would end the record run in tragedy.

Sammy, with years of engine cab experience behind him, was fully conscious of the fate that might be his. He knew that somewhere between Roaring River and Cloud City the big mountain racer might leave the rails, hurling him to his death. Yet the engineer in him dismissed all thoughts save that it was his right and honor to swing the special into Cloud City.

Reading through his orders, Sammy found one stating that No. 1 was running two hours and ten minutes late. He understood. The dispatcher was depending on a 19 order to make a headlight meet between the road's two flyers that night. With no order *en route* for the meet, the special would clear the Queen at Tumble Cañon, where two hours and ten minutes late on the Limited would restrict Sammy until the other train appeared.

Placing the orders on a clip where they would always be in sight, Sammy leaned out the cab window and looked back for a signal to release the brakes in the air test.

Car inspectors flashed their lights on the running gear. Hammers tapped the wheels. Journal boxes received more oil. Air brake piston play was measured.

Matson Suddenly Called Out to the Fireman: "Here! Give Me a Hand with Sammy"

Matson, standing beside the coach attached to the rear of the train, looked at his watch. A minute more and they would be off.

Flannery, the trainmaster, came striding up.

"Those car inspectors are as slow as molasses. Less than a minute to get out of town," he said.

"It's better that they take their time than overlook something," snapped Matson. "All we need is a piece of flange missing. They'd be a week digging us out of the wreck."

"Lucky break for you fellows catching this fast run," went on the trainmaster. "You'll jump six or seven other freight crews to-night. Be right in line for a hot shot back to-morrow."

Matson did not answer.

The air was released. Brakes were in perfect working order. The car inspectors reported the special ready for the road.

"On time!" cried the trainmaster in relief.

Matson twirled his lantern over his head. High ball! Sammy, looking back from the engine, caught the signal and answered with two blasts of the whistle.

The engine's exhaust broke into the tranquil mountain evening like the boom of thunder. The big driving wheels gripped the sanded rails. A

plume of steam curled from the safety valve. The headlight cast its beam on the track ahead.

Out of the yard limits they rolled. Ahead stretched one hundred and ninety-six miles of track that climbed and curved over three mountain summits. One hundred and ninety-six miles of the worst track on the railroad.

The roundhouse at Roaring River had worked for days grooming the 5055 for her part in the record run. Finer engine never hauled train than the big mountain racer speeding East that night.

Seating himself back of the trainmaster in the dark coach, Matson apprehensively withdrew the telegram from his pocket. He held it to the light of his lantern. A spasm of anguish crossed the conductor's face as he read; then the telegram fell to the floor unheeded.

The trainmaster struck a match and glanced at his watch. He turned in his seat.

"Fifteen miles in fourteen minutes, Matson," he said. "Sammy certainly took advantage of the river valley. Got a great start."

"Sammy is a good engineer," Matson replied. The constrained tone of the conductor's voice was unnoticed by the trainmaster, who was interested only in the operation of the train.

Now the special was booming into the mountains. Up grade to Star Summit at thirty-five miles an hour. On the curves those in back could see the engine. A white shaft of light from the open fire box dimmed the stars as the fireman fed the iron monster.

Matson left his seat and began to pace the length of the dark coach.

"What's the matter, George?" queried the trainmaster. "This high speed bothering you, boy?"

Matson replied that it was restlessness, and, to avoid the annoyance of further questioning, returned to his seat. He smoked his pipe and stared unseeingly out the window.

What did it matter anyway—this fast run, all this hectic activity? Might as well leave the rails on the next curve. That telegram meant the end for him. The curtain was coming down. The show was over.

The station lights at Point of Rocks gleamed ahead. No. 27 was in on the siding for them. The special flashed past, and in another moment Point of Rocks was a mere pinpoint of light behind.

At Medicine Flats, sixty-seven miles from Roaring River, the special ground to a stop. Coal and water had to be taken here for the engine. Matson, the trainmaster and the brakeman walked up front, inspecting the train's running gear as they went along.

Sammy was on the ground, going around the engine with the long-necked oiler, when they came up. Matson ignored his presence, but the trainmaster paused long enough to compliment him on the splendid time he was making.

Climbing back into the engine cab, Sammy whistled in the flagman. As the fireman pushed back the window on his side of the cab and looked to the rear of the train for the flagman's high ball, he noticed that the sky had grown ominous. The wind was whistling through the telegraph wires.

"All right on the flag," said the tallowpot, closing the window. "Storm coming up. Getting cold, too. Bet we run into snow going over Cloud Summit."

Sammy grasped the reverse lever. "Snow or no snow, I'm going to make Cloud City on time," he said.

"Suits me. If we don't land in the ditch it'll be O K," rejoined the fireman, grinning.

Sammy threw over the reverse lever, then slumped in his seat. The fireman stared at him.

"Sammy, what's the matter?"

The engineer gritted his teeth and forced a smile. "Nothing. I guess that damned grippe has left me kind of weak. Throwing over the reverse lever took the wind out of me."

"Better save your strength," cautioned the fireman. "Next time I'll give you a hand."

Sammy thanked him and reached for the throttle. The fireman swung open the firebox door and the special was again on its way.

Back in the coach Matson marked down the time the train arrived and departed from the coal chute. Then, turning low the wick in the lantern, he relighted his pipe and stared out the window.

Funny, Sammy having the idea that he was in love with Agnes. Every one had the same silly notion.

But there was one—Hell. Only fooled himself. He couldn't forget. Matson leaped to his feet and paced the car.

"The fog horn is on his pins to-night, all right," observed the flagman, sharing a seat with Pinky Whipple at the end of the car.

"Why wouldn't he be?" countered Pinky. "This run to-night is going to put Sammy in the class with Casey Jones. Figure for yourself what that means. After to-night, as far as Agnes is concerned, Sammy will be the whole railroad. Let me tell you it's a hard hunk to swallow."

"Aw, the fog horn is plain nuts," remarked the flagman sourly. "I expect him to come back here any minute and order me to ride the rear platform and watch the train from there. It's a wonder to me he ain't yelled about looking for hot boxes. You know how the nut is when we're on a fast jigger."

"You got him wrong on that," protested Pinky. "It's only when he's on his pins about something that he's for lining a guy out."

"Well, he's on his pins now, ain't he?" retorted the flagman. "That's why I expect him to start hollering about something. Wait and see. He's going to explode any minute."

Matson meanwhile had stopped his pacing at the sound of Flannery's voice.

"George, you'd better sit down," said the trainmaster. "We're taking these curves fast and high. You'll get knocked off your feet."

"Knocked off my feet—" repeated Matson in a dazed way.

He did not finish his sentence, for the train, suddenly reducing its speed, ground to a stop with an emergency application of the brakes.

CHAPTER VII

"WHAT do you think is wrong, George?" asked the trainmaster in alarm, donning his coat.

Matson, without replying, grabbed his lantern and hurried from the car.

It was raining torrents now and blowing a gale. His coat collar turned up, his head bowed to ward off the force of the wind, Matson struggled to the engine.

Arriving there, he parted the side curtains and shouted into the engine cab. Receiving no answer, he climbed the ladder.

He found the fireman leaning over Sammy.

"What the hell's the matter?" Matson demanded.

"Sammy just passed out," replied the fireman.

Matson shook the limp form of the engineer. "Hey, Sammy! Sammy!" he called.

The engineer opened his eyes. "I guess I'm all in. The grippe—everything gone black on me. Record run—shot to hell." Sammy buried his face in the crook of his arm. Matson stared at him impassively.

Suddenly, with a mighty effort, the engineer rose to a sitting posture.

"I'm all right now." Sammy's voice was no more than a whisper. He took hold of the whistle rope and blew four blasts, the call for the flagman to return to the train. "I'm all right, George. Don't stare at me that way. I tell you I'm all right now. A little groggy—you know that darned grippe never leaves a man feeling right for a long time after. But I'm all right now."

He made a valiant effort to work the reverse lever. Matson caught him before he tumbled to the cab floor. Dropping him on the seat, the conductor stepped back.

Lantern in the crook of his arm, Matson stood in the center of the engine cab and debated his course of action. The minutes were precious. There was the silk special, the fastest thing on wheels, stock still on the main line of the worst division on the railroad. Matson would have to decide quickly.

The conductor's eyes roamed over the cab. Throttle, reverse lever, air brake handles, whistle rope—everything was in readiness for a guiding hand. The pumps on the engine were crooning. Through the right-hand window Matson could see the headlight turning the waiting rails to twin bands of silver.

All at once, placing his lantern on the engine's tender, Matson called to the fireman, "Here. Give me a hand with Sammy."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to stretch Sammy out on your seat box," explained Matson, taking hold of the engineer. "Then we're going to Cloud City as fast as we can turn a wheel. The ride won't make him any worse— Look out for his head, there. Want to batter in his brains?"

Sammy was no sooner placed on the fireman's seat box than the trainmaster appeared under the engineer's window. Matson leaned out to speak to him.

"What's the matter?" asked the worried trainmaster.

"It's all right, Mr. Flannery. A little injector trouble. Both guns got hot," Matson lied. "Be on our way in a second."

The conductor turned his head, pretending conversation with Sammy in the cab. "All right, Sammy?" he called. "Tell Mr. Flannery to hurry back to the coach? All right."

Matson again turned to the trainmaster.

"Better start for the coach, Mr. Flannery," he advised. "We're going to get right out of town. Swing a high ball as soon as you get on. We'll take it easy. I'm going to stay ahead and ride the engine."

Matson held his breath. If the trainmaster also decided to ride the engine his plan would fail. Fortune smiled, however, for holding tight to his coat, Flannery started back to the coach.

Grasping the whistle rope, Matson blew two blasts. When he released the air brakes the fireman indignantly dropped his shovel.

"Oh, so you're going to run the engine!" he cried. "What's the idea? I thought I was going to run it until we stopped some place and grabbed an engineer."

Matson angrily shoved his fist in the fireman's face.

"You thought that I was going to fire and you run the engine?" he roared. "You think that a conductor can't run an engine, eh? Only a guy like you with his brains baked away would think that.

"Get this straight. I'm going to run the train. What's more, you're going to fire for me just as if I was Sammy. Understand? Another thing. I want two hundred pounds of steam on the clock. Lose the plume and there's going to be hell around here."

The fireman was ready to declare himself. No conductor could climb up on an engine and tell him what to do. So there'd be hell if the plume was lost? Fine, let it begin.

Meanwhile, Matson set the train in motion. On the grade, which made starting difficult, he took slack but once. His experienced and expert handling of the engine astonished the fireman. More, it elicited his silent admiration. Wasn't Matson an ex-boomer? Certainly. He'd been an engineer on some other road. That was it.

"Where did you run an engine before you come on this pike?" the tallowpot asked.

Matson shook his head. "I'm a conductor," he said.

"All right, keep your secret," grinned the fireman. "I see your game. It's swell of you to get this train over the road and pretend it's Sammy who's running the engine. You want Sammy to get the credit, the way he has his heart set on it."

"Two hundred pounds of steam on the clock. That's all I want," growled Matson.

"You can bet your sweet life you'll have all the steam you want," responded the fireman, reaching for the shovel. "I'm the baby that can keep the plume hanging over the dome."

Just ahead was the stiff climb up Mount Airy. Matson went after the engine, and when the train got on the grade it was making sixty miles.

As they climbed the mountain the speed dwindled. Fifty, forty-five, forty miles an hour. Matson urged the big mountain racer on.

Down another notch, and another, went the reverse lever. The exhaust barked. But Matson was determined not to allow the speed to drop under forty miles an hour. He glanced at the sweating fireman, giving the best that was in him to keep the steam on the two hundred mark.

Highballing the Silk

LADEN with spoil from the silkworm's toil,
A "special" eastward roars,
Trailing the scent of the Orient
From China's far-off shores.

Gossamer thread from the silkworm's bed
Patiently gathered and spun,
By coolie hands in distant lands
For the Port of the Rising Sun.

Her main rods blur to the pistons' spur
As she races along the rail;
The fires glare to the exhaust's blare
As she speeds on the shining trail.

Through black of night she wings her flight
Over hill and valley and plain,
And the steel threads gleam in the headlight's beam
As she drives through a misty rain.

—E. E. KNAPP.

Matson got out of his seat. He took the scoop from the fireman and motioned him to the engineer's seat.

"Climb up and take a rest, kid," he said. "I got her hooked up pretty high, and you're not made of iron."

The tallowpot gratefully did as he was bidden. Matson swung open the fire box door and got busy.

Meanwhile the train dispatcher's office in Cloud City was tense with excitement. Old man Crawford, the division superintendent, sat beside his chief dispatcher. The Mountain Division train sheet was before them. As the special thundered past, each telegraph office reported, and the position of the train was marked on the sheet. Crawford knew at all times the exact location of the record-beating special.

"Sammy Burns is certainly doing a wonderful job!" exclaimed the chief dispatcher, glancing at the standard clock on the wall. "Nine twenty-two by Silver Boulder. By golly, Sammy must be batting it out of the 5055, climbing Mount Airy. He's making about forty-one miles an hour!"

"I'll say he's doing wonders," agreed Crawford.

"We ought to get most of the silk business, if not all of it, from now on. We're proving to-night that we've got the speedway.

"Chicago had a helluva nerve to line out such a schedule for us," declared the chief dispatcher. "They know what the mountains are. Why didn't they give us more time and take some off the prairie divisions? I can't believe yet that the special is actually living up to her time."

The superintendent flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"Arthur," he said smilingly, "you forget that we have engineers on this division."

When the train topped Mount Airy, Matson again took over the throttle. He had run and fired the engine up the stiffest grade west of Cloud Summit!

Back in the coach the trainmaster rubbed his hands with delight. He walked back to where the two trainmen were seated.

"Boys, I'm here to tell you that the fastest climb ever made up Mount Airy has just been accomplished," he said. "Sammy Burns as an engineer is in a class by himself."

And the trainmen agreed

In the western foothills of the Cloud Mountains, a green shaded light burned over the telegraph table in the railroad station at Minetta. Agnes was listening in on the message phone to the record-breaking run. In her mind's eye she saw a grim-faced Sammy at the throttle.

In Cloud City the chief dispatcher again turned to the superintendent.

"Sammy is by Mount Airy a minute ahead of schedule!" There was a ring of joy in the dispatcher's voice. "That should get him by Mountain City around nine thirty-seven. That's wonderful running!"

Turning to the dispatcher, the chief asked, "Hey, Murphy, what do you figure on that meet with No. 1?"

"Well, she's made up some time. Going by Mist Lodge she was one hour and thirty-five minutes late," replied the dispatcher. "I figure on Green View for the meet. How's that?"

The chief dispatcher figured the train sheet and agreed that Green View would be the logical place for the eastbound special to pass the westbound Queen.

The orders for the meet had been dispatched only a few minutes when No. 1 was reported dropping time.

"I Tell You I Gave No. 1 the Wrong Orders!" Agnes Screamed into the Phone. "It Means a Head-on Meet with the Special"

The dispatcher snapped his fingers in disgust. "Angel Rock just reported No. 1 by, running at reduced speed. Bet it's low steam."

"Damn it! She's an hour and forty-four minutes late now," raved the chief dispatcher. "It's those extra Pullmans on her to-night. Can't make her running time. I gave her all the show I'm going to give her. I'm not going to plug the special. Break that meet at Green View and make it Green Tree."

Calling Minetta, the dispatcher ordered Agnes to annul the first set of orders sent her for delivery to train No. 1, and instead deliver the following order; identical with it except for the name of the meeting point:

C. & E. No. 1. ENGINE 5002.
FORM 19.
No. 1, ENGINE 5002, WILL MEET SILK SPECIAL, ENGINE 5055, AT GREEN TREE. No. 1 WILL TAKE SIDING.

Agnes reported delivering the order to train No. 1 and returned eagerly to the message phone.

In the engine cab of the special, Matson's position at the engineer's window never changed. His hand, moving from the throttle to the air brake handle and back, alone betrayed his wakefulness.

The beam of the headlight splitting the rain-swept darkness revealed the lonely recesses of the mountains. The track ahead curved ceaselessly, and the engine rocked and swayed as it rounded those hairpin turns. To steady the train on the worst of them, Matson would kick on the air. Pin wheels of

fire would burst out on each wheel in the train, as the brakes caught hold.

Speed! Always more speed!

Lights ahead marked Mountain City. Switch target lights of the yard. Yellow marker lights gleaming on a caboose. The peddler setting out and picking up eastbounds.

Clear on the order board! A series of long, trailing whistles came from the engine. The rear of the train whipped its way through town.

Matson leaned over the deck, and from the light of the open fire box door read his watch. 9.36. On time to the second! Ought to be getting something on the meet with No. 1.

The fireman slammed shut the fire box door, stuck the shovel under the coal, and came over to Matson.

"You certainly can run an engine." There was an unmistakable note of admiration in the fireman's voice. "I'd like to see you with eighty-inch drivers."

"I'm bluffing it," grunted Matson.

"Like hell you are. You could have hired out here as a runner, easy," continued the fireman. "This is a boomer division. Clearances don't mean much."

"You got your mind set on the idea that I'm an ex-engineer, haven't you?" Matson sneered. "Got it all figured that I been in a jam on some other road and am working here under a flag, eh?"

"I'm a boomer tallowpot. I've worked on thirty-four railroads so far. Each time under a different name," confessed the fireman. "I always work under a flag."

"What of it?" Matson demanded.

"Keep your secret. I'm not quizzing you, but as long as you've decided to be a home guard, why don't you work where you belong?" advised the fireman seriously. "You're an ace as an engineer. And you love the touch of the throttle—"

"You're crazy," Matson broke in.

"All right," ended the tallowpot. "Just think over what I've told you. Stop kidding yourself and get back in the cab."

He returned to the left-hand side.

Matson peered ahead. Reaching for the whistle rope he blew for Silver Creek. Through the teeming rain he caught a glimpse of the order board set against him. It was orders for the meet with No. 1.

In the Minetta station, Agnes had the message phone receiver clapped over her ears, listening to the reports on the special, when she happened to glance down on her desk and saw lying there the orders for the meet at Green Tree. Her lips dry, her hands trembling, Agnes stared at them. It couldn't be! Oh, it couldn't be—

But the evidence of her mistake was there. With her mind more on the run of the special than on her work, she had delivered the wrong set of orders to train No. 1. It meant a head-on meet, somewhere between Green View and Green Tree!

CHAPTER VIII

FRANTIC, Agnes called the dispatcher at Cloud City and asked if the special was by Maple Valley.

"Why? What's the matter?" the dispatcher asked, noting the excited tone of Agnes's voice.

Her answer sent the dispatcher out of his chair.

"I tell you I gave No. 1 the wrong orders on that meet with the special," she screamed into the phone. "I neglected to destroy the first set. Both sets were on my desk. I did it."

The chief dispatcher and superintendent leaned over the dispatcher's chair.

"My God! Did you hear that?" The dispatcher turned to the two men. "That girl op down at Minetta slipped No. 1 the wrong orders on that meet with the special."

So intense was the quiet of the office for a moment that the staccato crack of the telegraph instrument seemed to fill the room.

Crawford was the first to speak.

"Get hold of Green View," he ordered. Then, remembering that it was only a day telegraph office, he added: "Try it, anyway. The operator may be around."

But there was no response to the dispatcher's frantic call. He shook his head and closed the key. The chief glanced at the wall clock.

"The special passed Maple Valley at nine fifty-four," he said, "and No. 1 passed Green Tree about nine fifty-nine. There's no telegraph office at Green Tree, so that should make them meet head on, just about midway between Green View and Green Tree—around Eagle's Nest."

The superintendent and dispatcher looked at the clock. Within the next five minutes would occur the worst wreck the division had ever experienced. Twenty, thirty, perhaps more lives would be snuffed out. Another bloody chapter written into the files of the Mountain Division.

The superintendent began to pace the length of the office, then, glancing at the clock again, he stopped before the dispatcher's desk.

"Call out the wreckers," he ordered, his voice betraying his emotion. "Wire for aid. Order a half dozen relief trains. Get the big hook out of Roaring River. It's going to be terrible!"

Mercilessly the clock ticked off the seconds. Three minutes, then two remained.

Unable to endure it longer, Crawford cried: "Cover the face of that damned clock. I can't take my eyes from it. I don't want to know the moment they hit!"

The chief dispatcher covered the face of the clock with a piece of paper.

Meanwhile, Matson was driving the engine of the special through the night at terrific speed. A dozen times the fireman paused in his work to stare at him, crouched there at his window. The scowl that usually lined his face was replaced with an expression of overwhelming grief.

The eleven miles from Silver Creek to Maple Valley were covered in nine minutes. Back in the coach the trainmaster again praised the splendid time.

"Talk about wheeling 'em!" he shouted to the trainmen riding with him. "Eleven miles in nine minutes! That's stepping along. Sammy sure knows how to run a train. Just wait until he gets over Cloud Summit. He's got his best track from there to Cloud City. I'll wager he makes Matson hug fast to the fireman's seat box."

About that time developed the water problem for the special's engine. Matson, with his orders to meet No. 1 at Green Tree, planned on going to the Gap, east of Minetta, for water. This would avoid delay to No. 1, and, besides, the water column at the Gap had a stronger flow and would fill the tender more quickly.

"Try the water cock," he ordered the fireman. "I'm going to try and make the Gap for water."

"Not much on the flow," the tallowpot commented after he had made the test.

Matson nodded. How far could he

run without stopping for water? In his mind there passed the location of each water plug on the division. To run out of water would mean the dumping of the engine's fire, and would spell the end of the record run.

The train traveled another five miles before Matson again ordered the fireman to try the cock. This time no water appeared. Matson began to figure.

He steadied the train around Crescent Curve, then climbed out of his seat. He grabbed the engine torch and poked it in the fire box. With its blaze to light his way, he climbed over the coal to the rear of the tender. The torch flickered and the wind almost carried him away.

Gaining the manhole, Matson flung open the lid and climbed into the tank. The torch revealed that, in the black depths, the water was down to the last rung on the ladder. At that rate it would not last much longer.

Back in the engine cab, Matson snuffed out the torch and said to the fireman:

"We'll never make the Gap for water. I've got to stop at Green View and give her a drink. We've got a meet with No. 1 at Green Tree, too. Well, I'll have to plug the flyer, that's all. It's a cinch these engines have to have water."

He climbed into the engineer's seat, glanced at the track ahead, and eased off on the throttle. Then he called the fireman over to him.

"When we stop the trainmaster will undoubtedly come ahead," Matson confided. "He's been getting the orders for the meet the same as we. He'll probably be all up in the air.

"But what I'm afraid of is that he'll discover it's me that's been running the engine and not Sammy. If he does find it out everything will go to smash. I know him. He wouldn't trust me out of a yard with an engine. Anyway, I don't want him to know. We'll act fast. We'll get our water and be out of town in a flash."

The fireman nodded.

When the special ground to a stop at the Green View water plug, the water was so low in the tender that the injectors had just started to "suck."

The fireman was posed on the rear of the tank, and Matson spotted the engine tender directly beneath the spout.

While the fireman was taking water Matson went around the engine with the long-necked oiler. Glancing toward the rear of the train he glimpsed two lights moving forward. One was the brakeman's, the other the trainmaster's.

Matson climbed back into the engine. He looked at the coal pile. It was almost out of reach of the fireman, who had opened the gates to facilitate the roll of the black diamonds. Matson swung the gates in place, climbed over on the pile and madly shoveled coal.

Reaching the engine, the trainmaster braced himself against the fury of the wind and shouted to the man he thought was Sammy. Matson leaned over the side of the tender.

"Sammy is on the other side of the engine, Mr. Flannery," Matson lied. "He's going over her with the oiler."

While the trainmaster slowly walked around the front of the engine Matson dropped the shovel and hurried back to where the fireman was taking water. One glance convinced him that it would require at least another two minutes adequately to replenish the supply.

How could the trainmaster be tricked meanwhile? If Flannery ever

caught a glimpse of Sammy doubled up on the fireman's seat box everything would be up.

Again the trainmaster shouted. Matson leaned over the side of the tender.

"Sammy is on the other side now," he told Flannery. "He's in one helluva hurry to get around her. He doesn't want anything to run hot."

"Why did Sammy stop here for water?" complained the trainmaster. "He knows we have to meet with No. 1 at Green Tree. The dispatcher was figuring on him going to the Gap for water, and he knows it. Now we're going to delay No. 1."

"We've been using a lot of water to-night," explained Matson. "Sammy had to lace her right along. That uses steam. It takes water to make steam."

"Tell Sammy I want to talk with him," Flannery ordered.

Matson felt discouraged. Leaning over the opposite side of the tender, he shouted to an imaginary Sammy, then turned back to the trainmaster.

"He says he can't see you," Matson told him, "and for you not to worry about plugging No. 1. You better get back to the coach, Mr. Flannery. Sammy says he is getting right out of town."

Matson held his breath. The brakeman had already started back to the coach, but the trainmaster remained silently deliberating.

Fortune again smiled on Matson, for at that moment the wind developed a sudden fury and threw the trainmaster against the side of the tender. That decided the question. Muttering incoherently, Flannery turned and started back for the coach.

Greatly relieved, Matson dashed back to the rear of the tender.

"How's the water now?" he asked.

"The second rung from the top."

"You Better Get Back to the Coach," Matson Shouted Down. Then, Even as He Waited with Bated Breath for a Reply, the Wind Developed a Sudden Fury and Threw the Trainmaster Against the Side of the Tender. Luckily That Decided the Question

"Fine. We'll stall for another rung. I'll blow in the flagman. By the time the flag high balls we should have a full tank."

Matson blew four blasts of the whistle. The flagman highballed with a twirl of his lantern. When Matson answered with two short blasts, the fireman dropped the lid.

Matson was just taking slack when a train whistled, whistled for a meet. He let go the reverse lever and leaned out the window. The beam from a headlight split the darkness. Train No. 1 swung around the curve and ground to a stop at the siding switch, five hundred feet down the track. A brakeman threw over the switch and No. 1 pulled in on the siding.

Realizing something was amiss, Matson moved the special down to the east end switch, stopped, climbed from the engine and ran over to the phone adjacent to the switch stand. He called the Cloud City dispatcher's office.

"This is Conductor Matson on the Silk Special," he said. "I'm holding the main at Green View. We had to stop for water. What's the idea? My orders read Green Tree on that meet with No. 1...Yes, No. 1 is here. Just pulled in on the siding. She's heading out the west end now...Sure, she's safe...I tell you we had to stop for water...The girl op at Minetta made a mistake in the orders?" Matson knew it was Agnes. "Well, we're ready to go. Do we get a clear shot? ...Keep coming? Fine."

Swinging back into the engine cab, Matson blew two short blasts on the whistle and started the train. As he looked back he saw the trainmaster on the ground, coming toward the engine. The starting of the train forced him to swing back onto the coach.

The Cloud City dispatcher's office was beside itself with joy at the news that both trains were safe. Tears appeared in Old Man Crawford's eyes.

"Listen, you fellows. Better get in touch with that girl op at Minetta," he suggested. "Tell her the wreck didn't come off. It just occurred to me that she and Sammy are sweet on one another. I'll wager that girl had a terrible half hour. Imagine sending the one you love to what seemed certain death." Crawford shook his head.

"Arrange to relieve the girl from duty for an investigation," he went on, "but don't mention that now. Just tell her that Sammy is safe, and swinging the train toward Cloud City for all he's worth."

But Agnes did not answer the dispatcher's call. She was still in a faint when the special thundered by her station.

Inside the silk train's engine cab the fireman undertook to engage Matson in conversation.

"That was certainly a close call," he began, referring to the averted wreck with No. 1. "What a spill that would have been! I can smell the flowers."

Matson looked at the fireman and shook his head.

"It was Fate," he said hoarsely, and turned to his window.

On the most dangerous section of the division, Matson proved himself an engineer clear through. He swung the train down Needle Sag as fast as the wheels would turn, making a run for the first grade in the Cloud Mountains. Then he kicked on the air to straighten out and steady the train around Dead Man's curve. The engine took the curve and careened; every car in the train rocked.

Releasing the brakes, Matson pulled the throttle out a notch, then another. The big mountain racer lunged ahead for the run up Cloud Summit.

The train was on the worst of the grade before the speed dwindled from seventy to forty miles an hour. The exhaust from the engine could be heard back in the coach. Again Matson fired. And again he whipped the train up a mountain grade at forty miles an hour.

Over Cloud Summit on time! Down grade all the way into Cloud City. Again Matson took over the throttle.

The operator passed him a message on a hoop as the train thundered by. Switching on the cab light, he read:

SAMMY, DARLING:
THANK GOD YOU ARE SAFE. WAIT FOR ME AT CLOUD CITY. WILL BE DOWN ON No. 4. I'M SO PROUD OF YOU. LOVE.
AGNES.

Matson removed his goggles and again read the message. So she loved Sammy! Good kid. She and Sammy would certainly make a nice couple. Agnes was a pretty little thing. Had Mary's eyes—Mary.

Matson brushed his hand across his eyes. Then he stared at the message again. Climbing out of his seat, he went across the cab to where Sammy was slumped over the fireman's seat box and shoved the message in his overall jumper pocket. Then he returned to his place.

That dash from Cloud Summit to Salina is history, now. But it was from Salina to West Junction that Matson made his best time. On a stretch of straight track the special covered the ten miles in seven minutes.

When the special passed West Junction, the trainmaster leaped to his feet.

"Boys, we made it!" he cried. "Let me tell you that ride we have just had will be in the *Globe Almanac!*"

At the same time, in the Cloud City dispatcher's office, the chief dispatcher leaped out of his chair.

"Sammy's made it," he was shouting, "Beat our time! The special will be in town inside of ten minutes the way he's burning up the track. What a showing for the Mountain Division."

Crawford rubbed his hands jubilantly. "I'll say it's some showing. That whole crew is going to have supper with me to-night. I'm going down to meet them now. We'll celebrate this occasion right."

Matson eased off the throttle as they approached the yard limit at Cloud City. With the assistance of the fireman, he placed Sammy back on the engineer's seat box.

"Now, then, kid," he said, turning to the fireman, "I want you to handle the air. I'm going to drop off coming into the station. There'll be a crowd down to meet the train. Tell them Sammy just collapsed, understand? And if they want to know where I've gone, you don't know. Remember that."

The fireman nodded. "Where are you going, though?" he asked.

"East. I'm riding this train to Chi." Matson smiled sadly. "We'll arrive there to-morrow night at eleven. I'll have only a few minutes to make connections with an Eastern train.... You understand now why I ran this special to-night? Kid, it wasn't for Sammy alone. I'll tell you when I get back."

"Maybe I won't be here," said the boomer fireman. "I knew you were an engineer, Matson. I'll never forget you."

Matson climbed down on the engine steps.

"So long, boomer!" His voice was husky. "You were a great tallowpot. Thanks for the two hundred on the clock."

Then Matson let go. The fireman watched his form disappear in the darkness.

CHAPTER IX

WHEN the special ground to a stop in the station, the superintendent, the first to reach the engine, found Sammy unconscious.

"Sammy just keeled over. He was feeling sick all the way from Medicine Flats," the fireman explained to the bewildered official. "He shut off for the station here, tried to stand up, and then keeled over."

At that moment the trainmaster arrived on the scene. Upon being told what had happened, he was for an immediate explanation.

"Where is Matson?" he inquired. "He was riding the engine. Where did he go?"

"I don't know where he is," answered the fireman. "He dropped off the engine coming in here. I thought he was going back to the coach to get his reports in shape."

"But he didn't come back." The trainmaster thrust forward a hand holding the train reports. "Here's all his reports."

"This is certainly a strange way to bring in a train," commented the superintendent. "Here a train makes a record run, then rolls into the station with the engineer unconscious and the conductor missing."

"That reminds me of something," interrupted the trainmaster, bringing forth a telegram. "I found this on the floor of the coach, near where Matson sat. I remember him reading it just after we pulled out of Roaring River."

The superintendent read:

MATT RAYNOR, CARE ENGINE DISPATCHER, ROARING RIVER.

MARY IN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT. DYING. CALLS FOR YOU. IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF HOURS. WON'T YOU COME TO HER?

WES JESSUP,
8 FLOWER PARKWAY,
PHILADELPHIA.

"Well," said Crawford, frowning, "I think I'll save this."

Meantime the silk special, with fresh engine and crew, blew off for another wild dash eastward. Couplings clanked and strained. The train glided out of the station. Matson ran from behind a string of cars and swung onto the coach.

. . . . . .

Forty-six hours later a prematurely aged Jessup greeted Matt Raynor at the Philadelphia address.

"Herrington was kind enough to tell me where I could find you," Jessup began.

"I was working under the flag of 'George Matson.' It was chance that I got the telegram. Now that I am here I don't know why I came." Matt spoke sharply for fear of weakening too easily. "I think I made a big mistake."

"No, you didn't. Mary has been calling for you." Jessup, in deep agitation, ran his hand through his hair. "I tell you, you had to come. If you could hear her—"

Raynor, affected by Jessup's words, began to pace the floor.

"Be kind to her, Matt," sobbed Jessup. "It's only a matter of hours. She's sinking rapidly."

"You! Are you telling me that?"

demanded Raynor angrily. "A lot you cared for us. Discharged me to kill the love we had for each other. Didn't think an engineer was good enough for your daughter."

"I intended to reinstate you," Jessup began.

"I could have fought the case, but what was the use? You succeeded in turning Mary against me," Matt continued.

Jessup clutched his sleeve.

"No, no, I haven't succeeded," he pleaded. "If you could hear her calling for you! Don't you understand? Mary is dying."

Matt Raynor broke down. He buried his face in his hands. What mattered those years of suffering?

Jessup, in silence, led him to her room. On the threshold he detained Matt long enough to say:

"I'm sorry for what has happened, Matt, and I'm grateful to you for coming. Your superintendent wired me that you were on your way. Won't you forgive me, Matt? It was difficult for me to understand that life for my little girl centered around an engineer."

Raynor patted his arm and went over to the bed. There was the girl whose image had haunted him through the lonely mountain nights. Overwhelmed with grief, tears filled his eyes. His lips touched the pale cheek.

Mary opened her eyes. "Matt—Matt," she cried. "Oh, I'm so glad you came, my darling. Now I've got something to live for!"

Raynor buried his face in her hair.

The *Globe Almanac* states that the record run over the Mountain Division was a glorious and successful attempt to shorten transcontinental train schedules. But Old Man Crawford and Mary know the true reason for the success of the silk special.

THE END

REMINISCENCES OF "31 TURNS 13"

MEMORIES of the old days came back to me as I read "31 Turns 13" in the August issue. I happened to be the engineer who took the dive from No. 5's leading engine.

While "Cupid" Childs's version of it was good, there's one item he failed to note: of the four fireboys who were on the two trains, none of them ever made another trip railroading. My fireman was killed, and the one on 5's second engine lost a foot. Evidently the two lads on No. 4 thought that was a damn poor way to run a railroad, for they both resigned without completing the trip.

About five or six years ago, while in St. Paul, I asked a policeman the way to the new Northern Pacific Hospital.

"Don't you remember me?" the bluecoat inquired after giving me the direction.

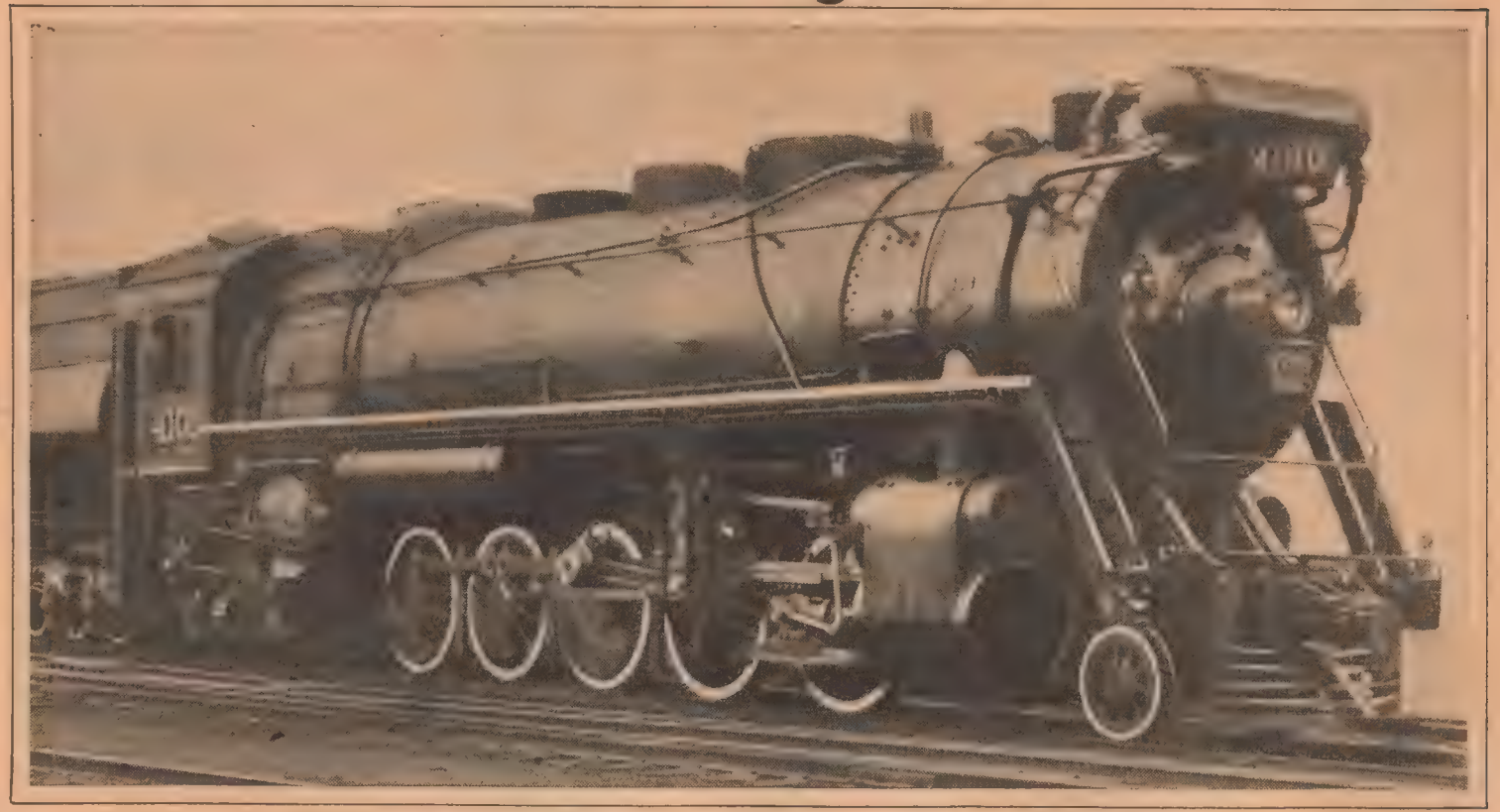
I answered that his face seemed familiar, but I couldn't place him.

"Well," he replied with a grin, "I was one of the tallowpots on No. 4 the night we met at Knowlton."

We old-timers get considerable kick out of reading the incidents of the days when we were young and "cornfield meets" happened every now and then.

JAMES MCDONALD, Mandan, N. D.

Our International Engine Picture Club



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Northern Pacific No. 216 near Fargo, N. D., in 1885—from Collection of Joseph Lavelle

ATTENTION, picture fans! Joseph Lavelle, Winfield, Long Island, N. Y., who has more than 30,000 different photos of North American steam locomotives, is making a sensational offer.

Simply write to Mr. Lavelle at the above address and he will send you free of charge 5 x 7 glossy prints of any two photos of his which have appeared in our magazine.

Be sure to pick out pictures that have printed under them the line "From the collection of Joseph Lavelle"; send a self-addressed, stamped envelope large enough to hold the prints; don't ask for more than two.

Next month Mr. Lavelle is going to tell us about a picture-taking trip from which he has just returned. It took him all the way to the Pacific coast and back; on the way he snapped more than 900 photos of locomotives!

Sam Butler, of Winnipeg, says the "N. G." sign on the old engine "Prospero" at Sarnia, Ont. (photo in our September, 1931, issue), stood for "narrow gauge," indicating that such cars were hauled in the train.

Readers who buy, sell, exchange or paint pictures of locomotives, trains, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees and no dues. Address the Engine Picture Editor, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, 280 Broadway, New York City. Names are published here in good faith, but without guarantee.

H. W. CLUTTER, R. D. No. 3, Claysville, Pa., will sell at 10 cents each 3¼ x 4¼ photos of P. & R. 4-4-0 camel back, B. & O. ten-wheeler, and Pennsy 4-4-0 No. 1053.

O. C. DEAL, Starkweather, N. D., has photos of every Great Northern series with exception of 800 class, which he wants.

R. ROEDEMA, 58 No. 14 St., Hawthorne, N. J., will buy all size photos of trains and engines. Has 2¼ x 3¼ and 3¼ x 4¼ (10 cents) and 5 x 7 (20 cents) photos of Erie, Lackawanna, etc., also for exchange. Will make enlargements from negatives for 15 cents each.

L. L. FEIHERT, 817 Union St., Hannibal, Mo., can supply photos of Burlington, Wabash and St. L. & H. R. R.; wants photos of all large type passenger engines, also foreign locomotives.

O. KUHLER, 921 Graybar Building, N. Y. C., paints, draws and etches locomotive and railroad scenes. Work available through Schwartz galleries, 507 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Some of Mr. Kuhler's etchings have been reproduced in the July, August and September, 1931, RAILROAD MAN'S.

F. D. LETZ, 1239 N. Taylor Ave., Oak Park, Ill., wants to trade 2¼ x 4¼ snaps of all type U. S. engines; has pictures of engines entering Chicago.

M. I. ZALLEE, 1311 Temple Pl., St. Louis, Mo., has 400 photos for sale.

A. E. MILLER, 3448 33d Ave. So., Minne-

apolis, Minn., is especially interested in roads running through Twin Cities: C. & N. W., Great Northern, N. P., Great Western, C. M., St. P. & P., Rock Island, Soo Line, M. & St. L., M. N. & S., Minnesota Western, and C. St. P. M. & O.

G. C. CARPENTER, 1154 So. Hicks St., Los Angeles, Calif., has good photos of S. P. and Santa Fe power.

J. S. KENDALL, St. Johnsbury, Vt., wants B. & M. 2900 series postcard size, also any narrow-gauge power.

E. M. TOMME, JR., Raymondville, Texas, wants to buy photos of steam engines used on sugar plantations, lumber camps, open pit mines and gravel pits, old N. L. "L"; also D. & H. 0-8-8-0, I. C. 1420, Santa Fe 3322, C. N. 7150 and 8364 classes, Burlington 232, and engines built in America for Russia.

J. A. GOOGER, 465 45th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will send a clear picture of N. Y. subway train to every reader sending a usable railroad insignia. Please advise before sending.

H. WOLTERS, 85 N. 7 St., Newark, N. J., is just beginning a collection; wants all kinds of railroad pictures.

T. KEANE, 531 W. Vine St., Mitchell, Ind., wants builders' photos of B. & O. 2400 and N. Y. C. 5200 to trade for same of N. & W. 1427 (2-6-6-2) and D. L. & W. 2102 (2-8-2); also wants to trade August, 1931, copies of RAILROAD MAN'S for those of January and February, 1931.

F. C. MASSEY, 3529 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., is interested in photos of western locomotives and rolling stock.

W. PETERSON, 1116 Seib Ave., Elizabeth, N. J., wants photos of steam engines on G. N., Milwaukee, N. Y. C., Frisco, and Alaska lines.

D. FURLER, 65 Glen Ave., Glen Rock, N. J., has good 2½ x 4¼ snaps of Erie, Lackawanna, C. N. J., L. V., Pennsy, B. & O., N. Y. C., Reading, L. & N. E., Chestnut Ridge, Raritan River, L. N. C. Co., New Haven, Ironton, F. H. Clement Co. engines.

A. L. WIDENER, 1522 Empire St., Lincoln Park, Mich., has pictures of 400 different railroads; wants photos of old Colorado Midland.

A. HRIZ, SR., 2950 E. 82 St., Cleveland, O., will buy pictures of old California Limited and first transcontinental trains.

G. HUSTED, 233 E. Gage Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., specializes in Mallets.

M. DUKICH, 267 Station St., Aliquippa, Pa., collects engine pictures, train orders, old timetables, clearance cards, etc.

G. GIBBS, 302 Howard Ave., New Haven, Conn., has large collection of clippings.

W. THOMPSON, Lock Drawer P, Saugerties, N. Y., has several thousand 5 x 7 prints (glossy), foreign only, for sale or exchange, of engines, trains, interiors of cars, coaches, dining cars and stations of countries in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia.

R. PETERSON, Silver City, N. M., has snaps of E. P. & S. W. No. 1, Arizona Eastern No. 174, S. P. and A. T. & S. F. old types, and Mexico North Western engines.

M. A. JASYN, 114 Albemarle Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y., is beginning a collection.

R. GREENWOOD, 512 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., has photos of all kinds to exchange for railroad photos.

F. QUINN, 9 Wyoming Ave., Lynbrook, N. Y., wants modern engine photos of all U. S. roads.

G. KRAMBLES, 7620 Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Ill., collects street car, bus, interurban and railroad tickets.

D. F. MILGRIM, 1423 N. 5th St., Quincy, Ill.

H. E. ANDREWS, 35 Waterside, Clinton, Conn., wants to buy photos of all types, new and old, New Haven engines; will pay up to 25 cents; interested in odd types, such as Shay, etc.

W. KITE, 1351 G St. S. E., Washington, D. C., has several dozen photos and 2,000 clippings; will exchange photos, mostly Pennsy.

W. GIBSON, 1511 Van Buren St., Topeka, Kan., has Santa Fe, Rock Island, Southern, C. & N. W., U. P., Mo. P., etc.; also his own drawings for sale or exchange.

L. C. HAMEL, 64 Pine St., River Rouge, Mich.

L. ALLEN, 209 E. Oglesby St., Salem, Ill., has 6 x 4 photo of engines with "Frisco" printed on cab and "C. & E. I." on tender; will sell or exchange. Also has C. & E. I., J. S. W., and B. & O. photos; will trade train orders, time cards, employees' magazines.

L. W. MILLER, 153 Garfield Ave., Valparaiso, Ind., has 500 pictures, mostly clippings.

R. GILLIS, 1516 North Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y., has clippings and photos for exchange; no foreign or electric engines wanted; will consider photos of models, wrecks and insignias; draws pictures of engines.

F. McATEER, 49 St. Anne's Place, St. Thomas, Ont., Canada, wants to borrow negatives of all or any early type steam locomotives from which to make enlargements; return promptly.

C. FELLOWS, Box 77, Hillsdale, Md., wants snaps of towers and stations, also train orders and time cards of Pere Marquette, N. Y. C., P. R. R., Nickel Plate and others.

E. HEATH, Box 15, Barre, Vt., has photos of every class engine of C. V. and B. & M.; wants roster of Rutland engines and photos of Erie 4-4-0 type.

E. TURNER, Box 74, Buchfield, Me., has snaps of Me. C., G. T., B. & M. and New Haven to exchange for C. of Ga., F. E. C., I. C., Mo. P., C. & E. I., C. & A., Nickel Plate, C. & O., N. & W., L. I., D. & H., L. & N. E., L. & H. R., M-K-T, Frisco, St. L. & S. W., Rock Island, K. C. S., L. & N., N. C. & St. L., C. P., C. N., T. H. & B., T. & N. O., Wabash, D. & R. G. W., W. P., L. V., T. & P., G. M. & N., Pennsy, D. M. & N., C. I. & L., N. W. P.

The Roadbed of the Future?

"CONCRETE roadbeds? Shucks, they'd pound the devil out of equipment and ride like a subway." So say Bill Jones and a lot of the boys like him.

But listen, brother, they've had a five-year try-out and even in an experimental stage have proved to be a practical success. Right here in the U. S. A., too.

In 1926, Paul Chipman and other Pere Marquette office engineers, after going into the subject of permanent roadbeds in some detail, installed 1,326 feet of concrete right-of-way on the main line near Beech, Mich.

It consisted of flat slabs of reënforced concrete 21 inches thick and 10 feet wide, cast in 39-foot sections. The rails were bolted down. Under one of them a layer of pressed wood insulating fiber was installed, while the other was laid directly on the concrete.

For three years this new Pere Marquette brain-child gave excellent service, so in 1929 the company decided to put in some more.

But a few changes were made. It was found that the rail with insulation battered less easily and did not creep the way the other one did and that the insulation acted as a shock absorber. What is more important, it was found that most of the increased noise on the new type of roadbed was due *to the reflection of train sounds and track clicks from the flat concrete.*

This Track Is Always Rigid, Yet Easily Adjustable

"Easy enough to fix that," said Mr. Bowman. The new section of track was accordingly installed with a creosoted pine board under the rail to absorb the vibrations. The concrete roadbed was mostly underground, with only the rail supports or girders sticking up. Thus there was no concrete between rails to act as a sounding board. Take a look at the diagram and photo for the whole story.

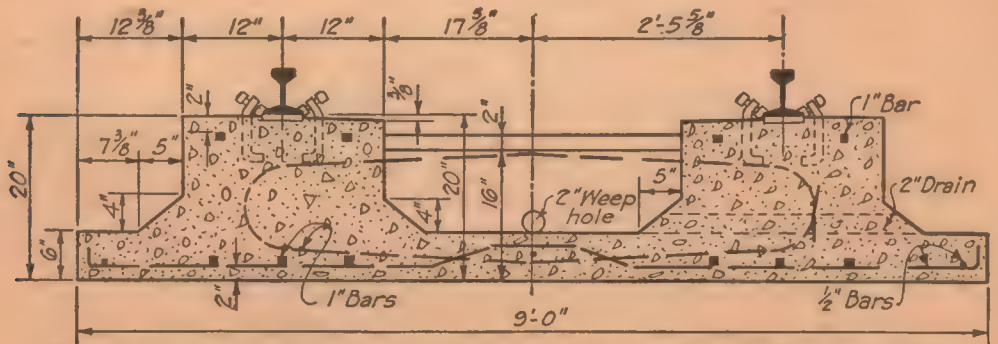
With the "hardness" and the reflected noise done away with, this new section is an unqualified success. There is even less noise than on ordinary track: all unevenness and rail joint clicking has been done away with.

For five years this type roadbed has been selling itself to the Pere Marquette and the public. It's done a good job, too.

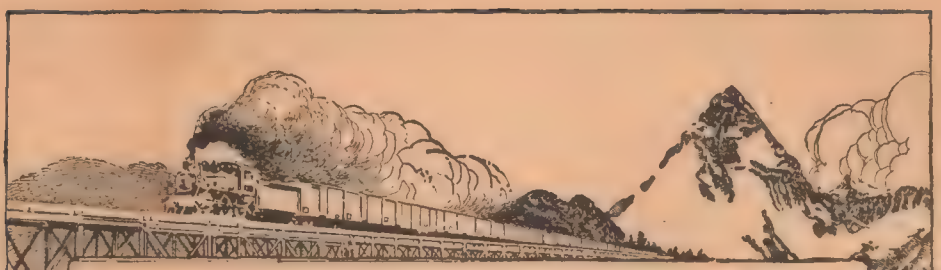
What are its advantages? Greater speed with lighter rails. One hundred miles an hour or more with perfect safety. Less possibility of broken rail and no serious damage if one did break.

Less train resistance. Ever watch an engine as she goes by you on level track? She's always climbing up a grade—the tracks and ties "sag" as her tons of weight pass over them. No more of this with a concrete roadbed.

Less noise and easier riding. Saving of $2,000 to $2,400 per mile per year in track maintenance and $600 to $1,200 per mile per year in equipment. It's no dream; it's a tried fact!



The Depressed Foundation Does Away with Reflected Noise. See Frontispiece for Actual Photo



When the Harvest Days Are Over

By C. J. BYRNE

WHEN the harvest days are over
And the wheat comes rolling in,
When the extra men are working
And the wheels begin to spin,
When the days are getting shorter
And the nights are growing long,
Then you'll find the latch key hanging
Where the boomers come along.

When the brass hats start to worry
And the dinger strokes his chin,
When the passing tracks are loaded
With the trains that can't get in,
When the manifest is buried
And the yard's tied in a knot,
Then a boomer's always welcome
Where he otherwise is not.

When the big blockade is broken
And the end is near at hand,
When you leave the scene of battle
With the home guards in command,
When your impulse leads your footsteps
To some southward moving train,
Then it's great to be a boomer
And be on your way again!

ON THE SPOT

YOU CAN'T HAUL THESE UNEMPLOYED WITH THAT DINKY ENGINE!
COUPLE ON THIS BIG MIKE AND YOU'LL GET SOMEWHERE!
FIVE BILLION DOLLAR PROSPERITY LOAN
SIX UN MILLION EMPLOYED
JOBS FOR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND
HOOVER
BACK TO PROSPERITY
WINSOR MCCAY

N. Y. American

One Suggestion for Solving the Unemployment Problem

IF you know of a longer train than the one described by James H. Kelly, Box 931, Newport News, Va., we'd be glad to pass the information on to our readers, who are keenly interested in the length and speed of unusual trains. Kelly writes:

The longest train ever moved over C. & O. tracks—probably the longest hauled anywhere—left Newport News, Va., last July 14 for the coal fields in Kentucky. The engine crew, in No. 1219, a mammoth K1 locomotive, were separated from the train crew by one and three-quarter miles of rolling stock!

Two hundred steel coal cars, measuring from 37½ feet to 45 feet each, made up the consist. With all slack pulled out, the train of "scuttles" extended a distance of 8,650 feet.

Engineer Claude Bell snaked that 6,200 tons right along, too. The first lap, about 75 miles, was made in less than three hours. George Taylor was conductor.

Six Hours a Day

By the use of larger locomotives, longer trains, cars of greater capacity, electric car retarders and other devices, and by running their engines over two, three and four divisions, the railroads have been able to reduce their pay rolls millions and millions of dollars, and to decrease the number of their employees by the hundreds of thousands.

The railroad employees have come to the conclusion that if the machine is only to increase profits by putting their brother workmen out of a job, then the only remedy immediately available is to operate the machine but six hours for the same wages as they are now getting for the eight-hour day.—*Locomotive Engineers' Journal.*

In the Maple Leaf Dominion

Dividing the available work among a greater number of men will be the effect of an agreement, reached in Western Canada between the brotherhood leaders and the Canadian railroads, providing a maximum mileage for the running trades and a maximum number of hours per week for yard forces. Those involved are train baggagemen, brakemen, yardmen and switch tenders.

* * *

"How's this for a boomer homeguard?" asks G. H. Lash, of the C. N. R. staff in New York City:

No. 41488 is one of 1,000 automobile cars constructed in April, 1929, at Pittsburgh, Pa., to carry the Central Vermont's New England automobile traffic. This car has traveled 38,500 miles—more than one and one-half times around the world at the Equator! It has visited every state in the Union, every province in Canada except Nova Scotia, and even Mexico!

* * *

What are the railroads doing to offset the menace of motor competition? The first direct challenge was made by the Canadian Pacific in putting gas-electric trains on short runs in Saskatchewan. I understand this same province has convinced its government officials that it is their duty to enact legislation governing bus and truck traffic.

J. ALLEN,
President, Kitchener Lodge No. 145,
Brotherhood Railway Carmen of America,
829 22nd Ave., Calgary, Alta.

* * *

The name RAILROAD MAN'S should mean news of railroads all over the world. Why not publish a photo of some new foreign engine? Recently I read an interesting article on London suburban railway traffic which I'd like to see in our magazine. How about an article on New York subways?

LAWRENCE O'REILLY,
147 Kent St., London, Ont.

The cover paintings are O. K. How about making an inexpensive calendar for 1932 out of the December cover reproduction?

A. CHRISTALL,
General Delivery, Regina, Sask.

* * *

I frame all your cover reproductions. I also cut out pictures from the magazine and put them in scrapbooks. This is the only hobby I ever stuck to.

W. EFFEMEY,
411 Symington Ave., Toronto, Ont.

* * *

I wonder if any one knows the highest speed the English "hush-hush" engine made before she blew up? Also, what was the speed of the train that took the Prince of Wales from the docks to London when he was rushed to the king's bedside a few years ago?

L. IZANT,
Box 106, Canwood, Sask.

* * *

I am a laid-off C. P. R. tallowpot. I wish you'd publish RAILROAD MAN'S every week.

FRANK SCOTT, JR.,
363 De Siroac St., Sudbury, Ont.

* * *

Thirty-two years for one typewriter! In 1899 I bought a Smith Premier No. 2. At that time I was working right where I am now, Port Huron Tunnel Station of the Grand Trunk (now part of the C. N. R.) To-day "we" (my typewriter and I) are still going strong. In another year I will retire on pension—unless granted an extension, in which case I may be able to round out fifty years of service.

That old mill has copied at least 100 messages and train orders a day during its long stay in this office. It's had some rough usage by boomers and could tell some funny stories, too.

C. E. SEARLES,
Port Huron, Mich.

* * *

I saw in the September issue where "Mac" wanted to find Paddy May; he is now switching in Winnipeg yard, and can be reached through Russell Scott, Fort Rouge Yard Office, Winnipeg, Man.

P. D. O'SHEA,
Church St., Fort Frances, Ont.

* * *

In the March issue Wilbur Granberg wrote about the "World's Slowest Train." I ran a McKeen motor car on that road from 1914 to 1916. My running time between Edmonton and Lac Labiche was four hours. I scared my conductor almost to death every trip. His name was Ben Martin. Perhaps some of the old-timers can O. K. this.

E. B. BUNNELL,
Bear Creek, Mont.

Why I'm Not a Boomer

I'VE boomed around from town to town
Most everywhere, I guess.
But now I've quit—to settle down
And take a little rest.

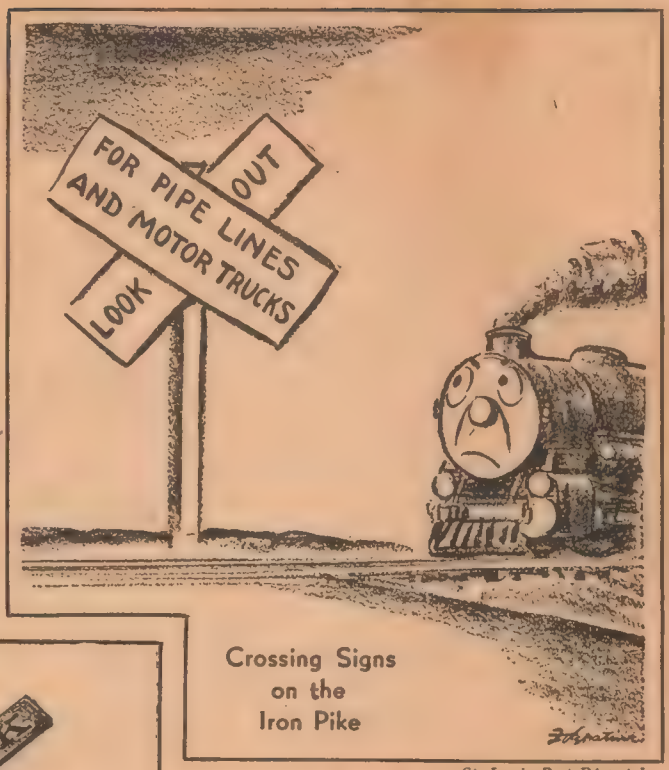
I have been up to Boston,
Then to San Berdoo.
I left for Houston, Texas,
Wound up in Pocaloo.

I found a little boomer
And we bought a home.
Boys, right here we're staying
Until our kids are grown.

She said she loved the railroad,
It is the only life.
She said she'd quit most anything
To be a boomer's wife.

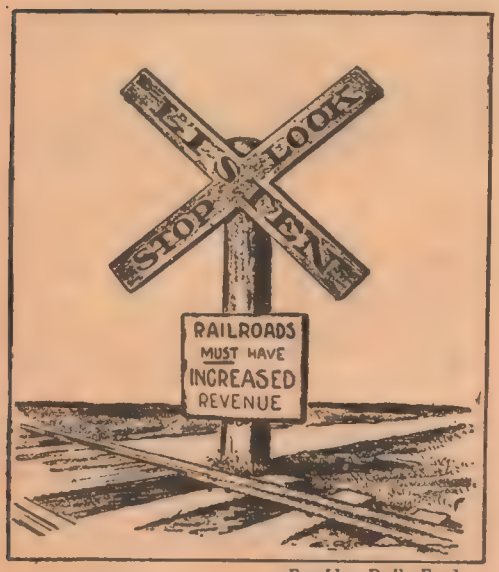
Now we're close to San Berdoo,
In the town of Victorville.
We've been here the longest
And we like it still.

FRANK GOODWILL,
Victorville, Calif.



Crossing Signs on the Iron Pike

St. Louis Post Dispatch



Brooklyn Daily Eagle

"Flaming Death"

Sam Butler, 729 Wellington Ave., Winnipeg, Man., thinks E. S. Dellinger slipped up in "Flaming Death."

"Flaming Death" was good until Curly's new engine was described. Dellinger said: "The boiler was so wide that it stopped up the whole front end of the cab, so they had to build a little cupola on top of the tank where the brakeman might ride and watch his engine."

What difference did it make how wide the boiler was? How would that stop the brakeman from watching his train? I thought the front man merely opened the switches.

Here is Dellinger's reply:

The idea of a cupola built on the tank for the brakeman to ride in is not new. In the good old days when the boiler was not more than half the width of the cab, there was plenty of room for two men to ride the left side with comfort. But as the big Mikes and Mallets and decapods came along, boilers widened until they stopped up the front end.

Now if you have ridden a few thousand miles in a cab, with the head shack and tallowpot trying to plant two pairs of feet and two pairs of knees where there is room for only one, you can see the point.

In 1918, when I was working on the Frisco, a former Espee man told me about a brakeman's cab on a tank, then in use on the El Paso & Southwestern. I saw my first one on the Missouri Pacific in Kansas City—in 1920, I believe it was.

A number of Western roads use them now. I might call particular attention to the Southern Pacific and to the Missouri Pacific 1500's. Shacks tell me it is much easier to watch the train from the tender than from the left side of the cab, and much safer than from the gangways.

Yes, the brakeman on the head end has more to do than open switches. On every road where I have worked, it is up to him to look after the forward half of his train. And woe unto him if he lets a sticking brake or a dragging beam get by him!

Eleven-Hour Day

We have accomplished much in recent years, but much remains to be done.

Many of us recall that not many years ago, when only a few roads were organized, foremen got about $50 a month, men $1.10 a day, no overtime for Sundays and holidays, a ten or eleven-hour day, no committees, no seniority rights, no promotion rules.

Organization brought us where we are and organization will take us still farther.

F. H. FLJOZDAL, President, Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees.

He Wrote "Roundhouse Murder"

Who was it that remarked a lot of high school kids were writing for RAILROAD MAN'S? Well, here's one of the "kids" speaking—Don Waters, General Delivery, Annapolis, Md.:

DON WATERS

I was brought up in Chicago with the Rock Island main line running right in front of our house, and the T. B. R. O. C. (how many of you rails know that road?) cutting behind the back fence. My first experience in railroading was adding to the winter's coal supply by dumping big chunks of Illinois bituminous off the long drags as they passed by.

I early developed a knack with tools. Having served my time and learned the machinist trade, I went to booming. You who have read my Georgia Rambler tales in RAILROAD MAN'S have read some pages of real life from those reckless, roving days I spent bumming around from job to job.

I put in six years on the Southern, then beat it up north again to the St. Paul (now called the Milwaukee) and stuck for two years. There age and responsibility overtook me.

I wonder if ever again I'll chew up a hex nut with a Stillson. And yet at heart I'm still a railroader. The *rat-a-tat!* of wheel joints, the *chooka-choo!* of a freight engine settling down to her work, the roar of opening pops, the hiss of escaping air, those sounds become part of a man's being.

After all, I still have my withdrawal card. It's easy to renew it. Perhaps some day the call of the rail will come again, too strong to resist.

* * *

News of Foreign Pikes

"I was particularly interested in 'Russia, a New Frontier for Boomers,' in the September issue," says Miss Mary Watson, Bureau of Occupation, 66 Fifth Ave., New York City, "especially since I have just returned from the U. S. S. R." She continues:

The fact that Russian railroads have a wider than standard gauge makes traveling on them roomier. You'll find their crack trains as comfortable as any in Europe. Only on these *de luxe* trains, however, is linen supplied for overnight trips; and only on those trains do you find two-berth compartments.

Standard train compartments are four-berth, and, since tickets are sold singly, you often have strangers with you. On the standard trains there are two classes—soft and hard. The soft is upholstered; the hard is not. Some of the more primitive trains use candles instead of electric lights.

There are no diners. On certain trains porters serve tea and zwieback, but the custom is to supply your own food. Russians usually carry tea with them, and at stations they rush out for boiling water, held ready for that purpose in large samovars.

Although I encountered few late trains, I found it necessary to get to the station at least an hour before train time. System on Russian roads is as primitive as accommodations, and it is no rare thing to find your seat has been sold twice. In that case there is no official to settle the dispute; a crowd usually gathers and offers advice.

One of the first things the Soviet government did was to make transportation free. The scheme failed, but traveling has remained a very popular form of recreation. It may interest your readers to know that there is no unemployment problem in the U. S. S. R. There is more work in Russia than there are workers.

* * *

The locomotive pictured on page 220 of the September issue was built by Eastwick & Harrison of Philadelphia in the early 1840's for the Russian government.

THOMAS NORRELL,
2017 Cranston St., Cranston, R. I.

This English "Tea Kettle" Was Built in 1864 and Is Still in Active Service

Eastwick & Harrison established a locomotive works in Russia about 1843. Two of their engines—the "Gowan and Marx," of the Philadelphia & Reading, and the "Mercury," of the B. & O.—won for them the Russian contract.

ROBERT C. SCHMID,
808 W. Drive, Woodruff Pl., Indianapolis.

* * *

Locomotives of the type pictured on page 220 (September), together with locomotives of the 4-4-0 type, were used on the St. Petersburg & Moscow Railroad.

In 1843, Harrison concluded a contract with the Russian government for 162 locomotives and iron trucks for 2,500 freight cars. Under the firm of Harrison, Winans & Eastwick this contract was completed in 1851. JASPER N. WALTON,
420 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

* * *

The oldest passenger engine still on duty in Great Britain was built in 1864 by Messrs. Beyer, Peacock & Co., of Manchester, England, for the Isle of Wight Railway. It was originally named the "Ryde," but after the road's amalgamation with the Southern Railway became known as No. W 13. Some time ago she went into the shops for repairs, but is now engaged in shunting and pilot duty on the Isle of Wight. Her total mileage is 1,550,000. H. H. HUMPHRIES,
4 Kingswood Rd., Goodmayes, Essex, England.

* * *

Am greatly interested in foreign railroads and would like to read more about them. I'm particularly interested in learning how they handle mail over there. However, I'll leave it to you fellows. You sure make us happy every month.

MARSHALL E. SCHAEFFER,
241-A Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

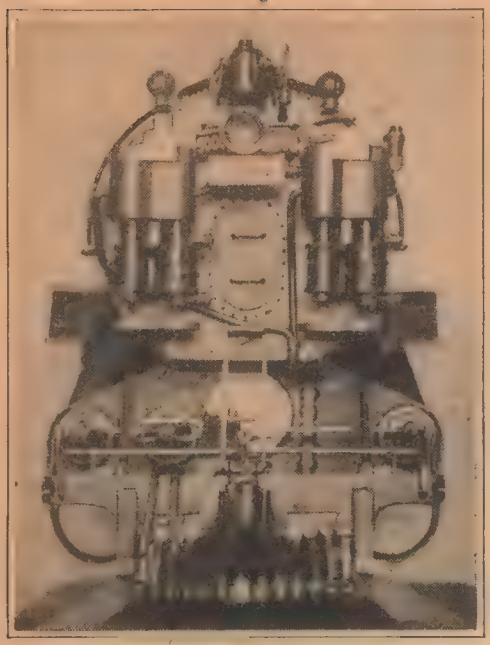
She Wants January, 1909

Can any one sell me a copy of RAILROAD MAN'S for January, 1909? MISS LEAHY, Brentano's,
1 W. 47th St., New York City.

* * *

Figure This One Out

Train No. 1 is headed north, train No. 2 is headed south; each train has four times as many cars as siding A will accommodate. How do they pass? GEORGE KRAMBLES,
7620 Sheridan Road, Chicago.



Thomas Moore's U. P. Type Model

Miniature Railroading

"I made at least eighty separate drawings while working on my Union Pacific type locomotive," writes Thomas Moore, 4 Grayshott Road, Clapham Junction, London, S. W., England. "I've never seen an American locomotive, so I had to get my particulars from American publications." He continues:

My engine is built to run on o-gauge track and measures 27 inches long, 4⅜ inches high, 3 inches wide. She took me four years to make, but now lacks only an electric motor.

I've always wanted to build a Mallet. My next model will probably be a Yellowstone type, with steam power. Why not publish monthly drawings of the latest type engines? We model makers would appreciate it.

* * *

I've just finished reading E. P. Alexander's "Railroads in Miniature" for the fourth or fifth time and hope to see more like it in future issues. I am building a model of a B. & O Class P-7 engine, which I would be glad to show to any one interested.

KARL FRIEDRICH,
531 S. Wayne St., Lewiston, Pa.

Alexander's article was good. Why not run a department on miniature railroads in each issue?

WARREN B. MORSE,
Excelsior, Minn.

* * *

I, for one, would appreciate seeing a model makers' department every month. The articles you've published on the subject are great.

EDWARD M. DAYTON,
114 Edmund St., Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.

* * *

Alexander's article is the best I've seen on that subject. My miniature railroad is but two hundred feet long, and the stock cars carry three guinea pigs each.

MORRIS C. FRASER,
6543 Onarga Ave., Edison Park, Ill.

* * *

The casting problem bluffs many model makers away from a job that would otherwise be a delight. I'd like to swap ideas with other builders. All it takes is thought to get us over the rough places. I've constructed a small stationary engine of about ¼ horse power. The piston is the only lathe job on the whole engine.

L. E. GRAVES,
6100 Southern Ave., Shreveport, La.

* * *

The only miniature railroad I know of that is used for instruction in the public schools is in the Racine Vocational School. W. C. Bagley, a former train dispatcher, directs a railroad department there which trains operators for the railroad service and includes in its course of study the handling of trains, telegraphy, station accounting, etc.

L. JORGENSEN,
Racine, Wis.

* * *

"Training with Model Trains," in your July, 1930, issue described a miniature railroad built by Hugh Newsom. My hobby group in the local Y. M. C. A. saw it and immediately decided to build a railway of their own.

We were given floor space, 50 feet by 25 feet, and some planks. The boys gathered together old toy train tracks, radio and automobile parts, anything they could find. From this pile of scrap have emerged two steam-type electrics and two unfinished jacks, 12 cars, 180 feet of track with two freight yards, 18 switches and accessories. A toy transformer supplies the power.

One jack was modeled after a C. N. R. 8-wheeler, No. 319. We have not found numbers for our next three which are Atlantics. We had not seen any Atlantics on the local C. N. R. lines.

HAROLD TOVEE,
301 Charlton Ave. W., Hamilton, Ont.

* * *

There's a young D. & R. G. W. fireman barnstorming around Los Angeles with a superheated steam engine, 27 inches high by 4 feet long, with

a gauge of about 12 inches. The freight cars hold two youngsters and will pull two tons.

This equipment was built in Pueblo, Colo., by the Model Railway Supply Co. I have drawn plans for him for two sets of daylight signals and two wigwag crossing signals. The electric power is 110 volts, A. C., through 6-8 volt transformer, using two telegraph relays for signals and two electric automobile windshield wipers for wigwags.

GEORGE K. CARPENTER,
(Former fireman, Hudson Div., N. Y. C.),
1154 S. Hicks St., Los Angeles.

* * *

I was pleased to see my model railroad described in your April issue. Since then I have rebuilt it in my backyard. The main line is now a 135-foot oval. Rails and switches are heavy copper alloy and will not rust. The piling is driven two feet into the ground; boards one-inch thick are spiked to them, and the ties to the boards. It sure is the real thing. I even have a turntable which will handle a locomotive with a 25-wheel base.

It looks fine at night, all illuminated. Come on out and see it some time. You're free to try your own locomotive on it.

GEORGE BRINK,
348 Cortlandt St., Belleville, N. J.

* * *

At It Again—Steam vs. Juice

Says Russell Crouse, 915 Downer Ave., Utica, N. Y.:

What do you say we start a voting contest on the subject of steam vs. electricity? Each reader could vote the kind of power he favors and the class of locomotive; then at the end of two months the results could be printed. This should settle the dispute once and for all.

* * *

The open pit copper mines in Utah are located 23 miles southeast of Salt Lake City. I was employed there when they used steam altogether. But now it's electrified. The expenses are cut in half, so there is no argument here over juice or steam. Electricity means larger dividends for stockholders, so it's come to stay.

P. P. COMISKEY,
1203 Carteret St., Pueblo, Colo.

* * *

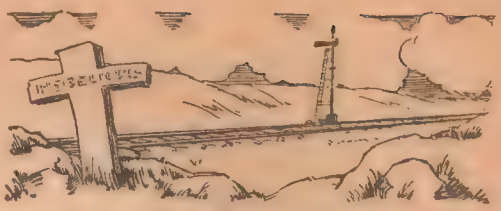
If juice is as good or better than steam, why does the Pacific Electric use steam locomotives for pulling some of its freight? I rode in the first gasoline electric they tried out in the Chicago & North Western yards and it made more noise than two steam engines together.

A LOS ANGELES BOOSTER.

* * *

The only thing missing on an electrified district is the smoke and noise.

SHELDON BOLSTAD,
926 Spaight St., Madison, Wis.



More Trackside Graves

Since June we have learned about twenty or more graves on railroad property. And here are a few others:

There are two graves on the Santa Fe's right-of-way at milepost 372, near Edmond, Okla., twelve miles north of Oklahoma City. Frank Mosier, age thirty-four, a teamster during construction days, was buried there in March, 1886. Willie Davis, age fourteen, the son of a "Sooner," was buried beside Mosier in October of the same year. An iron cross marks one grave; a small white headstone, the other. These graves have been kept up by the section men.

H. W. WOOD,
1604 10th Ave., Council Bluff, Iowa.

* * *

I've seen the grave B. M. Estes tells of near Edgewood, Texas. It is at the east end of Edgewood passing track, on a hard pull near the top of a hill.

H. M. MORGAN,
501 N. Johnson St., Mineola, Texas.

* * *

One mile south of Jennings, La., on the Southern Pacific, is the grave of an unidentified man killed in a wreck some thirty years ago. The freight he was riding met disaster on a curve at that point. His grave was being tended by the Jennings section gang the last time I was over that part of the S. P.

PAT HOUSTON,
231 Columbia St., Detroit.

* * *

In 1929, while I was working for the Southwestern Bell Telephone Co., some miles down the M. & N. A. from Leslie, Ark., we stopped for dinner at a place where the railroad tracks ran between a bluff and the Red River. A ledge overhung the right-of-way there, and under it was a spring and a large rock, some 15 feet long by 10 feet wide.

An old-timer in the section crew told me that, about twenty years before, a gang of section hands, stopping at the spring one morning, had found two men cooking their breakfast there. In an hour or so the crew returned to find the rock had fallen down over the spot where the men had camped. Whether that rock is a grave I don't know. At any rate, those two men were never heard from again.

C. E. L.,
Springdale, Ark.

Nothing but a Flat Bag

I hope we will never see the day when the militant spirit is lost to organized labor—especially the railroad workers—because I am convinced that if you take away from organized labor the spirit of militancy, it is a great deal like taking the gas out of a balloon—you have nothing left but a flat bag.

THOMAS C. CASHEN, President, Switchmen's Union of North America.

8 Union Cards in One Family

One of the oldest switch tenders in the Northwest is Ed Flaherty, 1077 Wakefield Ave., St. Paul. He's just retired at seventy, but the Flahertys are still represented in the Switchmen's Union of North America. His four sons are union men; his three daughters, union ladies. One son, P. E., is on the board of directors of Lodge No. 31. Ed writes:

I first began to believe in collective bargaining when, as a section hand, twenty-five of us asked for a raise—and got it. Later I started tending switches; the first thing I did was to join the S. U. of N. A. We received $45 a month then, but to-day a switch tender gets $160. Joining that union was the best investment I ever made.

* * *

If You Like Railroad Pictures—

The coupon in the advertising section of this issue, plus two cents in stamps, entitles you to a beautiful colored copy of our Thanksgiving cover, painted by Emmett Watson, with no type except the title. Many readers tack up these pictures in cabooses, shops, etc.; some paste them in scrapbooks.

Other pictures are given to you free in exchange for four coupons such as the one on page 607. Even if you don't want a picture, please fill out this coupon, stating what stories, features and departments you like best. It helps us in making up the magazine.

Fact Articles and Departments

I like the illustrated fact articles, true tales of the rails and the six popular departments. The fiction is good, but I like to read about what is happening in real life. I always cut the engine pictures out of the Lantern Department and paste them in my scrapbook.

EDWARD D. HARMER,
1436 N. Madison Ave., Mason City, Iowa.

* * *

The articles are fine, although that stuff about streamlining is a lot of baloney. I think they're the craziest things on railroads so far. The front end looks like an elephant with one eye.

ROBERT BARBER,
157 Washington St., Morristown, N. J.

* * *

I was amused at the debate between "Cupid" Childs and John Johns. I agree with Johns. I've seen many boners pulled by would-be conductors. Best results are obtained when the entire crew pulls together. And that holds good for officials also.

JAMES W. EARP,
1309 E. 43rd St., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

I was interested to see, on page 310 ("Sunny Side of the Track"), May issue, a Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad train order, dated April 12, 1887. During the '80's, when I worked at Beardstown, Ill., on the St. Louis Division of the C. B. & Q., we used that same style order.

Furthermore, the superintendent and assistant supe named in the order you printed were located in Beardstown at that time. While braking for J. W. Mulhern in the early '80's I was promoted by P. H. O'Hulihan, then trainmaster. Seeing those names after so long made me read the article several times.

J. J. MCNAMARA,
242 Griffith St., Jackson, Miss.

* * *

The September "Spot" mentioned a baby born on a C. N. R. train. I just read in a Pittsburgh newspaper of a similar occurrence. The mother is Mrs. George W. Crawford of Woodland Road, Pittsburgh. She was traveling on the C. & O. from White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., to New York City. Mother and daughter are doing well.

W. D. RALSTON (P. R. R.),
1106 Carlisle St., Tarentum, Pa.

A Cure for Unemployment

I defy anybody to prescribe an effective cure for this unemployment evil—that is gradually becoming worse through the substitution of machines for men—other than the shortening of the work day.

DAVID B. ROBERTSON, President, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen.

Fiction and True Tales

The other day I took a trip to Butte, Mont., and saw a fine-looking Indian girl ahead of me reading "Tallowpot," in RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. She sure seemed to be enjoying it. Lathrop must have worked around Helper, Utah. He describes that country to a "T."

Have Edmund E. Pugsley tell us a few more like "Open Season for Bulls." We boomers like those hobo stories; we've been through it. Dellinger's stuff is always good. He never gets away from between the rails, either.

F. A. GOLDSWORTHY,
370 E. Alice St., Blackfoot, Idaho.

* * *

I'd like to see more stories from Harold A. Sabrowsky. "Two Scared Stiffs," in May, 1930, issue was particularly good. Both of those gentlemen braked for me on the C. M. St. P. & P. Ry.

WILLIAM WENTELLA,
Box 84, Champion, Mich.

"Salty Spuds," another true tale by Sabrowsky, appears in this issue.

* * *

"The Open Drawbridge," by "Slim" Roach, was great! Slim, I believe you are off the Wabash. Do you remember that good old hymn you used to sing on that pike? It went:

Have your tail lights burning brightly
Cast a red light along the rails
And some poor, sleepy, sinful hoghead
You may rescue, you may save.

JOHN J. ("HIGH BALL") BURNS,
P. O. Box 1521, L Station, Phoenix, Ariz.

* * *

"Tallowpot" is fine. Lathrop sure knows how to deliver the kick. Griff Crawford's "Rule G" is great stuff, too.

CHARLES ANTHONY ("SLIM") ROACH,
269 Market St., Portland, Ore.

* * *

Port of Missing Men

Can you help these people?

Will anybody who knows the whereabouts of William H. Espe write me? We have been separated by a misunderstanding. "Skeeter" Wallace might be able to help me get in touch with him.

MRS. WM. H. ESPE,
834 S. 24th St., Omaha, Neb.

* * *

Where is Gus P. Eckstein? He used to be night yardmaster for the C. & A. Railway in Kansas City. In 1901 he went to Fresno, Calif.

L. W. BROWN,
O. R. C. Div. 206, Jacksonville, Ill.

Can You Beat These Records?

FRANK SAFAR

Frank Safar, first trick train dispatcher for the 9th and 13th districts of the Wabash at Decatur, Ill., recently completed fifty years of continuous service with that road. His ambition is to work two more years and round out fifty years' service as a train dispatcher. By doing so, we believe he will have a record *never before achieved by a train dispatcher.*

* * *

"I claim the long distance record as a locomotive fireman," writes James Deegan, Oliveview, Calif. He adds:

The first engine I fired was No. 251 on the Grank Trunk, May 23, 1881; the last I fired was No. 153 on the Western Pacific, May 25, 1929. I worked on different roads in various capacities in the interval, but from the first day I fired until the last was forty-eight years.

The only engine I ever ran that did not break down was the old "Tybo" which I handled out of Virginia City, Nev., when the Comstock Lode was booming. The superintendent told me one day he was going to scrap that engine. Well, it seemed just as if my little teakettle understood; she performed wonders that day.

The Tybo had no number; she was named after a famous Indian chief. The Dickson Company, Manchester, N. H., built her in 1871.

Providing More Jobs

As far as it is humanly possible to make jobs for every one, we will earnestly endeavor to attain that end. We propose, insofar as possible, to have the corporations supply this increased employment instead of taking the money out of the pockets of those now working. That can be brought about by a shorter work day.

ALEXANDER F. WHITNEY, President, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

RAILROAD RIMES

If you have any questions about railroad songs, send 'em along. Godfrey Irwin, 319 E. 50th St., New York City, comments as follows on answers to his request for dope on the "Wabash Cannon Ball":

I learned from Leslie W. Miller, Valparaiso, Ind., that a time-table, published July 29, 1882, by the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific, lists four trains: "Atlantic Express," "Mail and Express," "Accommodation" and "Cannon Ball." He also mentions hearing his parents speak of a horrible smear at Aladdin Switch, near Hannibal, in the '90's, when the "Cannon Ball" and another train met head on in the fog.

J. A. Oden, a conductor on the T. & P. out of Mineola, Texas, sent the text of "The Wabash Cannon Ball," which Ed Chilson asked for:

The Wabash Cannon Ball

WE hear the merry jingle,
The rumble and the roar,
As she dashes through the woodland
And comes creeping on the shore.
We hear the engine's whistle
And the merry hobos' call,
As we ride the rods and brakebeams
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Now here's to "Long Slim" Perkins,
May his name forever stand;
He'll be honored and respected
By the hobos through the land;
And when his days are ended
And the curtains round him fall
We'll ship him off to Lucifer
By the Wabash Cannon Ball.

This train she runs to Quincy,
Monroe and Mexico,
She runs to Kansas City,
And she's never running slow.
She runs right into Denver
And makes an awful squall;
When you see her show say, "Welcome,"
For the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Great cities of importance
We reach upon our way,
Chicago and St. Louis,
Rock Island—so they say—
Springfield and Decatur,
Peoria, above all—
We reach them by no other
Than the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Leo Boung, Box 483, Alexandria, La., and Archie Herman, Trosky, Minn., sent in the words to:

Waiting for a Train

ALL around the water tank
Waiting for a train,
I'm a thousand miles away from home
Just sleeping in the rain.

I walked up to a brakeman
To give him a line of talk;
He said, "If you have money
I'll see that you don't walk."

"I haven't got a nickel;
Not a penny can I show."
"Get off, get off, you railroad bum."
And he slammed the box car door.

He put me off in Texas,
A State I dearly love;
The wide open spaces all around me,
The moon and the stars up above.

Nobody seems to want me
Or give me a helping hand,
I am on my way from Frisco Bay,
I am going back to Dixie Land.

And now my pocketbook is empty,
My heart is filled with pain;
I am a thousand miles away from home,
Waiting for a train.

* * *

This was supplied by Edward Ratz, 2756 Ann Ave., St. Louis:

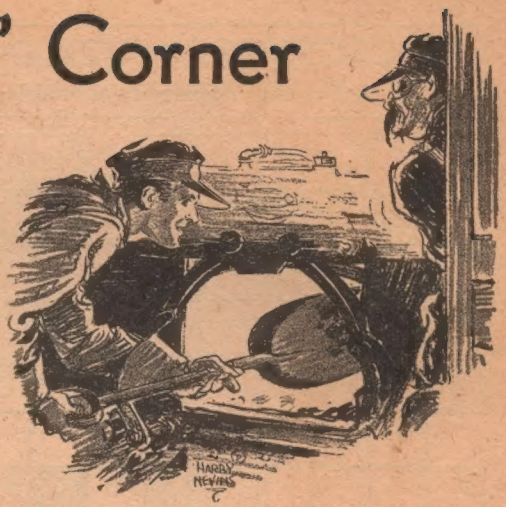
Billy Richardson's Last Ride

THROUGH the West Virginia mountains
Came the early morning mail;
Old Number Three was westbound,
The fastest on the rail.
Billy Richardson of India
Was called to make the run,
To pull the fastest mail train
From there to Huntington.

Then Billy told his fireman
That he would happy be
If he could die while pulling
A train like Number Three.
"I want to die on duty,
Right in my cab," said he;
"While pulling eastbound Number Four,
Or westbound Number Three.

Then pulling up New River
Came westbound. Number Three;
By Thurman and Cotton Gin,
No danger could he see.
His head then struck a mail crane,
While pulling down the line;
He never pulled that train again
To Huntington on time.

The Boomers' Corner



EVERY month we get hundreds of letters for the "Spot" but mighty few for "Boomers' Corner." How about it, brothers, are you all home guards now? Shall we discontinue this department and use the page for good fiction or features?

* * *

What's the matter with our Boomers' Lodge—gone haywire or are all running orders annulled? I for one would give all I own to get it under way. You ask what I own. Nothing, only my name and oodles of spare time.

I've been working for the Jenny R. R. (International-Great Northern), but the oil rush is over for a spell and tin soldiers are in the oil-fields, putting the kibosh on production. Stay away from Palestine, brothers! Railroading here is done for, shot to pieces. I had a tough time getting work and when I finally lined something up, most of my jack went for meal tickets for myself and the needy brothers. I never ask a hungry rail if he is paid up to date in his brotherhood.

Would like to get that poem about the farmer lad taking a correspondence rail course and teaching signals to his mules. Write me, boomer brakemen. Will answer every letter.

Now what is there for us boomers?
Nothing, you will say.
But we must keep on tramping,
Tramping till the Judgment Day.

J. B. LEWEDAY,
325 S. Sycamore St., Palestine, Texas.

* * *

Will some one please give me the name of any road which employs Morse ops exclusive of the telephone?

E. C. LEPPER,
Manchester, Iowa.

* * *

I spent two years on the Pennsy flagging and braking, one on the Santa Fe, and two years of varied railroading in India, around Calcutta, the last three months as brakeman on the "Punjab Mail." I wish you'd publish more letters from boomers who have railroaded in foreign countries.

REX PENDEXTER,
Box 671,
Hollywood, Calif.

CLIP THIS COUPON

(This is NOT the coupon for the cover reproduction)

Four coupons, *filled out,* entitle you to a large original drawing of a story illustration in our latest issue. Double-page picture, eight coupons. First come, first served. We have fine copies for those who miss out on originals.

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE,
280 Broadway, New York City.
The stories and features I like best in your November issue are:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

Name.....

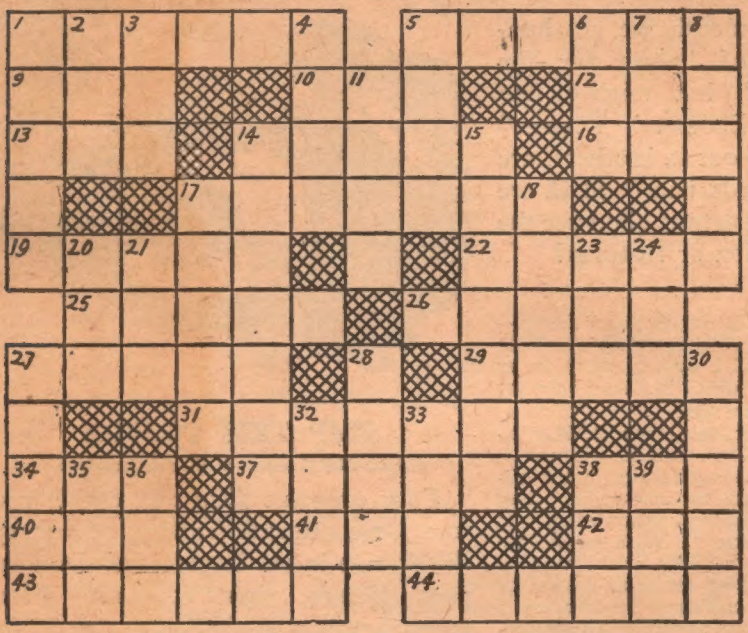
Occupation.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

R. R. CROSSWORD PUZZLE—By H. A. Stimson

(Answers appear in advertising section)



VERTICAL

1 Some like it
2 Honorable (ab.)
3 Bulletins
4 Hay
5 Glimmer
6 Girl's name
7 Unused
8 Track worker
11 He pulled the first bone
14 Mechanics
15 Any railroad
17 Miners
18 To destroy
20 Arose (Tel. code)
21 Terror (Tel. code)
23 Formerly
24 Five and five
27 Period of time
28 What you call your sugar
30 Car placed for loading
32 Mate of the old gray mare
33 Brisk
35 Bear grease
36 Scotch river
38 Grunting ox
39 Congealed water

HORIZONTAL

1 What we give this month
5 Handing out
9 Driving bar
10 Buddy
12 Pasture
13 Insurance (Tel. code)
14 R. R. employees' train
16 Possess
17 Town in N. J. on C. N. J.
19 Town in W. Va. on the B. & O.
22 Dwarf signal
25 What's left
26 Town in Mont. on the N. P.
27 Town in Ga. on the S. A. L.
29 Town in Ind. on the C., M., St. P. & P.
31 Sideswipes
34 Fish
37 Most "rails" are
38 Cowboy expression
40 A falsehood
41 Gas
42 Deed
43 Ten and one
44 Fowl

December RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE Will Feature

EVERGREEN AND IRON

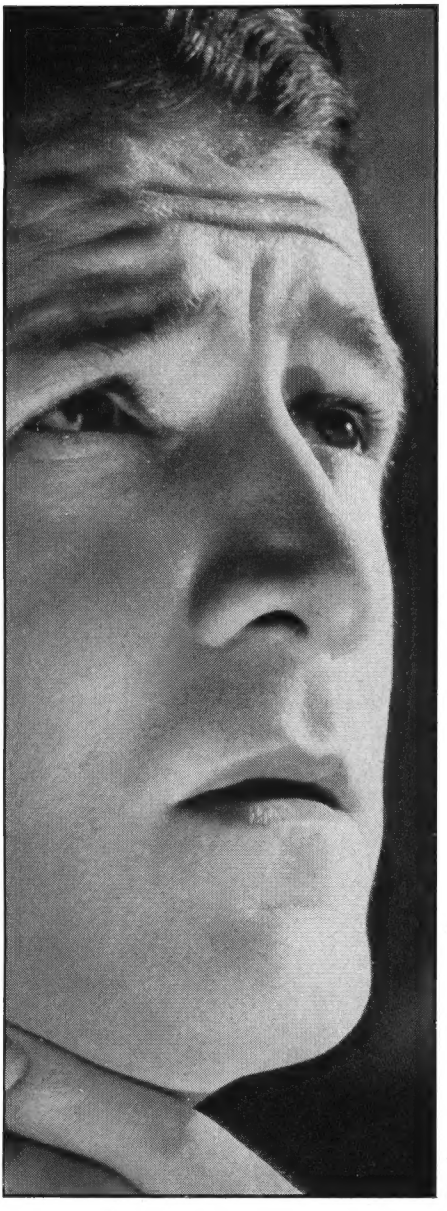
A Great Novelette by E. S. DELLINGER

DEATH WATCH AT DEXTER—By Wm. E. Hayes

A CHRISTMAS MEET—By Charles W. Tyler

ALSO Griff Crawford, Don Waters, F. A. Goldsworthy, Stanley Day, "Silent Slim" Roach, Richard H. Tingley, "Highball John" Burns, Earle W. Gage and Some Other Mighty Good Railroad Writers

CHECK that COLD . . . RELIEVE the THROAT



Listerine prevents because germicidal—Relieves because healing in action. No other antiseptic has both properties to such a degree

What follows is pretty convincing evidence of the remarkable power of full strength Listerine in warding off colds, and the ordinary sore throats that frequently accompany them.

That Listerine accomplishes such results is due, medical men tell us, to the fact that it is highly germicidal and at the same time *safe* and healing to tissue. It has none of the harsh characteristics of ordinary mouthwashes which irritate the membrane.

The tests outlined below, while not completely conclusive, corroborate scientifically what many millions of people have demonstrated practically. Read the results of the test:

½ as many colds

Of 102 persons observed for a period of seventy-five days, one-third, known as "controls," did not gargle with Listerine at all; one-third gargled twice a day; the other third five times a day.

Now, note these amazing results:

Those who did not gargle, contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled Listerine twice a day. The colds were four times as severe and lasted three times as long.

Three times as many colds

Those who did not gargle Listerine had three times as many colds as those who gargled five times a day. The colds were four times as severe and lasted four times as long.

The secret—germicidal action with safety

Because of Listerine's amazing germicidal action it kills germs in the fastest time accurately recorded by science. So it reduces mouth bacteria 98% or more, and maintains substantial reduction for hours.

Equally responsible for Listerine's effectiveness is its absolute safety; its freedom from irritating properties. Contrast Listerine's soothing and healing effect on tissue to that of harsh mouthwashes which actually irritate it, thus allowing germs easy entrance.

Avoid imitations

When you go into a drug store ask for Listerine and see that you get it—and nothing else. Buy a bottle for your home and one for your office. Make a habit of gargling with it at least twice a day, and at the first sign of trouble increase the frequency of the gargle to from three to five times a day, and consult your physician. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Something worth cheering about

If you really want to know how hugely enjoyable a fine cigarette can be, just try Camels in the Humidor Pack!

It isn't only that Camels are made of the choicest tobaccos — fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended. . . .

It isn't only that these fine tobaccos are cleaned by a special vacuum process that whisks away all the peppery dust.

It's that *all* the goodness of these fine, clean tobaccos—*all* the rare fragrance, *all* the delightful aroma — reaches you factory-perfect — prime, mild, *fresh!*

The Humidor Pack does that — seals within germ-safe, moisture-proof Cellophane *all* the natural freshness — seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

So just try Camels — fine cigarettes kept fine — as a relief from stale, parched, dried-out cigarettes.

Then you'll see why millions of folks like you are finding the cool, smooth, throat-friendly pleasure of Camels something well worth cheering about!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons
Columbia Broadcasting System—every night except Sunday

Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from our package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

CAMELS

Mild **. . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

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Winston-Salem, N. C.